May 21, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

With 156 horsepower, the 24-valve V6 Lexus ES 250 can hold its own against most other sports sedans. But what makes the ES 250 a truly potent force is the host of power features pictured at right.

The New Lexus ES 250 May Be The Most Powerful Sports Sedan Ever Built.

And because many of these features are standard, the ES 250 is an automobile whose value may be its strongest asset.

Power. It's what separates the ordinary from the extraordinary.

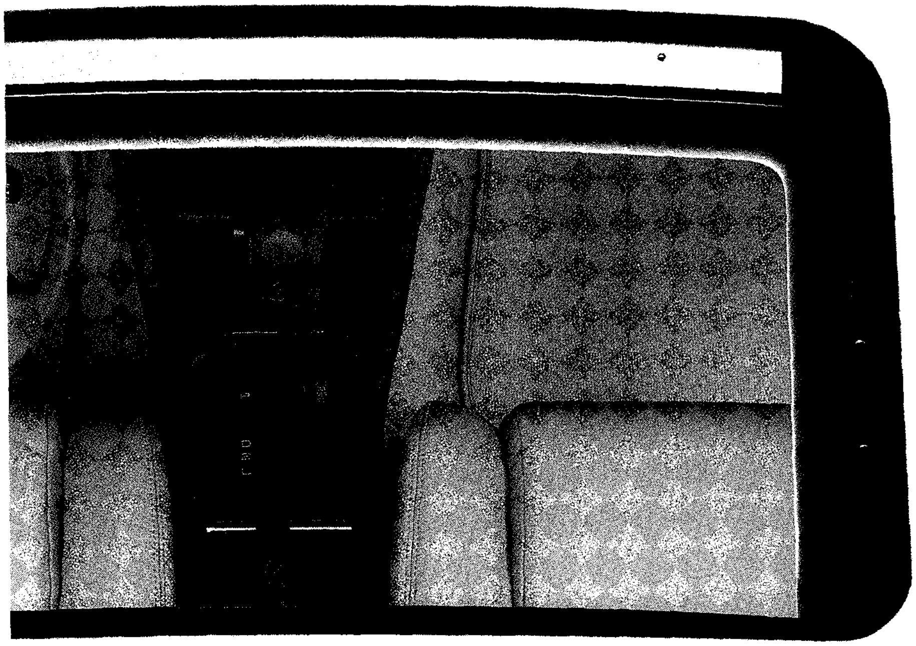
And it's one more thing that makes the Lexus ES 250 not just a sports sedan. But the luxury sedan of sports sedans.

THE ES 250

Tchaikovsky
TELARC
DIGITAL

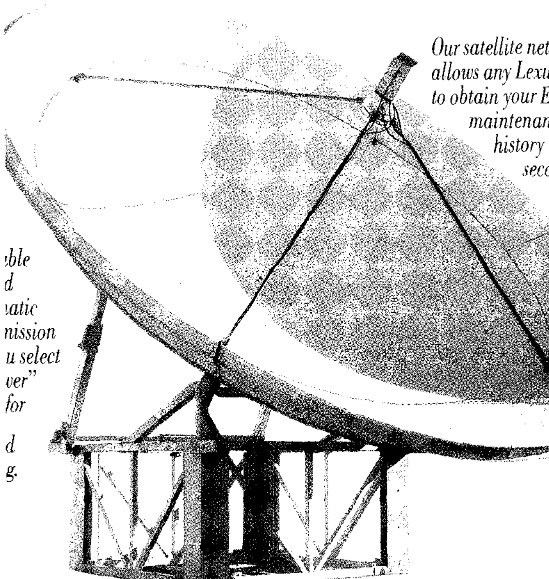
LEXUS

The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.



Want to open up an ES 250 on your favorite stretch of road? An available power sunroof makes it easy.

Power mirrors for both the right- and left-hand sides are standard.

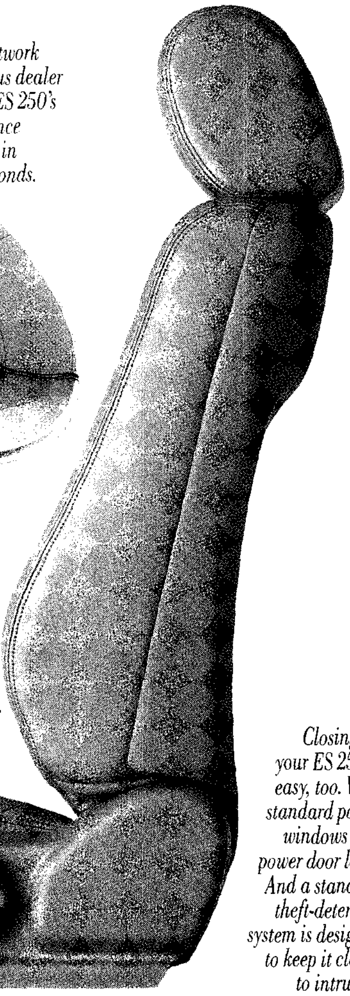


Our satellite network allows any Lexus dealer to obtain your ES 250's maintenance history in seconds.

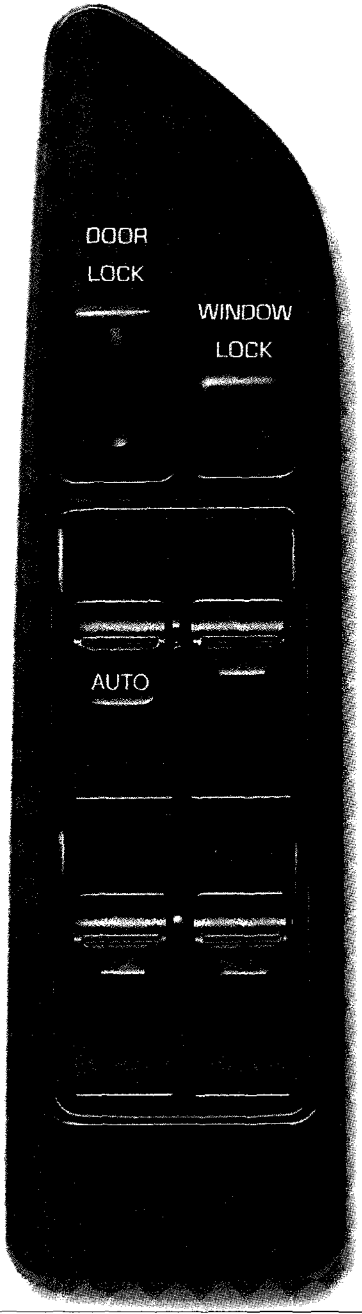
ble
d
atic
nission
u select
ver"
for

d
g.

A standard six-speaker audio system and optional CD player punch out sounds both rich and powerful.



Optional leather, power adjustable driver's seat allows you to find an ideal seating position.



Closing up your ES 250 is easy, too. With standard power windows and power door locks. And a standard theft-deterrent system is designed to keep it closed to intruders.

© 1990 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For more information, see your Lexus dealer or call 800-872-5398.

CHILD'S PLAY

...unlike adults', depends more on pure imagination than the perfect setting. Fortunately, there is a way to discover the rare pairing of both... Rancho Bernardo Inn's Children's Summer Camp offered throughout August. While parents relax and enjoy luxurious surroundings and meticulously-cared-for golf, tennis and dining facilities, children aged 4 to 17 are inundated with wondrous activities from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., all under the careful supervision of trained youth program experts, and divided by age groups. Camp activities are complimentary; however, there is a charge for meals. For adults: **3 days/2 nights for $222 per person**, including unlimited golf and tennis and complete breakfasts and dinners of your choice at either of our renowned restaurants. This is based on double occupancy and additional nights are at $111 per person.

(800) 542-6096
or outside California (800) 854-1065

RANCHO BERNARDO INN®

IN WEATHER-PERFECT SAN DIEGO
ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FINE RESORTS

JC RESORTS: RANCHO BERNARDO INN
SURF & SAND HOTEL • TEMECULA CREEK INN

RECEIVED
MAY 17 1990

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAY 21, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"YELLOW DINING ROOM" . . . . *Rick Rofihe* 32
"LAERTES" (POEM) . . . . *Michael Longley* 34
"HIS FINAL MOTHER" . . . . *Reynolds Price* 36
A REPORTER AT LARGE (OPEN ADOPTION—PART I) . . . . *Lincoln Caplan* 40
"MORE" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Macklin* 42
"MR. LUNA IN THE AFTERNOON" (POEM) . . . . *Alberto Rios* 66
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 69
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 71
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 73
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 91
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 95

COVER: *Benoît van Innis*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, James Stevenson, George Price, William Hamilton, Ed Fisher, Danny Shanahan, Robert Weber, Arnie Levin, J. B. Handelsman, Richard Cline, Warren Miller, Roz Chast, Al Ross, Edward Koren, Edward Frascino, Peter Steiner, Mischa Richter, Michael Crawford, Alicia Czechowski, Charles Barsotti, Robert Mankoff, Jack Ziegler, Mike Twohy*

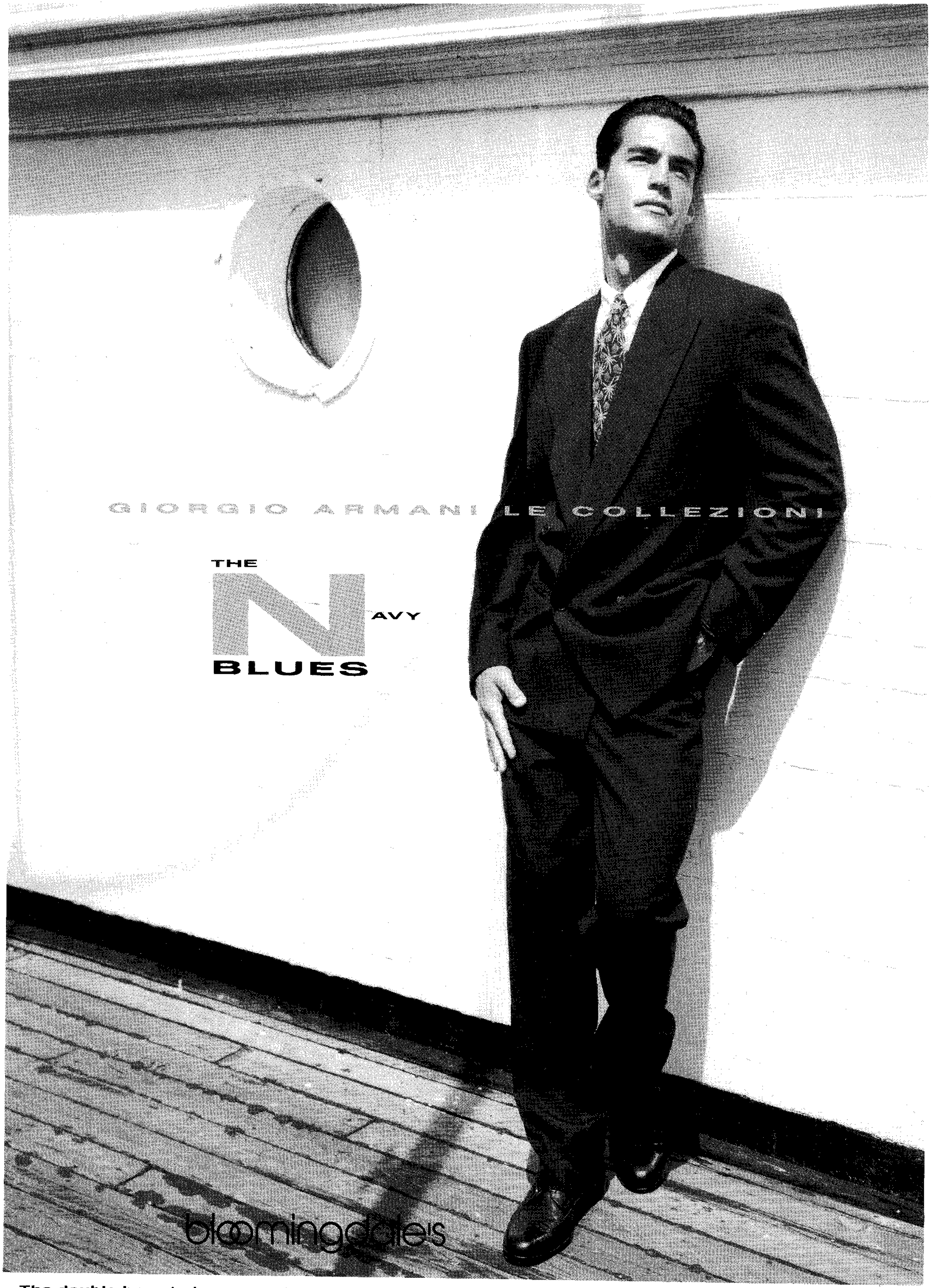
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 14, *May 21, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.* Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.


GIORGIO ARMANI LE COLLEZIONI
THE
NAVY
BLUES
bloomingdale's

**The double-breasted navy wool serge suit. The Men's Store. Lower Level New York. And selected stores.
At His Service: The definitive shopping service for men. New York, 212.705.3030. Chicago, 312.440.4520.**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

THE THEATRE

THE recent posting of closing notices for "Vampire Lesbians of Sodom" (ending on May 27, after 2,024 performances) and "Driving Miss Daisy" (ending on June 24, after 1,219 performances) reminded us how confused we have become on this issue of long-runningness. An awful lot of plays and musicals have lately been advertised as the longest-running something in New York, on Broadway or Off Broadway, or in theatre history. "Vampire Lesbians," for a while, was calling itself "New York's longest-running comedy," while the producers of "Carbondale Dreams" at one point characterized their play as "the longest-running Off Broadway show of the season." And "Mama, I Want to Sing" has been billed as "the longest-running black musical Off Broadway."

We made a number of phone calls and discovered that box-office scores are like box scores—pretty official—though they can, of course, be fudged, by bunging in a lot of specifics about time and place and genre, and that those whose business it is to track them (press agents like David Powers or Keith Sherman, or like Sam Rudy, of Shirley Herz Associates) know and love statistics the way baseball experts do. Mr. Powers, for instance, was able to tell us not only *how* "Driving Miss Daisy" had become the fourth-longest-running non-musical in Off Broadway history (by passing Lanford Wilson's "Hot l Baltimore") but also which plays held third, second, and first place: "The Blacks" (with 1,408 performances), Jack Heifner's "Vanities" (with 1,785), and "Vampire Lesbians." And Mr. Sherman, who handles "Mama, I Want to Sing," was careful to point out that the show, for some time now, has been performed only on weekends. "The trouble with advertising long-running shows," Mr. Rudy, who represents "Vampire Lesbians," explained, "is that after a while you run out of things to say." (We know the problem: at one time, editors of this magazine took to running passages from "Ulysses" and "Persuasion" under the heading "Long Runs.")

The keepers of New York theatre statistics are guardians of history, but every once in a while a fact slips by them. We were glad, for instance, to be able to tell Mr. Rudy, who joked with us about advertising "Vampire Lesbians" as "the longest-running drag show below Fourteenth Street with nine purple sequins," what its author, Charles Busch, had said in a curtain speech at the closing performance of his "Lady in Question": "Well, I guess my tour de force is going to be forced to tour!"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Cemetery Club—Eileen Heckart, Elizabeth Franz, and Doris Belack head the cast of this play by Ivan Menchell. The director was Pamela Berlin. Opens May 15 at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting EACH DAY DIES WITH SLEEP, by José Rivera. With Erica Gimpel, Alex Colón, and Randy Vásquez. Staged by Roberta Levitow. Preview on May 15. Opens May 16 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang has directed this revival of his 1980 play, which is presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. With Dennis Dun. Opens May 15 at 8, and will run through June 2. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

Further Mo'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by Vernel Bagneris, the man behind 1979's "One Mo' Time." Preview on May 16. Opens May 17 at 7. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Hannah . . . 1939—Julie Wilson stars in a new musical by Bob Merrill. Directed by Douglas Aibel. Also with Kathleen Mahony-Bennett and Tony Carlin. In previews. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Six Degrees of Separation—A new play by John Guare, with Stockard Channing, Kelly Bishop, Paul McCrane, James McDaniel, and John Cunningham. Jerry Zaks has directed. Previews begin May 19. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Spanish Eyes—A play by Eduardo Ivan Lopez. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. Preview on May 16. Opens May 17 at 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

What a Man Weighs—A play by Sherry Kramer, with Richard Cox, Christine Estabrook, Harriet Harris, and Katherine Hiler. Directed by Carole Rothman. Previews through May 19. Opens May 20 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

NEW THIS SEASON

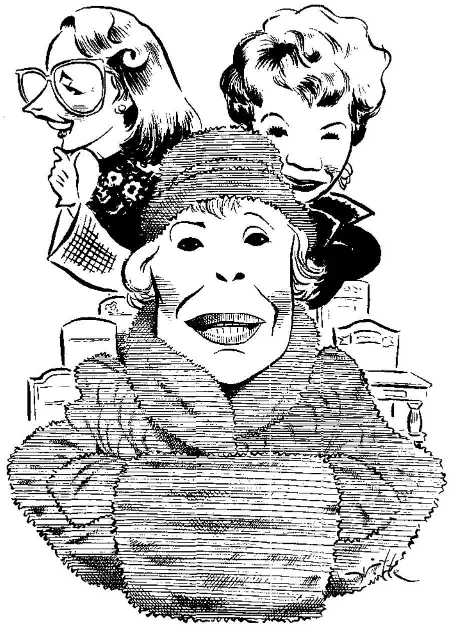
Accomplice—This facetious thriller is one hundred per cent pure virgin plastic. Even the plentiful sight gags that work cannot redeem the vacuity of the script. Rupert Holmes wrote the play, and Art Wolff directed it. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/14/90.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (4/23/90) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Away Alone—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly pretentious. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes May 20.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—AUDIENCE—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—CATASTROPHE—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes June 3.)

Carbondale Dreams—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest began life as a pair of one-acts entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third, "Arnold," has since been added.) "Beth" is so full of Jewish self-loathing and hostility toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. Perhaps Sater needs to be reminded that the best revenge is living well, not writing poorly. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)



Elizabeth Franz,
Doris Belack, and Eileen Heckart
in "The Cemetery Club"

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes May 20.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer Than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music). The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Presenting the 1990 marathon of one-act plays. Through May 20: "Two War Scenes: Cross Patch and Goldberg Street," by David Mamet; "Captive," by Paul Weitz; "The Second Coming," by Bill Bozzone; and "Match Point," by Frank D. Gilroy. . . . ¶ Starting May 23: "Hamlet," by Shel Silverstein; "The Stalwarts," by OyamO; "The Eclipse," by Joyce Carol Oates; and "Eulogy for Mister Hamm," by Michael John LaChiusa. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is

FIDELITY'S SPARTAN® MONEY MARKET FUND:
OVER $8 BILLION IN ASSETS

Only Spartan Guarantees Low Costs Through 1995!

No One Backs Its Commitment To High Yields Like Fidelity.

Spartan Money Market Fund was designed to bring investors high current yields through low 0.45% operating expenses over the long term. And now, unlike any other fund, Spartan backs that commitment with an exclusive long-term Low-Cost Guarantee through 1995!

Other things being equal, Spartan's low costs mean high yields over the long term. Plus, Spartan helps control transaction costs by charging only for those transactions you make.[1]

Switch To Fidelity's Spartan For The Long Term.

Whether you have money in CDs, a bank money market account, or another money market fund, nothing else offers Spartan Money Market Fund's high current yields combined with a Low-Cost Guarantee through 1995! While not FDIC insured like bank products, Spartan is managed for a stable $1 share price. And unlike fixed rate CDs, Spartan's yield will vary.

Let Fidelity Show You How.

Why not join the more than 100,000 Americans who have invested more than $8 billion in Spartan Money Market Fund since its inception in January 1989?

For more complete information on Spartan Money Market Fund including management fees and transaction expenses, call or write for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. (Minimum investment: $20,000.)

Fidelity's Spartan®
Money Market Fund

8.69%	8.34%
Effective Yield*	Current Yield*

Visit our Nationwide Investor Centers or call 24 hours

1-800-544-8888

Fidelity Investments®

Fidelity Distributors Corporation (General Distribution Agent), P.O. Box 660603, Dallas, TX 75266-0603.

CODE: NYR/SPM/052190

*Annualized historical yields for the 7-day period ending 4/30/90. Effective yield assumes reinvested income. Yields will vary. Fidelity is temporarily paying for a portion of the Fund's expenses. If the adviser had not paid a portion of the fund's expenses, the current and effective yields would have been 7.94% and 8.26%, respectively. The expense limitation may be terminated or revised at any time, at which time expenses will go up and yield will go down.
2r (Through 12/31/95, the Fund's expenses will not be more than .45%.) [1]These transactions will reduce your yield depending on the number you make.

undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Ground People—A play by Leslie Lee, with Ron Richardson and Frances Foster, and staged by Walter Dallas. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes May 20.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline directed and stars in this production of Shakespeare's play. Dana Ivey, Brian Murray, Diane Venora, and Josef Sommer are also in the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Ice Cream with Hot Fudge—"Ice Cream," a play by Caryl Churchill, was first seen last year at London's Royal Court Theatre. "Hot Fudge," a new work by Ms. Churchill, is the curtain-raiser. Both with Jane Kaczmarek and Margaret Whitton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting three works in rotating repertory: **the prince of homberg**, by Heinrich von Kleist, in a translation by Douglas Langworthy (through May 25); and a double bill of Strindberg's **the stronger** and Per Olov Enquist's **the night of the tribades** (through May 27). (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

The Journey of Snow White—A revival of Al Carmines' 1971 music-theatre piece. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Closes May 20. For reservations, call 777-0033.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain—Len Cariou is Justice William O. Douglas, and Heather Summerhayes and John C. Vennema play multiple roles as the people he encountered every step of the way, from his boyhood, in Washington State, through his thirty-six-year term on the Supreme Court. Though perhaps a bit over-reverent, the play, by Douglas Scott, is as interesting as the history it portrays. The acting is fine; Mr. Vennema's thumbnail Nixon is especially striking. (4/23/90) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **lifetimes on the streets.** The streets are the streets of Harlem, and this "theatrical collage" is a set of monologues by Gus Edwards, who has an acute ear and imagination. As spoken and performed by the splendid actors of the company, the words evoke a way of life as it was and as it is now. Douglas Turner Ward is both director and performer. (4/13/90) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on a novel by Rosa Guy. With La Chanze and Jerry Dixon. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Rain. Some Fish. No Elephants.—A comedy by Y York. Directed by Mark Lutwak. (The New Theatre of Brooklyn, 465 Dean St. 1-718 230-3366. Closes May 20.)

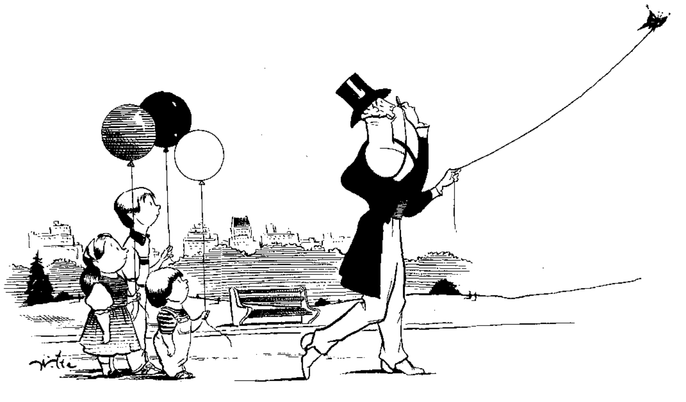
Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in a revival of Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. Directed by Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes May 20.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). With a sixteen-member cast, led by Mike Burstyn. Lonny Price directed. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—All manner of hypocrites, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Closes May 20.)

Some Americans Abroad—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)



The Tower of Evil—A production of the 1832 historical drama "La Tour de Nesle," by Alexandre Dumas *père*. Translated from the French by Michael Feingold. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Truly Blessed: A Musical Celebration of Mahalia Jackson—In this show of her own devising, Queen Esther Marrow, herself a gospel singer, appears as the great Mahalia. She is a pleasing singer and a beauty, but she lacks the artistry and religious passion of the original. The songs, however, almost carry the evening. The four splendid backup singers are Carl Hall, Doug Eskew, Lynette G. DuPré, and Gwen Stewart. Robert Kalfin directed. (5/7/90) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

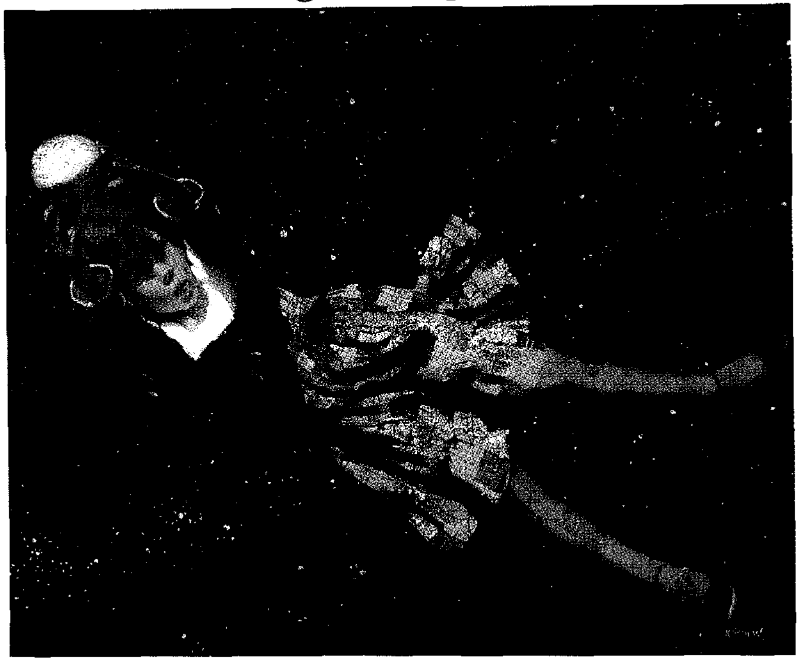
Zoya's Apartment—Bronson Pinchot, Linda Thorson, and Robert LuPone have the leads in Mikhail Bulgakov's farce. Staged by the Soviet director Boris Morozov. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

black and blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes June 24.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **forbidden broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **the heidi chronicles:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **jerome robbins' broadway:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **other people's money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **vampire lesbians of sodom:** Charles Busch's long-running play. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-5048. Closes May 27.)

When we are very young, we are possessors of a splendid gift: a mind that knows no limits.

Faced with a new experience, it allows us to make discoveries, gain insights – and, with time, learn something more of the world around us.



And, if we're truly fortunate, we'll never completely let go of the early innocence that keeps us forever open to new ideas.

That's why, since 1976, we've funded and provided free-loan educational films to schools, to awaken a young person's imaginative spirit.

Already millions of students have seen "American Enterprise," an exciting profile of U.S. economic history; "The Search for Solutions" on science and problem solving; and "The Challenge of the Unknown," covering mathematics, all in an entertaining and involving way.

Because it's our desire to help young people realize that the only real limits to learning are the ones we make for ourselves.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY PHILLIPS 66

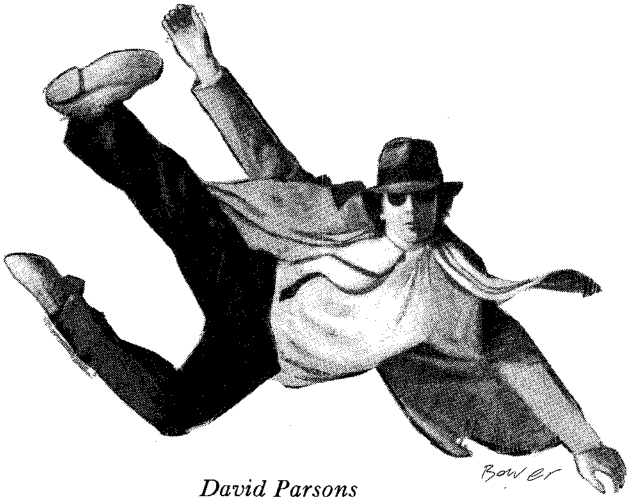
To learn how your local school can obtain these films, write to: Educational Films, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16C-4PB, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74004.

DANCE

WHEN we first heard about English sword dancing, we thought "adventure," "danger," "ballet with blood." We soon learned, though, that the closest a sword dancer comes to a cutting edge is in the name of the style's leading historian, Cecil J. Sharp. In the years just prior to World War One, Sharp founded the English Folk Dance Society and travelled around the country, categorizing and notating dances. As Sharp describes the dance variations in his three-part book, "The Sword Dances of Northern England," the terms begin to sound like something from a tarot pack, full of ritual and romance. There are the "swords"—three-foot-long blunt metal staves that link the performers in circles and other figures. There is the action, called the "clash," that accents the start of each dance, and the six-pointed star of swords, called the "nut" or the "lock," which is sometimes lifted climactically, at other times placed around the neck of a kneeling dancer in a decapitation image, after which the dancer rises to his feet, hale and empowered. Subsequent historians have noted that because these dances were frequently performed by nineteenth-century miners for entertainment or busking, they contain figures that may be related to that work, such as a procession of hunched-over bodies that gradually straighten, as if the dancers were tramping through a tunnel into the open air. The sense of hard roads travelled is embodied in the heavy-soled black oxfords that serve as sword-dance footgear, and in the masculine force of the footfalls in the dance steps.

Women, however, have also tested out these shoes. Our favorite New York team of sword and rapper dancing (a prestissimo cousin of sword dancing) is the all-women's group Half Moon Sword. Early this year, we watched one of their weekly rehearsals in a studio on lower Broadway. Like most sword-dance teams, Half Moon is made up of people with unrelated day jobs, but when they began to move to the music of their fiddle player they were a hundred percent dancers, working to be faster, more precise, more "inside" the music. On the surface, their look is unspectacular. One's eyes can glaze over from the repetition of steps and circles. Then, suddenly, the swords flash together in a rose pattern, or the miners march out of their mine, and the dance opens up its depths. This weekend, Half Moon Sword will perform at Coney Island and at the Queens Farm Museum. For information, call 1-718 638-4460.

New York City Ballet—May 15 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Prague Symphony," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ May 18 at 8: "Chaconne," "Prague Symphony," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ May 19 at 2: "Chaconne," "Prague Symphony," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 19 at 8: "Ecstatic Orange," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 20 at 1: "Les Gentilhommes," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ May 20 at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ May 22 at 8: "Chaconne," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Chaconne," "Prague Symphony," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season will continue through July 1.)



David Parsons

American Ballet Theatre—May 14 at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: "Push Comes to Shove," "Nine Sinatra Songs," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "Birthday Offering," "The Leaves Are Fading," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Airs," "The Informer," "Some Assembly Required," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: "La Bayadère (Act II)," "Grand Pas Classique," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Birthday Offering." . . . ¶ May 18 at 8, May 19 at 2 and 8, May 21-22 at 8, and May 23 at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. The season will continue through June 30.)

Parsons Dance Company—In a one-week engagement. May 15 at 7:30, May 17-19 at 8, and May 20 at 7:30: "Scrutiny," "Sleep Study," "Incandescence" (New York première), "Caught," and "Nascimento" (New York première). . . . ¶ May 16 at 8 and May 19-20 at 2: "The Envelope," "Radio NYC," "Three Courtesies," "Elysian Fields" (New York première), "Caught," and "Nascimento." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

New Jersey Ballet Company—In a program of classical and contemporary works: "A Dance for You," "Let's Go South," "Combat," and two other pieces. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. May 16-17 at 8.)

Johanna Boyce and Company—In "What Heart Heard, Ghost Guessed," "Surrender, Mouth to Breast," "Salad/No Shrinking Violets," "Out," and "Women, Water, and a Waltz." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 17-19 at 8, May 20 at 3, and May 21 at 8.)

Ballet Hispanico—A twelve-member troupe presenting two programs. May 19 at 8: "Caravanserai," "Bernarda," and "Cada Noche . . . Tango." . . . ¶ May 20 at 3: "Arabesque," "Caravanserai," and "Batucada Fantastica." (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833.)

Indrani—With Leela Raja and Sukanya, performing classical dances of India. (Nikolais-Louis ChoreoSpace, 38 E. 19th St. May 20 at noon. Tickets at the door on the day of the performance.)

NIGHT LIFE

JAZZ musicians are once again being sighted at the West End Gate, and the other night we stopped in to hear the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni group that made frequent turns there in the seventies. To reach the club—a black-on-black back room decorated with a bright neon art work that looks more or less like a scribble—one passes through a restaurant and bar. The West End is in the heart of Columbia country, of course, and on a Saturday night the front room is about as crowded as a freshman lecture course, and considerably louder.

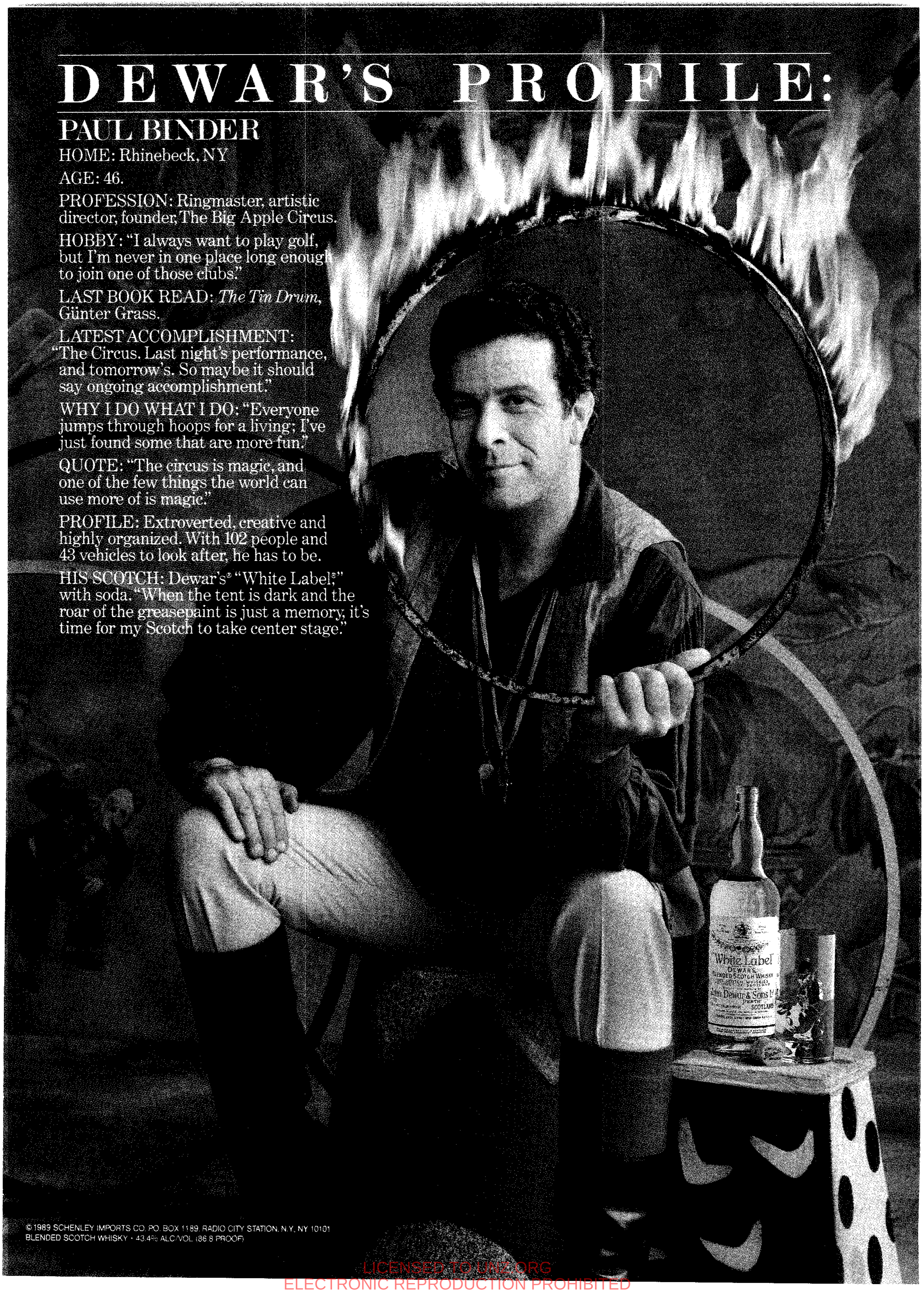
On the night of our visit, we had walked up Broadway from Birdland—a bigger, fancier club featuring the work of a more literal-minded neon artist—where another Basie-tribute session, led by the fine trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, was in swing. The Countsmen's set at the West End was a little more frayed at the edges than Edison's, but it had some nice moments. Earle Warren, who in the thirties added an "e" to his first name to distinguish himself from the other well-known Earls of jazz, sang "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and led the band through "Doggin' Around" and "Dicky's Dream." Toward the end of the set, someone requested "You've Changed." Warren allowed as how he hadn't sung the song since he recorded it, but said he'd give it a go. After one verse, he was, well, at a loss for words. Some sympathetic audience members shouted out a few lines, and saxophonist Buddy Tate did a good deal of whispering in the singer's ear. "You've Changed" didn't come off half bad, really, but when it was over Warren looked furtively around the room—hoping, no doubt, that somebody would request an instrumental.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING**, whose father, Richard Whiting, wrote a string of fine pop numbers in the twenties, will be in the Oak Room for a monthlong engagement beginning May 15. Ms. Whiting's biggest hit, "A Tree in a Meadow," appeared back in 1948, but her voice doesn't sound much worse for wear since the day Johnny Mercer told her, "You sing like a trumpet." Her shows continue to be funny, chatty, and uplifting. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar. Current attractions include groups led by **MARK MORGANELLI** (May 16), Marion Cowings and Kim Kalesti (May 18-19), and Dave Morgan (May 21). Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. In the past, **PHYLLIS HYMAN**, who'll be singing here May 15-20, has taken a few critical knocks for, among other things, telling too many jokes between numbers; offering slightly wandering sets that mix jazz, pop, disco, and soul; and singing "My Funny



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

PAUL BINDER

HOME: Rhinebeck, NY

AGE: 46.

PROFESSION: Ringmaster, artistic director, founder, The Big Apple Circus.

HOBBY: "I always want to play golf, but I'm never in one place long enough to join one of those clubs."

LAST BOOK READ: *The Tin Drum*, Günter Grass.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: "The Circus. Last night's performance, and tomorrow's. So maybe it should say ongoing accomplishment."

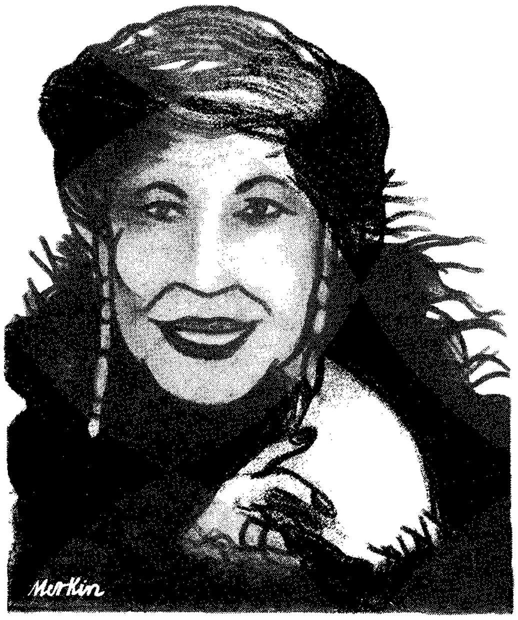
WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Everyone jumps through hoops for a living; I've just found some that are more fun."

QUOTE: "The circus is magic, and one of the few things the world can use more of is magic."

PROFILE: Extroverted, creative and highly organized. With 102 people and 43 vehicles to look after, he has to be.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label®" with soda. "When the tent is dark and the roar of the greasepaint is just a memory, it's time for my Scotch to take center stage."

© 1989 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. P.O. BOX 1189, RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y., NY 10101
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)



Nancy Wilson at the Blue Note

Valentine" way too fast. Still, Ms. Hyman has an easy presence, a giant, belting voice, and a heck of a whistle. **NANCY WILSON,** another singer known to roam freely among idioms, starts up on May 22. Ms. Wilson, who recently released a new record, was discovered a couple of decades ago by Cannonball Adderley, and she can still be counted on to perform with a crackerjack crew of jazz musicians. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally, a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. The **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET,** who perform on May 21, have been described as playing music "about jazz"; that is, their work is a hodgepodge of references to every jazz style you care to name. Free jazz is there, and so is swing; Dixieland pops up and the Duke makes an appearance. May 22 belongs to the Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO** and his wife, the singer **FLORA PURIM.** Airto, who, as a member of Miles Davis's group in the early seventies, was one of the pioneers of Latin-jazz fusion, has a battery of unusual instruments, some of which you've probably never seen before. Shows get under way Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **DON PATE** are at work through May 19; a trio consisting of **LARRY GALES, WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and **BEN RILEY** starts up on May 21. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—With its arch-windowed stone exterior, wrought-iron door, and no-cheap-stuff woodwork, this is a club built to last. It's also a nice place to listen to jazz, eat Caribbean food, and drink 150-proof-rum concoctions. The saxophonist, composer, and arranger **BENNY CARTER,** whose "Cow-Cow Boogie" was Capitol Records' first hit, and who was one of the leading sax men of the pre-Charlie Parker era, is in action through May 20. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, until the end of June, **BOBBY SHORT.** Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal acts, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. May 20 brings in a big band led by **LOREN SCHOENBERG,** who is a saxophonist of the Lester Young school, a onetime Benny Goodman associate, and a man who knows his Ellington. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Basie alum **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**—a fine, glib trumpeter, who was recently heard introducing himself as, among other things, "the effervescently eminent" and "the alpha and the omega, which is the beginning and the end"—leads a quintet here May 15-20. **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** comes in with a trio beginning May 22. Music after ten.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a tall, willowy blonde with a silky voice and a confident, easy manner, appears at this intimate basement haunt May 15-20. The last time we saw her here, a year ago, her set included a bossa nova sung in Portuguese, Chet Baker's "Let's Get Lost," and a four-song tribute to Lester Young. Jazz violinist **NOEL POINTER** begins a run on May 22. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. On Tuesdays there's a guitar festival going on: May 15 belongs to **HOWARD ALDEN, FRANK VIGNOLA,** and others; May 22 is ceded to Mr. Alden, Mr. Vignola, **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** and others. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. Two regulars here—the cheery stride pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and the saxophonist **MICHAEL HASHIM**—will perform May 15-19; and a piano-bass team consisting of **JEFF KEEZER** and **RAY DRUMMOND** comes in May 20-21. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The hard-edged saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**—who played with his bassist brother, Percy, until the latter got back his old job with the Modern Jazz Quartet—comes in with a quartet May 17-18. The **SONNY CLARK MEMORIAL BAND** performs on May 19. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **NRBQ,** an upstate New York cult band who have been around since the late sixties and who play a little bit of everything (although rockabilly is their forte), will perform on May 19. Also: guitarist-singer-songwriter **NILS LOFGREN** on May 18; **DIZZY GILLESPIE** on May 21; and salsa man **EDDIE PALMIERI** on May 22. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: it's a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to cover with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. **FLAT DUO JETS,** a fast and sloppy garage-rock outfit that recently surfaced in Athens, Georgia, will be here on May 17.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. Singer **JACK JONES** continues through May 19. The **MC GUIRE SISTERS,** the Ohio trio that personified good clean fun back in the fifties, begin a stint on May 22. They're sure to take you back through the time tunnel: though their snappy outfits have brought them up to date, they haven't fiddled with the basic formula that gave them such hits as "Something's Gotta Give" and "Sugartime." Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. **LISA STANSFIELD,** a British blue-eyed-soul crooner whose recent début album, "Affection," has been a chart-buster, is on the premises on May 16. Bands don't get much more idiosyncratic than the **FALL,** who come to town on May 18. The Manchester outfit, led by the snarling, yelping Mark E. Smith, formed in 1977 and have refused to go away. They're masters of the odd juxtaposition; they take rock conventions and twist them into compelling, if sometimes unlistenable, anti-rock. With the group's unsettling, off-kilter grooves backing him up, Smith, who has invented a diction all his own, assaults the listener with convulsive, serio-comic banter and Dadaist one-liners. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Bassist supreme **RON CARTER** leads a quintet May 15-20. Drummer **ART BLAKEY,** whose group, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** has long been one of jazz's foremost finishing schools, begins a week-long visit on May 22. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland, this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **DEE DEE RAMONE** appears on May 15, with Loey Nelson. The New Orleans R. & B. pianist and composer **ALLEN TOUSSAINT** takes charge May 16-19.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. **JIM HALL,** the grand master of jazz guitar, leads a quartet May 15-20. **BILL FRISELL,** a young guitarist who has studied with Mr. Hall, and whose style is full of odd twists and turns, brings in a foursome beginning May 22. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End Gate, Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—This café—for years a well-known haven for those studying pinball, jazz, and other unofficial Columbia University requirements—reopened early this year. The Haywood Henry quartet will perform here May 16-19.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **POI DOG PONDERING**—an Austin-based outfit that recently released its first album and that gives inspired, many-colored performances—comes in on May 19.

In Recent Years The Price Of Art Has Skyrocketed. With One Exception. The 1990 Jaguar XJ6: $39,700.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding dealer preparation, transportation, license and taxes. Actual retail prices are set by the dealer and may vary.

It is said that fine art rewards the senses and moves the soul. The beauty and power of the 1990 Jaguar XJ6 will surely do both. And at $39,700*, it will reward yet another sense. Your sense of value.

With beauty of form and motion, the XJ6 could only have been produced by a company with a fifty-year history of building one classic automobile after another. Its sleek lines, wide powerful stance and elegantly sculpted grille are uniquely Jaguar.

Inside, the XJ6 entices you with seating faced in hand-tailored, supple leather. The luster of figured walnut adds a warm glow to the luxurious interior.

You'll find the XJ6 is also quite adept in the performing arts as well. For 1990, it has a larger, more powerful 4-liter engine and a new, electronically controlled, automatic transmission that features a "sport" mode for more spirited response.

We suggest you test the capabilities of the Jaguar XJ6 for yourself. For the name of your nearest dealer, call 1-800-4-JAGUAR. At $39,700, we think you'll find the XJ6 is a work of art that will truly move you.

JAGUAR

A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE ashes of the Happy Land Social Club have sullied playtime on the West Coast as well as the East. Fearing a crackdown on their now-you-see-us-now-you-don't, one-night-a-week hot spots, underground-club owners in Los Angeles have either burrowed deeper, waiting for the dust to settle, or made grand leaps to higher ground in the hope of rounding up some legitimacy and backers' cash. In the meantime, the temporary shutdown of the floating clubs leaves an awful lot of all-dressed-down-with-no-place-to-go Angelenos at sea by moonlight.

So once again they're trying to drop anchor in L.A.'s downtown, which, unfortunately, is a relative term. By night, our lower Broadway is dark but bustling. L.A.'s downtown is a John Carpenter film without Jamie Lee Curtis. Occasionally, a big club proves a lure for a while, but they all end up like the most recent effort, the handsomely refurbished Stock Exchange. Four months after its opening, the Exchange on a Friday was as electric as 40 Wall on a Sunday.

Now it's the turn of the Mayan, an ersatz movie temple that has been refitted to "Indiana Jones Meets the Cobra Woman" movie-set precision. Yma Sumac should be permanently installed in the balcony. But even if Ms. Sumac were to lead chants to the goddess Ixchel for a fabulous evening, they would most likely fall on ears as deaf as the gods' were to the cries of the Cobra Woman's victims, because the Mayan's sound system is impenetrable. Melody lines are undetectable. Lyrics are indecipherable. The bass line is unbearable. Taylor Dayne sounds like Luther Vandross. L.A. club people rarely get down and dirty on a dance floor as it is, but at the Mayan they just stared at each other as if they had been asked to rechoreograph "Vogue."

"I hate it here, I hate it here," one white-booted, jersey-with-Lycra-skirted woman squealed at her date.

"There's nowhere else," moaned he.

"What about Nectar?" she whined.

"Closed," he said.

"O.A.P.?"

"Closed."

"Moonshine? Haven Tax? G-Spot?"

"Closed, closed, closed."

"Well, this stinks," she shrieked, in a voice that outdid the club's tweeters. "You'd better think of something more entertaining." Was there ever a better setting for human sacrifice?

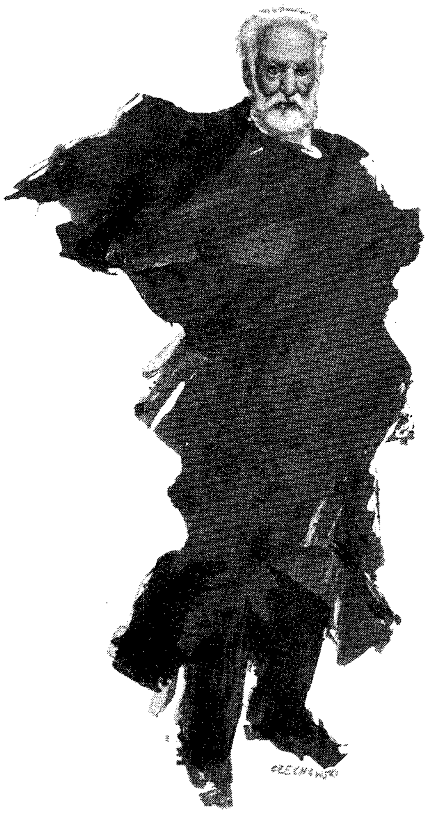
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

ROBERT WHITMAN—Final performances of his new work, "Black Dirt." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. May 16-19 at 8:30.)

DIANE TORR—Presenting "Crossing Over the River Styx." (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. May 18-19 at 8:30.)

"DISGRACE"—A play about flight by John O'Keefe, and directed by Michael Sexton. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 18-19 at 11.)

P.S. 122—May 17-20 at 9:30: Diviana Ingravallo. . . . ¶ May 18-20 at 8: David Roussève. . . . ¶ May 18-19 at 11: "Threads from the Tailor's Granddaughters" by Sharon Jane Smith and directed by Heidi Griffiths. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)



Victor Hugo

ART

VICTOR HUGO may be little more than a vague, tony name to most Americans—a sort of lesser, Gallic Dickens, perhaps. Or, worse, he may be identified primarily as Isabelle Adjani's unseen yet overbearing father in François Truffaut's "Adèle H.," or as the man behind the story behind "Les Miz." But to French schoolchildren he is George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Herman Melville all rolled into one. Furthermore, he wrote easy-to-memorize but lugubrious and relentless epics about French history and heroes. To French schoolchildren, in other words, he is both unavoidable and infernal.

In recent, more expansive explorations of nineteenth-century art, however, Hugo has surfaced as a minor but interesting presence. He painted wonderfully atmospheric watercolors, works that have none of the bombast of his writing. In washy, brownish landscapes of gloomy castles and alpine vistas, he dabbled in Romantic states of mind. He also seemed to anticipate seductively macabre and rather fey styles and movements in later art, such as Symbolism, and, decades further on, oblique and emotional styles like Tachism and even Abstract Expressionism. The Krugier gallery (41 E. 57th Street) has made Hugo the centerpiece of a compact, subtle, conservative, and very tasteful exhibition of works on paper representing this Romantic strain in the last century and a half of art. Be the first on your block to get acquainted with what every French grownup has long since forgotten—but pay special attention to the clutch of beauties by Delacroix.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No artist of this century could match Louis Comfort Tiffany's decorative creations in glass, bronze, and mosaic, but this show of lamps, chandeliers, windows, ceramics, and paintings does little more than confirm the razzle-dazzle taste of the marketplace: the emphasis is on the garish, gaudy extravaganzas—the Art Nouveau updates of Victorian bad taste. The featured lamps, for instance, are the rarest ones, which are usually the trickiest—and sometimes the tackiest. Still, there is a glorious "Dragonfly" chandelier in deepest blue and green, with glass globules attached, and a "Hydrangea" chandelier, whose sophisticated massing is articulated with magnificent coloration. The experimental surfaces of a "Cypriote" vase make it look like a chunk of the moon, and the "Lava" vases are fluidity itself; these more humble masterworks still look fresh. . . . ¶ "Folon's Folons" is the self-explanatory title of a slim, simple show of works—fifty-odd watercolors, plus about a dozen found or transformed objects—made and owned by the well-known illustrator Jean-Michel Folon. Through June 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

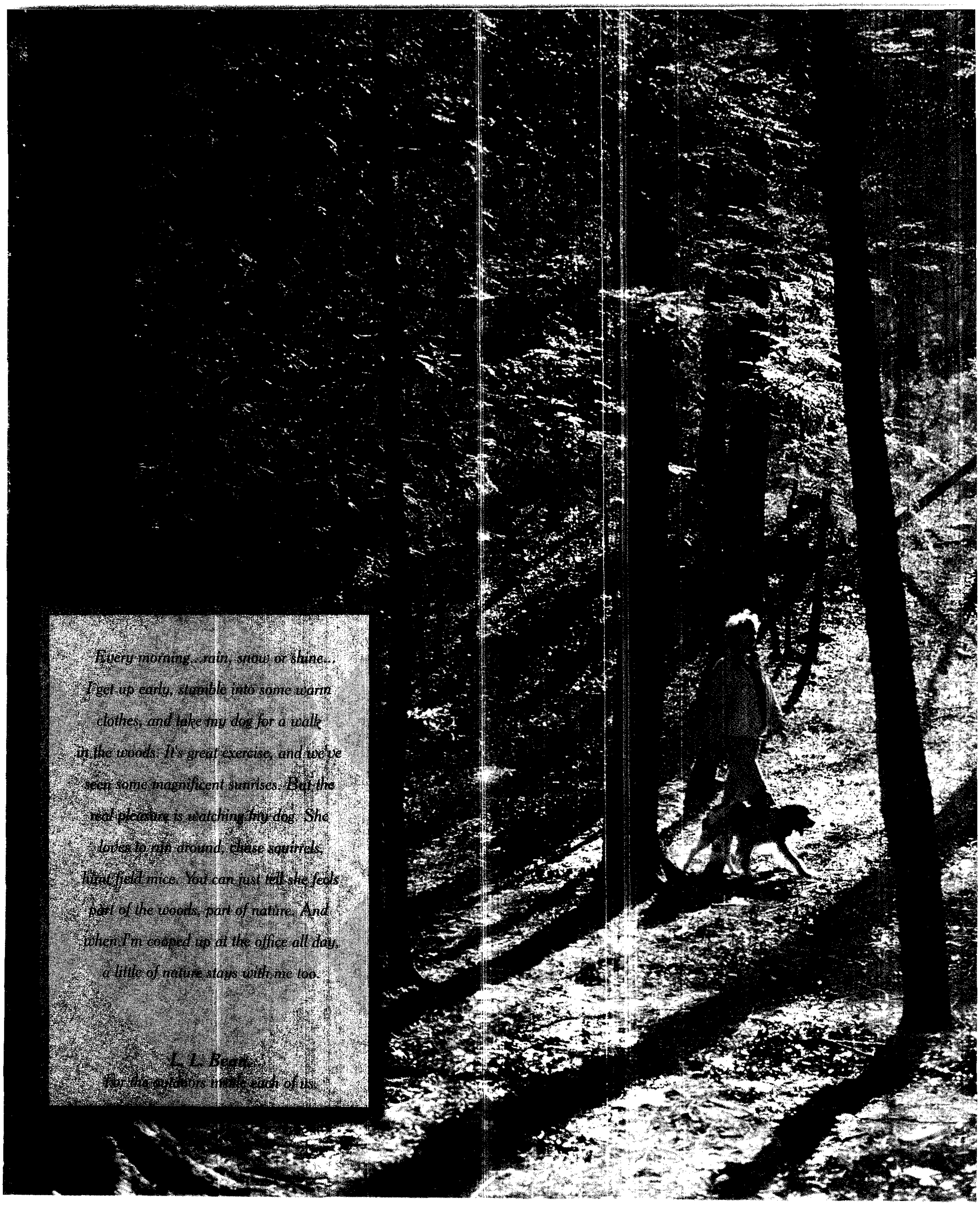
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Throughout this century, it has seemed that every kind of abstract painting, even the most radical, has been coöpted by commercial design. What a pleasure, then, to see an inversion of this formula in a small exhibition of fabric samples by Gunta Stölzl, the Bauhaus master weaver, and her student, the perhaps better-known Anni Albers. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until Autumn, 1991.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry Le Va, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. . . . ¶ A mixed-media installation by Ree Morton (1936-77), titled "Signs of Love," is on view in the lobby gallery. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" will include more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Starts May 18. . . . ¶ The exhibition "Facing History," a pure example of art illustrating history, traces the image of blacks in American art from 1710 to 1940. More often than not, as one might suspect, the images are primarily of servitude and the method used is caricature. And even when reverence appears to be the intention, blacks are usually presented as property, of secondary importance to, say, a Thoroughbred. The clichéd observation that few of the works are great art in the traditional sense seems irrelevant, because the show is so fascinating, and the messages so distressingly familiar. The paintings, drawings, and occasional sculptures are best viewed from an iconographic point of view, and the purpose of the black man in John Singleton Copley's "Watson and the Shark," the best work on display, continues to be the source of heated disagreement. Through June 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Clear as Crystal, Red as Flame" is an excellent primer on glassmaking in China from the fourteenth century through the early twentieth. It illustrates the native traditions of the craft, as well as the methods the Jesuits introduced when they centralized the industry in China



Every morning...rain, snow or shine...
I get up early, stumble into some warm
clothes, and take my dog for a walk
in the woods. It's great exercise, and we've
seen some magnificent sunrises. But the
real pleasure is watching my dog. She
loves to run around, chase squirrels,
hunt field mice. You can just tell she feels
part of the woods, part of nature. And
when I'm cooped up at the office all day,
a little of nature stays with me too.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.
Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.
All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4306 anytime.

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

© L. L. Bean, 1990

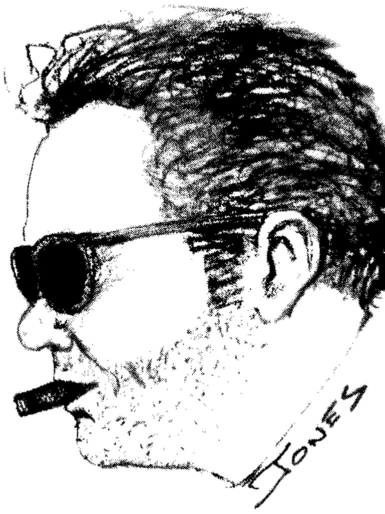
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

—particularly their cameo-carving techniques, which developed into the highly prized Peking glass. Curiously, glass seems to be the only medium the Chinese used to mimic other materials. On view are vessels that look like porcelain, beads that approximate stones, and vases that ape celadon ware; the last have the lovely inner glow that can be achieved only with glass. Through June 16. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An examination of the Danish porcelain industry from 1760 to the present, including vases, figures, and original pieces from the first Flora Danica table service, on loan from the Danish Royal Family. . . . ¶ Fabrics designed by large textile companies or by individual artisans in the past decade are presented on a grand scale—floor-to-ceiling lengths of cloth, for instance, and dramatic walk-through environments. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"In the Court of the Sultan." In this comprehensive display on the life of the Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire, most of the objects—even the ornate ones—are unspectacular. The period documented is from the mid-nineteenth century through the early twentieth, a time of decline for the Ottomans, of increased Western influence, and of growing intolerance toward Jews. From the velvet bedspreads that were remade into ark curtains to the ceremonial and everyday costumes, the menorahs, and the furniture, a homespun aesthetic dominates. But it is nonetheless a fascinating exhibition, one that effectively captures the spirit of daily life. *Through June 28*. . . . ¶ A loan show from Düsseldorf of paintings and drawings by German artists whose works protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)



Self-portrait by Ronald Jones

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—Cynthia Carlson's engaging, playful, and smart show consists or re-creations of many of the site-specific installations she made throughout the eighties. Most of the works are structured around patterns—thick-painted flowers, wood plaques of architectural details, delicate drawings of weeds, a wall of painted fish. Through May 27. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Hans Arp (1886-1966)—Collages, wood reliefs, bronzes, marbles, watercolors, and drawings from the fifties and sixties by the important Dadaist. (Hans to some, Jean to others.) The very lateness of these works in Arp's career constitutes the newsworthy aspect of the show. But, unfortunately—and with the exception, perhaps, of a few biomorphic and figurative works on paper that are quite charming—they are simply smoother, weaker reprises of the earlier, epochal stuff. Through June 2. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Eight large "black enamel paintings" and a group of works on paper, including notebook drawings, make up an exceptionally good show. Through June 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Group Shows—At **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Most of the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings here are substantial in size and subject but are nonetheless dull, the exception being a Bonnard of a woman bathing. Two luscious windowed interiors by Matisse, an extraordinary early Mondrian painting of a chrysanthemum, and a fine Lichtenstein drawing of a ball of twine also make the show worthwhile. Through May 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Most of the works in this exhibition of Latin-American masters are very minor, but there is a fine small 1933 oil, with pictographs, by Torres-García; a quintessential Rivera watercolor of a worker that displays great humanity; a charming Klee-like child's fantasy of ascending pyramids by Xul Solar; and a romantic portrait of a man in a Surrealistic landscape by Juan Battle-Planas that borrows heavily from Dali but also has its own style. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.)

Short List—**JUAN BORDES,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through May 26); **SUSAN CRILE,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through June 2); **VASILY ERMILOV,** Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. (through June 8); **ODD NERDRUM,** Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through June 15); **MICHAEL STEINER,** *Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays,* through May 31); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through May 24).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Enzo Cucchi—Some perfectly attractive drawings on bits of paper with crumpled edges, a few set into circular trays with mirrors. The artist, the most mysterious of the "three C's," has a very appealing touch, but this selection is woefully slim. Through June 2. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

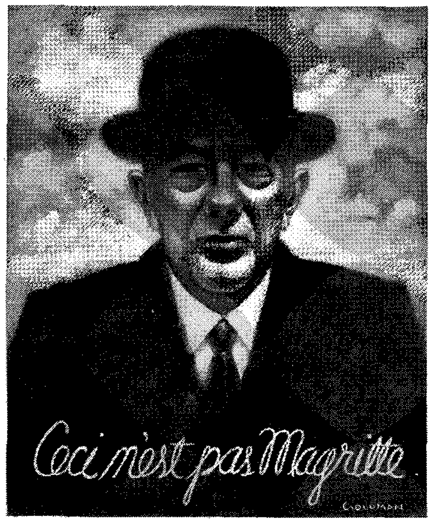
Gilbert & George—In contrast with the sometimes dark, sometimes melancholy tone of the British duo's photo works, these new pieces—kaleidoscopic arrangements of picture postcards, a type of material used in some of their earliest works—are bright and hopeful. They are the most enhanced Technicolor cards on the market: red-and-turquoise sunsets, Pakistani pop stars, opulent church interiors. Through June 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St., has a complementary show of earlier work.)

Bryan Hunt—Buoyant, enigmatic "airships," made of spruce and balsa frames covered with a silky synthetic fabric and mounted high on the wall. These objects are a further exploration of the artist's most successful form. Through May 26. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—For decades now, Torreano has maintained a faith in the kind of all-over *painting that was indigenous to New York in* the fifties, but he has managed to do so without working in the stylistic shadow of Abstract Expressionism. In his most recent large plywood "canvases," the artist has combined partially embedded colored balls and his signature plastic jewels with a more pictorial element: painted ellipses that have been carved in shallow relief. Although his interests never really change, his level of finesse keeps getting stronger. Through June 2. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Wegman—An exhibition of works in various mediums by the art world's most sophisticated child. Wegman's newest paintings—washed-out renderings of towns and Indian wall pictures with broad vistas—are luscious and very strange. Also on view are some of the more restrained large-format Polaroids, from the early eighties, of the artist's famous collaborator, the late weimaraner Man Ray. Through June 9. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**PIERRE ALECHINSKY,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 25), and Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 1); **BENNY ANDREWS,** Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (through May 23); **JAMES APONOVICH,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 23); **LARRY BROWN** and **MATTIE BERHANG,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 26); **EUGENE CARRIÈRE,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 30); **HELEN FRANKENTHALER,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 19); **ARNOLD FRIEDMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **RON GORCHOV,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through June 2); **ROBERT GWATHMEY,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 15); **ANSELM KIEFER,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 16); **RENÉ MAGRITTE,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 30), and Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 29); **ARNULF RAINER,** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 2); **LARRY RIVERS** and **JEANETTE LEROY,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 21); **DAVID SAUNDERS,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 30); **PHILIP SMITH,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 2); **MARK TOBEY,** Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 16); **JOYCE TREIMAN,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 19); **JOHN VAN ALSTINE,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 9); **MARC VAUX,** Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 23); **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 2), and O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through May 26); **ADJA YUNKERS,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 1).



René Magritte

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ferren (1905-70)—This exhibition of work by a very good and somewhat underrated abstract artist carries a disturbing message. The show includes several attractive small reliefs from the thirties, with diagrammatic shapes pressed and scratched into plaster and an occasional little area painted in a rich color. Although the forms are reminiscent of Duchamp's chocolate grinder, the works have an independent personality. The focus of the show, however, is a series of large paintings from the fifties of vases, covered with skeins of Pollocky drips in ridiculous colors—clearly a result of the artist's jumping on the bandwagon of a stylistic change. The paintings are drearily programmatic, the transformation sad and undignified. Through May 24. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Günther Förg—Had the nearly mythic German painter Blinky Palermo not died in 1977, there might not have been much room for his bad-boy younger compatriot. Taken as a series, the twelve paintings on display are reminiscent of Palermo's magnum opus, "To the People of New York," and in several ways they recall the paintings of Barnett Newman. These geometric works in gorgeous, luminous colors—a juxtaposition of bottle green and orange, for example—are a triumph of painting. Through May 26. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

April Gornik—This show of about a dozen large meteorological landscapes is the artist's strongest in many years. In these portraits of "pure" weather, Gornik controls the elements in a platonic, sometimes didactic manner. The paintings are exemplary in their lucidity —which is no small feat, given the scale of Gornik's endeavor. Yet she seems to be enamored of academicism itself, and perhaps for this reason her work is apt to leave one with a little lurking doubt: O.K. . . . I get the picture . . . but *now* what? Through May 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Michael Gregory—Landscapes with dark, stormy skies. The artist works with the format of Boudin and the palette of Innerst, while at the same time conjuring up a slew of academic landscape painters. Through May 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Nancy Haynes—In these new abstract paintings, the underrated Haynes picks up the minimalist strain where other artists' literalist paintings leave off, but with a post-minimalist's love of pushing paint around. Through June 2. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Donald Judd—The current show features three of the artist's large, open-topped anodized-aluminum boxes, which are among his most awkward—and most mystifying—sculptures. All of them are about being looked down into, and inside each is a simple arrangement of aluminum or colored-Plexiglas planes. The most graphic is a particularly colorful three-dimensional De Stijl composition in orange, black, and electric blue. Through May 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Morris—A show centering on the most sensuous of the cagey artist's works. This is a fine installation, including some of the later (1978-84) felt pieces—sheets of heavy, industrial felt that have been slit, splayed open, and hung and draped from the wall with delicate folds, like kimonos. Through June 2. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

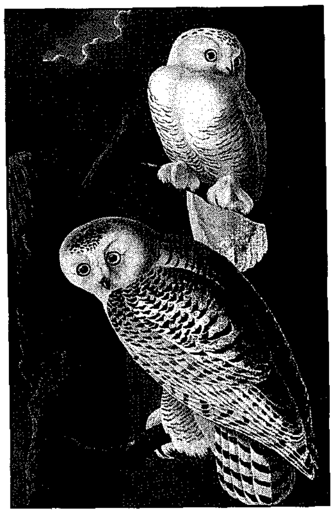
Barnett Newman (1905-70)—Given the importance of grand scale to the renowned Abstract Expressionist's light-saturated paintings, it comes as a pleasant surprise that he was a fine printmaker as well. In this exhibition are all of Newman's printed works, including the eighteen lithographic "Cantos," some fascinating notational etchings from 1968, and a set of etchings more directly related to the signature painted zips. Through May 26. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

John Newman—Good old-fashioned drawings on a large scale. The colorful sketches for the artist's better-known sculptures indicate that the three-dimensional works are an intricately engineered phantasmagoria. With their notations, smudges, and multiple studies of forms—dissected and otherwise—they have everything one could want from drawings. Through May 26. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Oppenheim gets more whacked-out with every show. This one features sculptures of a wooden chair "pressing" itself against an upholstered one; a piano in the form of clapping hands and, behind it, revolving trees with plastic masks hanging upside down from them like bats; flushing urinals covered in sprays of yellow paint; and three Raggedy Anns riding three Raggedy Andys. These virility-obsessed pieces are a scream. Through May 26. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Laurie Parsons—The artist has chosen to empty out the main space of the Lorence-Monk gallery for her exhibition. This decision is not the radical gesture it would have been in decades past but the continuation of a tradition the artist gladly embraces. There is no printed information, and no other clue, to suggest that hers is a major attack on the marketplace. The space is gorgeous and in top form, the staff friendlier and more available than ever. It's worth a visit, if only to see how others react. Through May 31. (578 Broadway.)

SOTHEBY'S SCHEDULES MAJOR ART AUCTIONS IN EUROPE



Shown here is the American *Snowy Owl,* one of 435 huge hand-coloured plates from Audubon's *Birds of America,* the greatest bird book ever produced. To be sold in London on 21st June. $2,250,000 - 2,500,000

Our auctions in London are a highpoint in the art collector's calendar and we hold regular auctions of international importance in our nine other European salerooms.

Future sales of interest include:

London:
Kakiemon Porcelain, 7th & 8th June

Victorian Paintings, 13th June

Western Manuscripts & Miniatures, 19th June

19th Century European & British Paintings, 19th & 20th June

Fine Jewels, 21st June

Atlases, Travel & Natural History Books, 21st June

Impressionist Paintings, 26th & 27th June

Contemporary Art, 28th June

Sussex:
Garden Statuary, 30th & 31st May

Monaco:
Old Master Paintings, 14th & 15th June

Italian Futurism, 17th June

Tel Aviv:
19th & 20th Century Art, 31st May

For further information and catalogue details, please contact Caroline Sclater in Sotheby's London on (4471) 408 5359 or Sotheby's New York on (212) 606 7000

THE WORLD'S LEADING FINE ART AUCTIONEER

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

© Sotheby's, Inc., 1989 John L. Marion, principal auctioneer, #524728

ART—Cont'd

Sigmar Polke—There's a tantalizing vaporousness to these new paintings, as if they were in the process of forming themselves. And in a sense they are: the silver bromide with which they are treated will cause the colors to darken somewhat over time. Polke can be a jokester, but, as the current work indicates, he is also one of the best pure painters around. One greenish-yellow painting looks like distant explosions or a light rain of Rothkoesque atmosphere. Although not all of the pieces here work, the majority offer a rich and distilled aesthetic experience. Through May 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Rene Ricard—A show that should be viewed as a meteorological event of singular importance. The comet Ricard has appeared, since the mid-sixties, in Warhol films such as "Kitchen" and "Chelsea Girls"; as a *poète maudit;* and as an art critic. Now, however, he makes his début as a visual artist, with brilliant, sweet painted poems and poetic paintings on found objects or paper. Through May 23. (Petersburg, 130 Prince St.)

STARSTRUCK

Of collecting Garbo memorabilia, Phillip (Flip) Ahrens, an employee of the Gotham Book Mart, says, "I had to come to terms with the fact that I could never have everything; the next thing to consider was what to do with what I did have." A display of his collection will occupy the front window of Gotham Book Mart, at 41 West 47th Street, for several more weeks. "I watched the silents first—'The Torrent,' 'The Kiss'—and I was hooked," he says. "She could change her character and expression with just the fall of her hair." Earlier photographs and a few candid shots of the star show a "raw Garbo" (Ahrens' favorite poses)—all soft, brown-haired, half-lidded ecstasies whose smiles can't hide a penetrating self-possession.

The collection also includes English- and German-cigarette photo cards; screen magazines like Screenland; *mounted postcards of hand-colored movie stills; hardcover movie editions of "Anna Karenina" and "The Green Hat," from which Garbo's films "Love" and "A Woman of Affairs" were derived; a covetable plaster-of-Paris lamp base that was painted like wood and depicts Garbo as she appears in "Anna Christie"; a 1932 issue of* Vanity Fair, *with a cover drawing by Covarrubias showing Garbo in a black turtleneck. There's also the cover of the* How to Eat *magazine of April, 1930 (twenty-five cents), which asks, "What Shall Greta Garbo Eat for Health?" "That one's lunatic," remarks the Gotham's proprietor, Andreas Brown, who collects Woody Allen.*

Susan Rothenberg—The artist's toughest paintings in years. Rothenberg has chosen to work with the ugliest, muddiest colors imaginable, and most of the nimble figures are loaded with scatological associations. Even with her furious brushwork, these paintings are not seductive, yet somehow they work. When Rothenberg's subject is painting and the relationships depicted are those between figure and ground—as is the case with most of the work here—the artist can be fiery and intoxicating. Through May 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Julian Schnabel—The Pace gallery opens its new downtown outlet, in what had been Leo Castelli's Greene Street space, with the season's most ambitious exhibition, a Schnabel Production of massive-scale sculptures, all in bronze. The walls are lined with nonfigurative "Tomb Panels," which are so resonant with emotion that they could be a post-modern version of the Medicis' final resting place. Schnabel takes on all sorts of big-league sculpture, most notably those of the Church and the classical world, which he enriches with touches of Mad Max's Thunderdome. There's a funny piece called "Barbara Bush Skipping Down the Champs Élysées," and a history-of-art sculpture consisting of a Beuysian table with Indian dolls, a primitive sculpture of the sort favored by the early modernists, and a hinge, all supported by inverted amphorae. Through June 29. (142 Greene St.)

Cary Smith—Bold paintings of simple geometric forms that might make you think of a jockey's silks or the Tantric flag of some tiny Buddhist nation. There's a strong sense of familiarity to these paintings—they look easy—but that's primarily because of their good-natured, outgoing character and their sheer beauty. Through May 19. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Haim Steinbach—This master arranger of objects has been at the forefront of ideas on commodification for a long time. His newest pieces, which are very ambitious, consist of old necklaces, footrests, and other objects all arranged in shoplike displays. Several seem to be on the verge of saying something meaningful on a socioeconomic level, stepping beyond the usual art-world commentary. But the works are in danger of being too subtle or tight. Through May 19. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Short List—**jeff adams,** Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through June 2); **donald baechler,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through June 15); **tony berlant,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through May 31); **betsy berne,** Esman, 70 Greene St. (through June 2); **richard bloes,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (through June 9); **gregory botts,** Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through May 26); **david bowes,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through May 19); **alberto burri,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through May 26); **loren calaway,** Viafora, 568 Broadway (through May 31); **alan davie,** Gimpel, 415 West Broadway (through May 26); **jan dibbets,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through May 26); **joel fisher,** Cadot, 470 Broome St. (through May 31); **hamish fulton** and **alice aycock,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through May 19); **rodney alan greenblat,** Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through May 25); **federico guzmán,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through May 26); **marcia hafif,** Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. (opens at 1, through May 19); **christopher hewat,** Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through June 9); **perry hoberman,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through May 19); **tom holland,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through May 26); **alfredo jaar,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through May 26); **ronald jones,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (starts May 19); **ellsworth kelly,** 65 Thompson Street Gallery (through June 30); **liz larner,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through May 26); **susan laufer,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through June 2); **al loving,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through June 9); **patty martori,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through May 26); **richard merkin,** Helander, 415 West Broadway (through May 26); **ross neher,** Beitzel, 113 Greene St. (through June 2); **dona nelson,** Hanson, 415 West Broadway (through June 9); **thomas nozkowski,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through June 9); **david rabinowitch,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 30); **takako saito,** Harvey, 537 Broadway (through May 19); **edwin schlossberg,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through June 9); **kiki smith,** Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through June 14); **james turrell,** SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through May 31); **jan vercruysse,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through June 2); **cecilia vicuña,** Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through May 26); **isaac witkin,** 112 Greene Street Gallery (through May 26); **michael young,** Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through May 26); **michele zalopany,** Audiello, 142 Greene St. (through May 19).

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Neel (1900-84)—This is the first time Neel's very homemade-looking etchings and lithographs have been the subject of a show. Like her paintings, these portraits never look exactly like their sitters, yet they capture a charged exchange between artist and subject that at times brings to mind a deer frozen by headlights. The show includes several prints of Neel's granddaughter Olivia, whose personality is somehow given free rein, a privilege granted to no other subject. Through May 31. (Sragow, 73 Spring St. Opens at 1.)

Charles Saxon (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

Short List—**jesús rafael soto,** Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. (through June 2); **william stone,** Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St. (through June 2).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Surprisingly, the exhibition of George Hurrell's photographs at the Public Library at Lincoln Center isn't as swoony as we expected—in part because of the cold installation, and in part because of the images selected. But it is an occasion to see a group of pictures by Hurrell, a photographer who understood how we need illusion and who fed this hunger generously. Hurrell's publicity stills of Hollywood actors and actresses in the thirties and forties were an important part of the image-creation industry that gave America its own version of gods and goddesses: movie stars. He photographed flesh as if it were marble, he used light like a sculptor's chisel, and—what is so important when it comes to capturing glamour—he never foreshortened the distance between viewer and subject. Those were the days when stars seemed as far away from reality as stars in the sky seem from the earth; that, of course, was part of their magic. Hurrell used such magic for all it was worth, but he also brought out character. Some of the captions in the exhibition that quote Hurrell suggest this latter talent, as well as his sense of himself as a collaborator. Next to a photograph of Dietrich, Hurrell is quoted as remembering that "she would assume a pose, check herself in a mirror and say, 'All right, George, shoot!' "

This exhibition reveals how much our concept of glamour has changed, and it also reminds us how quickly values change. For instance, there's a shot of Jane Russell that was made to publicize her film "The Outlaw." Russell is lying on a bed of hay, fully dressed and holding a gun. If looks could kill, the viewer would be a goner. Today, this photograph wouldn't cause a stir, yet in those days it was so shocking that it contributed to the film's release being delayed for two years.

Short List—**barbara ess,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through May 26); **victor friedman,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 26); **george hurrell,** New York Public Library at Lincoln Center (open Mondays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 8; and Saturdays, 10 to 6; through May 19); **william klein,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **frank majore,** Baer, 270 Lafayette St. (through May 26); **edward maxey,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through June 9); **jan staller,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 23); **doug and mike starn,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through May 26).

OIL-FREE
SUN BLOCK
15 SPF
CLINIQUE

© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Clear Sunning.

When oily skin goes sunning, it's open to two kinds of danger.

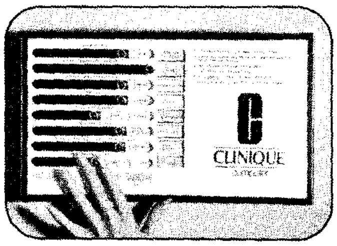
Like any other skin, oily skin can burn. Suffer damage, discomfort, and aging effects from the sun.

To prevent this, oily skins often cover themselves with oily sun lotions. That's the other danger. The combination of sun and oil often encourages an oily skin to break out—on face and on body. Dermatologists know the problem.

Now, Clinique has the solution: Oil-Free Sun Block. PABA-free, applied with a fine, cool spray, it protects skin—from both the aging damage of sun's UVA/UVB rays, and the disturbance of added oil.

To find out if it's right for you, consult the Clinique Computer at any Clinique counter.

Oil-Free Sun Block is two-way protection. So when you're in the sun, you're in the clear.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested
100% Fragrance Free

MUSIC

ANTONIO CESTI, born in 1623, delighted in the convoluted intrigues and ridiculous characters of the comic side of seventeenth-century opera. He could intrigue a bit himself when the need arose. Having taken monastic vows, and finding that they did not suit his purposes, he left his patron, the Archduke Ferdinand Karl, at Innsbruck, and went to Rome in 1658, where he sang before the Pope (Cesti was a tenor who may sometimes have appeared in his own operas). He obtained a release from the Archduke, bound himself to the papal choir, and then hastily got out of his new position, too. Once he got back to Innsbruck, excommunication was threatened. What to do? Archduke Ferdinand Karl put on a performance of Cesti's "La Dori" as a wedding present for the (future) Grand Duke Cosimo III, presumably with the purpose of enlisting this potentate in Cesti's cause; at any rate, the Duke is said to have been instrumental in arranging for the truant composer to be granted a release from the choir, a year or two after he had granted it to himself.

This story, along with almost all of the very *little* we know of Cesti, is related in the article on him in the New Grove Dictionary. About his music we know more, as it was popular enough to survive in many copies and in many cities. "La Dori" was performed more than twenty times before disappearing into the archives. It is to be performed again, five times, by the Mannes Camerata, Paul Echols' lively ensemble for the speculative resuscitation (or even more speculative assembly) of early musical-theatre works. We have seen many of Mr. Echols' presentations; sometimes they hit the mark delightfully, sometimes they (or elements in them) miss extravagantly. But they are never boring or unloving, and so we go to all of them. "La Dori" opens on Saturday, May 19, and continues irregularly through the 27th, at the auditorium of the Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th Street.

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducts a program that features music by Bach, Bartók, and Brahms. With Alfred Brendel, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 17 and May 19 at 8.)

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC—André Previn conducts works by Beethoven and Shostakovich. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 18 at 8.)

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Edo de Waart conducts works by Chopin, Richard Strauss, and John Adams. With Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 20 at 3.)

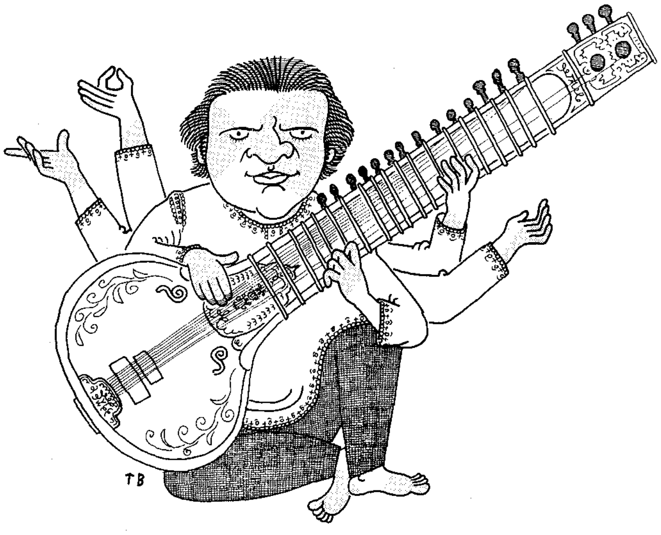
MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Roger Nierenberg conducts a program that includes music of Mozart and Fauré. With assisting artists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. May 18 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA/CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Performing Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra and Bellini's Mass, respectively. (Carnegie Hall. May 20 at 2.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson leads a program entitled "Celebrating the Piano." With Kevin Kline, Ruth Laredo, and other guests. (Carnegie Hall. May 21 at 7:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Amy Kaiser directs a program of music by Cherubini, Haydn, and Beethoven. With vocal soloists and an instrumental ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. May 18 at 8.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directs a performance of Mozart's Requiem and Handel's "Coronation" anthems. (Carnegie Hall. May 18 at 8.)



Ravi Shankar

NEW AMSTERDAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA / COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Performing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. May 19 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"LA DORI"—The Mannes Camerata performs a staged version of Antonio Cesti's seventeenth-century opera. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. May 19 at 8, May 20 at 6, and May 22 at 8. Through May 27.)

CENTRAL CITY CHORUS—Performing a concert version of Purcell's opera "King Authur." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. May 20 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Y CHORALE—Amy Kaiser directs a varied program of music by Thomas Weelkes, George Gershwin, and other composers. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 20 at 8.)

RECITALS

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitar. (Alice Tully Hall. May 16 at 8.)

KYUNG WHA CHUNG—Violin. Performing works by Handel, Grieg, and other composers. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 16 at 8.)

CHAMBER PLAYER OF THE LEAGUE / ISCM—In a program of contemporary music. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. May 16 at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—Performing works by Schoenberg, Elena Firsova, and Dmitri Smirnov. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 17 at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Performing works by Brahms, Ravel, and Sergei Slonimsky. With Gregory Haimovsky, piano, and other guest artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 17 at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—Works by John Cage, George Crumb, and other composers conclude the season. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 17 at 8.)

BOWDOIN TRIO—Performing a program of music by David Leisner. With Mary Ann Hart, soprano; and Benjamin Verdery, classical guitar. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 19 at 9.)

PAUL OLEFSKY—Cello, in a program of works by Tchaikovsky, Vivaldi, and other composers. With Hai Zheng, cello, and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. May 20 at 2:30.)

SHEM GUIBBORY AND EDWARD NEWMAN—Violin and piano. Playing works by Schumann, Dvořák, and other composers. (Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W. 107th St. May 20 at 5. No tickets necessary.)

JEANETTE KIM—Piano. In a performance of works by Bartók, Rachmaninoff, and Schubert. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 20 at 8.)

JUDITH PEARCE—Flute, with Elizabeth DiFelice, piano, performing music of Schumann, Messaien, and other composers. (Christ and St. Stephens Church, 122 W. 69th St. May 21 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET—With the Orion String Quartet, in a transcription of Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (Merkin Concert Hall. May 23 at 8.)

"VIVALDI'S VENICE"—Dino Anagnost leads the Little Orchestra Society and guest singers in the second concert of a five-year festival. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. May 23 at 8. For information about tickets, call 704-2100.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

WORLD PARTY—With all respect to Sinéad O'Connor, nothing compares to World Party. It's been more than three years since this funky, sixties-tinged British-pop aggregate—run by singer, songwriter, and multi-instrumentalist Karl Wallinger, formerly of the Waterboys—released its début album and scored a dark-horse hit with the we're-all-bloody-doomed single "Ship of Fools." The group's brand-new album, "Goodbye Jumbo," which actually includes a small contribution from O'Connor, is a joy. Like "Private Revolution," it is a rough-hewn, spontaneous record that sounds alternately like the Beatles, Bob Dylan, and Sly and the Family Stone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 846-5400. May 18 at 8.)

BUCKY AND JOHN PIZZARELLI—While most father-son bonding involves chucking around the pigskin or putting up the storm windows, Bucky Pizzarelli and his son John have found common ground on the seven-string guitar. Bucky started out in the swing era, as a member of Vaughn Monroe's forties dance band, and has since worked with everyone from Benny Goodman to George Barnes. John, who also sings, has roots in rock as well as in the vintage stuff. He went into his father's business in 1980, at the age of twenty, and the result has been fourteen strings of shimmering, exciting guitar music. (Roundabout Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. May 21 at 7:30.)

FRANK SINATRA—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 15-19 at 8.

BLUES CONCERTS—May 17: Johnnie Johnson and Sammy Price. . . . ¶ May 18: Vann Walls and Dr. John. . . . ¶ May 19: Katie Webster and Booker T. Laury. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Evenings at 8.)

'TRANE AND SALSA—May 19 at 8: A salute to John Coltrane, with Reggie Workman, Sonny Fortune, Andy White, and others. . . . ¶ May 20 at 3: A salsa concert, with Eddie Palmieri and Tito Nieves. (Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

COMPUTER-MUSIC CONCERT—Robert Dick, Paul Lansky, Barton McLean, Neil B. Rolnick, and Bernadette Speach. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. May 22 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

ANITA BAKER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 22-23 and May 25-26 at 8.

LA MAMA—The third annual new-music festival, which will run through June 10. May 14 at 8: Nicky Paraiso and Gayle Tufts, with Dan Froot, Jane Scarpatoni, and others. . . . ¶ May 17 at 10: Dora Ohrenstein, with the Scott Johnson ensemble. . . . ¶ May 18 at 10: Mieczyslaw Litwinski. . . . ¶ May 19 at 10: Johnny Reinhard, Harold Seltesky's Microtonal Jazz Band, Janet Lawson, and others. . . . ¶ May 20 at 10: Joe Gallant. . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: The Conrad Cummings ensemble. . . . ¶ May 23 at 10: Ben Neill and David First. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

BENEFIT—Take 6, BeBe and CeCe Winans, Phoebe Snow, James Taylor, Stevie Wonder, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 23-24 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Away until May 24, when they face the San Diego Padres.

Yankees—Vs. the Minnesota Twins, May 15-17 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, May 18 at 7:30, May 19 at 1:30, and May 20 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago White Sox, May 21-22 at 7:30.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASKETBALL

Knicks—The Not-to-Be-Denied Knicks (re) bounded back to trounce the Slow-Break Celtics, and everyone went crazy. But the euphoria may have vanished by this week, since the Well-Oiled-and-Lubed Pistons have had four chances to drive the boys off the court. If the Knicks have learned what Detroit had to last year—to play as a team instead of as a circus of stars—they should be alive and kicking. Isiah Thomas has always known about the power of teamwork—and so has one Mo Cheeks. Those two promise to be the real leaders, after the dunks and the banging under the boards leave the big guys breathless. Game 5 is scheduled for May 15, in Detroit; Game 6 for May 18, in New York; and Game 7 for May 20, in Detroit.

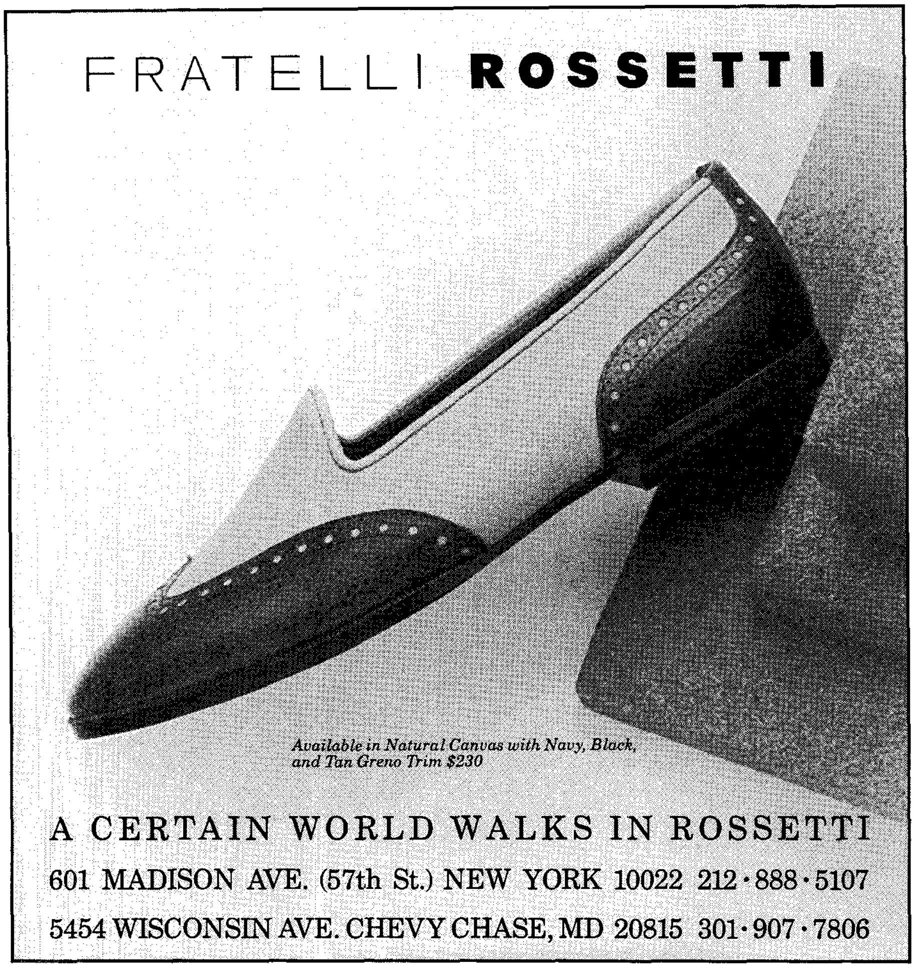
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Fairgrounds—With summer coming, New Yorkers are removing themselves from their chairs near the radiator and hitting the streets, where there's suddenly lots to do and good things to eat. The Ukrainian Festival, on 7th Street between Second and Third Avenues, May 18-20, features stuffed cabbage, pierogi, kielbasas; and (inedible) painted eggs, wood carvings, and embroidery. . . . ¶ The Ninth Avenue International Food Festival, May 19-20, offers Greek pastries, sausages filled with fennel and parsley, funnel cakes, calzone, and other delicacies. . . . ¶ At "You Gotta Have Park," May 19-20, a city-sponsored celebration of Central and Prospect Parks, you can work up an appetite. Activities include softball, Frisbee-tossing, aerobics, fly-fishing, and kite-flying.

"Titanic!"—An exhibition at the South Street Seaport about, well, a ship that sank. A soundtrack of the music that might have been playing in the ship's lounges on that morning accompanies the exhibit (which includes menus, postcards, a used life jacket, and an unused first-class ticket). (171 John St. 669-9430. Open daily, 10 to 5.)

Readings—May 15 at 7: Eavan Boland, Seamus Heaney, James Merrill, and Helen Vendler read from the works of W. B. Yeats. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.) . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: Robert Creeley and Scott Spencer read from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: A reading called "Our Bodies, Our Books: Women Write to Choose." With Marilyn French, Grace Paley, Alix Kates Shulman, Mary Gordon, Meena Alexander, and many others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 22 at 8: William Trevor and Edna O'Brien read from their own prose, in the last evening of the "Irish Literature" series. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ May 21 at 8: Kathryn Walker and Paul Schmidt read from the poems, essays, and letters of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.)

Talks—May 21 at 7:30: A. R. Gurney, David Henry Hwang, Wendy Wasserstein, and Peter Zeisler talk about playwriting. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: John Frohnmayer, chairman of the N.E.A., gives a lecture entitled "Funding, Censorship, and the Arts." (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. No tickets necessary.)

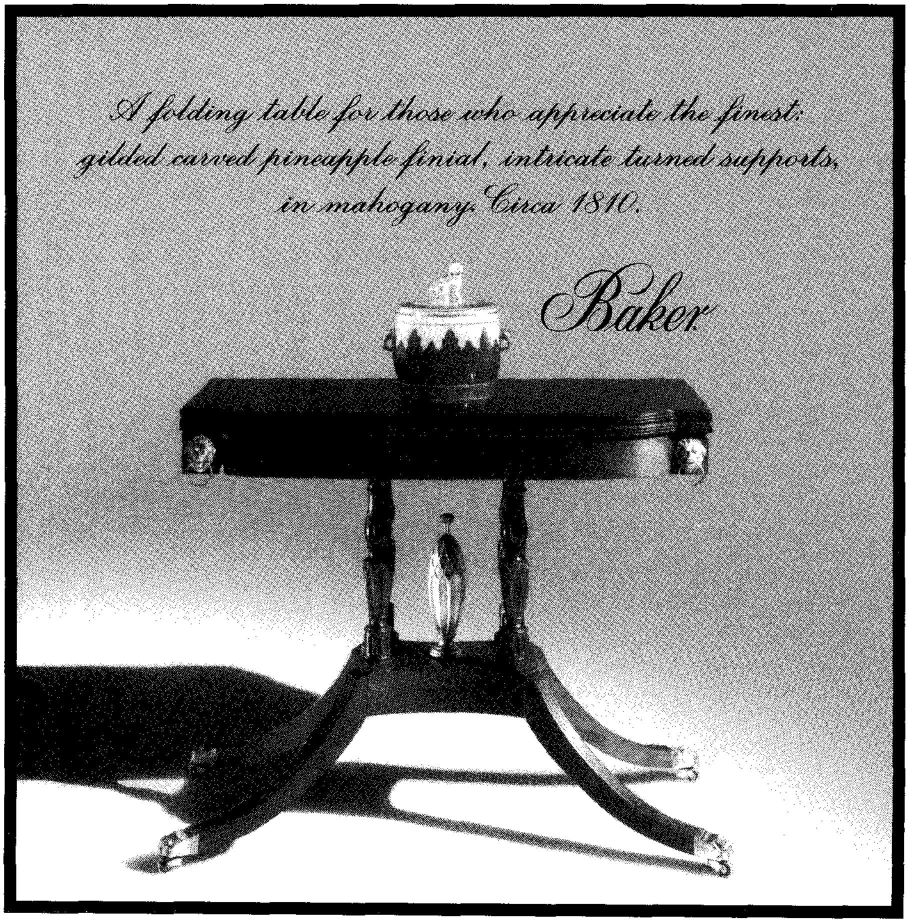

FRATELLI **ROSSETTI**

Available in Natural Canvas with Navy, Black, and Tan Greno Trim $230

A CERTAIN WORLD WALKS IN ROSSETTI

601 MADISON AVE. (57th St.) NEW YORK 10022 212·888·5107

5454 WISCONSIN AVE. CHEVY CHASE, MD 20815 301·907·7806


A folding table for those who appreciate the finest: gilded carved pineapple finial, intricate turned supports, in mahogany. Circa 1810.

Baker

For your catalogue of the entire Charleston Collection, send $6.00 to Baker Furniture, Dept. 697, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Shown through the trade at 200 Lexington Ave., NY, and in showrooms in all major cities.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Bail Jumper" (directed by Christian Faber).
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: "Longtime Companion" (†).
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: The 22nd International Tournée of Animation.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through May 17: (Separate admissions) "Silence=Death" (Rosa von Praunheim), a documentary; "Positive" (von Praunheim), a documentary; and "The Tragedy of Carmen" (1983, Peter Brook).
From May 18: (Separate admissions) "Silence=Death"; "Positive"; and "Moderato Cantabile" (1960, Brook), with Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 2: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
Theatre 3: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (†).
Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 3: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
Theatre 4: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 6: Through May 17: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison). From May 18: "Cadillac Man" (Roger Donaldson), with Robin Williams and Tim Robbins.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 17: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.
From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
Theatre 3: Through May 17: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison). From May 18: "Cadillac Man" (Roger Donaldson), with Robin Williams and Tim Robbins.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Elliot Fauman, Ph.D." (Ric Klass).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 17: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
From May 18: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "Honeymoon Academy" (Gene Quintano), with Kim Cantrell.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 17: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
From May 18: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 2: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.
Theatre 3: "The Big Bang" (James Toback).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (†).
Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 17: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.
From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: "A Show of Force" (Bruno Barreto), with Amy Irving, Andy Garcia, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Robert Duvall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Monsieur Hire" (Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 17: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).
From May 18: "Cadillac Man" (Roger Donaldson), with Robin Williams and Tim Robbins.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Too Beautiful for You" (directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "The Belly of an Architect" (1987, Peter Greenaway).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison). From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper. From May 18: "Bird on a Wire."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove. From May 18: "Cadillac Man" (Roger Donaldson), with Robin Williams and Tim Robbins.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Camille Claudel" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "The Raggedy Rawney" (Bob Hoskins), with Hoskins.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.
Theatre 4: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).
Theatre 7: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke and Carré Otis.
Theatre 8: Through May 17: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh. From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 9: Through May 17: "My Left Foot" (†). From May 18: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Honeymoon Academy" (Gene Quintano), with Kim Cantrell.
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.
Theatre 3: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Pathfinder" (Nils Gaup; in the Lapp language).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 3: Through May 17: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†). From May 18: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.
Theatre 4: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke and Carré Otis.
Theatre 5: "Honeymoon Academy" (Gene Quintano), with Kim Cantrell.
Theatre 6: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 17: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.
From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"My Left Foot" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Mahabharata" (Peter Brook).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Henry V" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 17: "Miami Blues" (†).
From May 18: "Cadillac Man" (Roger Donaldson), with Robin Williams and Tim Robbins.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through May 17: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.
From May 18: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 17: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

From May 18: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 5: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Theatre 6: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck.

Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Theatre 3: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).

Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).

Theatre 6: Through May 17: "Any Man's Death." From May 18: "Over Exposed."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Pretty Woman" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

Theatre 4: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal; and "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

Theatre 2: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through May 15: "The Alphabet Murders" (1966, directed by Frank Tashlin), with Tony Randall as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963, directed by George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Christie's Miss Marple.

May 16-17: "Murder Ahoy" (1964, George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Death on the Nile" (1978, John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Christie's Hercule Poirot.

May 18-19: "Murder Most Foul" (1965, George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (†).

From May 20: "Going Places" (1974, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 15: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Stay Hungry" (1976, Rafelson), with Jeff Bridges, Sally Field, and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

May 16-17: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee; and "Sidewalk Stories" (1989, Charles Lane), with Lane.

May 18-19: "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Jules and Jim" (1962, Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

May 20: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alida Valli, and Claudia Cardinale.

May 21-22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (†).

From May 23: "The Rainbow" (1989, Ken Russell), with Sammi Davis; and "Women in Love" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through May 15: "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian); and "A Summer to Remember" (1961, Georgi Daneliya; in Russian), with Sergei Bonderchuk.

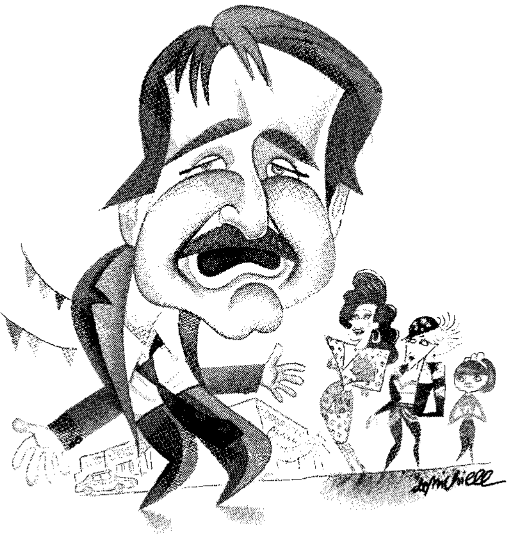
May 16-17: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

May 18-19: "Restless Natives" (1986, Michael Hoffman); and "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986, Stephen Frears), with Roshas Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day-Lewis.

May 20: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

May 21-22: "M" (†); and "House by the River" (1950, Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.

From May 23: "The Devil's Wanton" (1949, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Persona" (1967, Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.



Robin Williams in "Cadillac Man"

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 14: "Ordet" (1955, Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

May 15: "Twelve Angry Men" (Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

May 16: "Burn!" (1970, Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976, Arthur Penn), with Brando and Jack Nicholson.

May 17: "The Misfits" (†); and "River of No Return" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

May 18-19: "On the Waterfront" (†); and "The Wild One" (1954, with Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin.

May 20: "Dark Passage" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944, Howard Hawks), with Bogart, Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

May 21: "The Earrings of Madame de . . . " (†); and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

May 22: "Whirlpool" (1950, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, José Ferrer, and Richard Conte; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950, Preminger), with Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merril.

May 23: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: May 14 at 2:30: "Notes for an African Oresteiade" (1970, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian) and "Notes for a Film About India" (1968, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 14 at 6: "Oedipus Rex" (1967, Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Silvana Mangano, and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "Pigsty" (1969, Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clementi, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Anne Wiazemsky. . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "Medea" (1970, Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas, Laurent Terzieff, and Massimo Girotti. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "The Decameron" (1971, Pasolini; in Italian), with Citti, Pasolini, and Mangano. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Notes for an African Oresteiade" and "Notes for a Film About India." . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "The Walls of Sana'a" (1971, Pasolini; in Italian) and "The Anger" (1963, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "The Arabian Nights" (1974, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 19 at 2: "The Walls of Sana'a" and "The Anger." . . . ¶ May 19 at 5: "Teorema" (1968, Pasolini; in Italian), with Mangano, Girotti, and Terence Stamp. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pasolini), with Pasolini, Hugh Griffith, and Laura Betti. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5: "The Arabian Nights." . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30 and May 22 at 6: "A Foolish Day" (1960, Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Jean Sorel, Léa Massari, and Paolo Stoppa. . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: "The Canterbury Tales."

THEATRE 2: May 15 at 3: "Letter to Jane" (1972, Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin). . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "Pretty Baby" (1978, Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields. . . . ¶ May 17 at 3 and 6: "Voice of the Whip" (1989, Lou Werner and Ned Johnston), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 18 at 3: "The Docks of New York" (1928, Josef von Sternberg; silent), with George Bancroft, Betty Compson, and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "The Spanish Earth" (1937, Joris Ivens), a documentary; and "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936, Pare Lorentz), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Silvana Mangano, Dirk Bogarde, and Bjorn

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Andresen. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5 and May 20 at 2:30: "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921, Rex Ingram; silent), with Alice Terry, Rudolph Valentino, and Alan Hale. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5: "The Spanish Earth" and "The Plow That Broke the Plains." . . . ¶ May 21 at 6:30: A program of films by Betzy Bromberg, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 22 at 3: "Nostalgia" (1971, Hollis Frampton), "One Second in Montreal" (1969, Michael Snow), and "La Jetée" (1963, Chris Marker, in French). . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: "Les Années Declic" (1983, Raymond Depardon).

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." May 15-19: Six interviews and cameo performances by Olivier. Showings Tuesday at 3 and 6, Wednesday through Friday at 3, and Saturday at 1. . . . From May 22: "King Lear" (1983, Michael Elliott), with Olivier, Colin Blakely, John Hurt, Anna Calder-Marshall, and Diana Rigg. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 5, Wednesday through Friday at 2, and Saturday at 12:15. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." May 15-19: "God Rot Tunbridge Wells!" (1985, Tony Palmer). Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 2. . . . May 22: "Margot Fonteyn" (1989, Patricia Foy), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films showing in either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room. A selection of programs shown on Indian television, most in Hindi. May 16 at 2:30: "Rajani" (1985, Basu Chatterjee). . . . May 17 at 2:30: "Malgudi Days" (1986, Shankar Nag). . . . May 18 at 2:30: "Masquerade" (1989, Aravindan). . . . May 19 at 1: "Satyajit Ray Presents" (1986-88, Sandip Ray). . . . May 19 at 3: "A Man and a Woman" (1985, Tapan Sinha). . . . May 19 at 4:30 and May 20 at 1: "Deliverance" (1981, Satyajit Ray). . . . May 20 at 2:30: "Satyajit Ray Presents." . . . May 20 at 4:30: "A Man and a Woman." . . . May 23 at 2:30: "In Which Annie Gives It Those Ones" (1988, Pradip Krisken). . . . ¶ Films directed by William Desmond Taylor. May 19 at 2: "He Fell in Love with His Wife" (1916, silent). . . . May 19 at 4: "The Witching Hour" (1921, silent), with Elliott Dexter and Eddie Sutherland. . . . May 20 at 2: "Johanna Enlists" (1918, silent), with Mary Pickford. . . . May 20 at 4: "Nurse Marjorie" (1920, silent), with Mary Miles Minter.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Chocolat" (1988, Claire Denis; in French), with Isaach de Bankolé, Giulia Boschi, François Cluzet, and Mireille Perrier. . . . ¶ May 23 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Cousin, Cousine" (1975, Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, Marie-France Pisier, and Guy Marchand.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 81st. (879-5500)—May 19 at 4 and 6:30: "Stroszek" (1977, Werner Herzog; in German).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

CAMILLE CLAUDEL—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Greville as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French. —T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE & HER LOVER—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The beatings and the killings aren't really any uglier than the eating scenes. And the depictions of sex are pointedly grotesque. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces.

Burt Lancaster gives the performance of his career as the Sicilian aristocrat in the uncut version of Luchino Visconti's 1963 "The Leopard." In the role of the philosophical Prince Fabrizio, who faces down Garibaldi's revolution and sees his family through the tumultuous eighteen-sixties, Lancaster embodies an impassioned, sturdy intelligence. He's the galvanic center of Visconti's magnum opus.

Visconti dubbed Lancaster into Italian (the American release featured the star's own incongruous English), but that doesn't hamper his artistry. When Lancaster flashes his toothy grin, it's tightly wired; when the actor's bouncy swagger breaks through, it brings a jolt of spring-driven energy to the Prince's proper gait. Fabrizio, the Leopard, is a man who checks his spontaneity and mutes his desires. But Lancaster creates a character who's as physically expressive as any of his men of action. His ruddy hair, furry mustache, and muttonchop sideburns frame the strong, square cut of his face, and his formal, vested clothes accent the long, proud line of his posture. When Lancaster's Prince paces in and out of his opulent quarters, with their tapestries and damasks, he cuts through the movie's marvellous, overstuffed atmosphere like an upholsterer's knife.

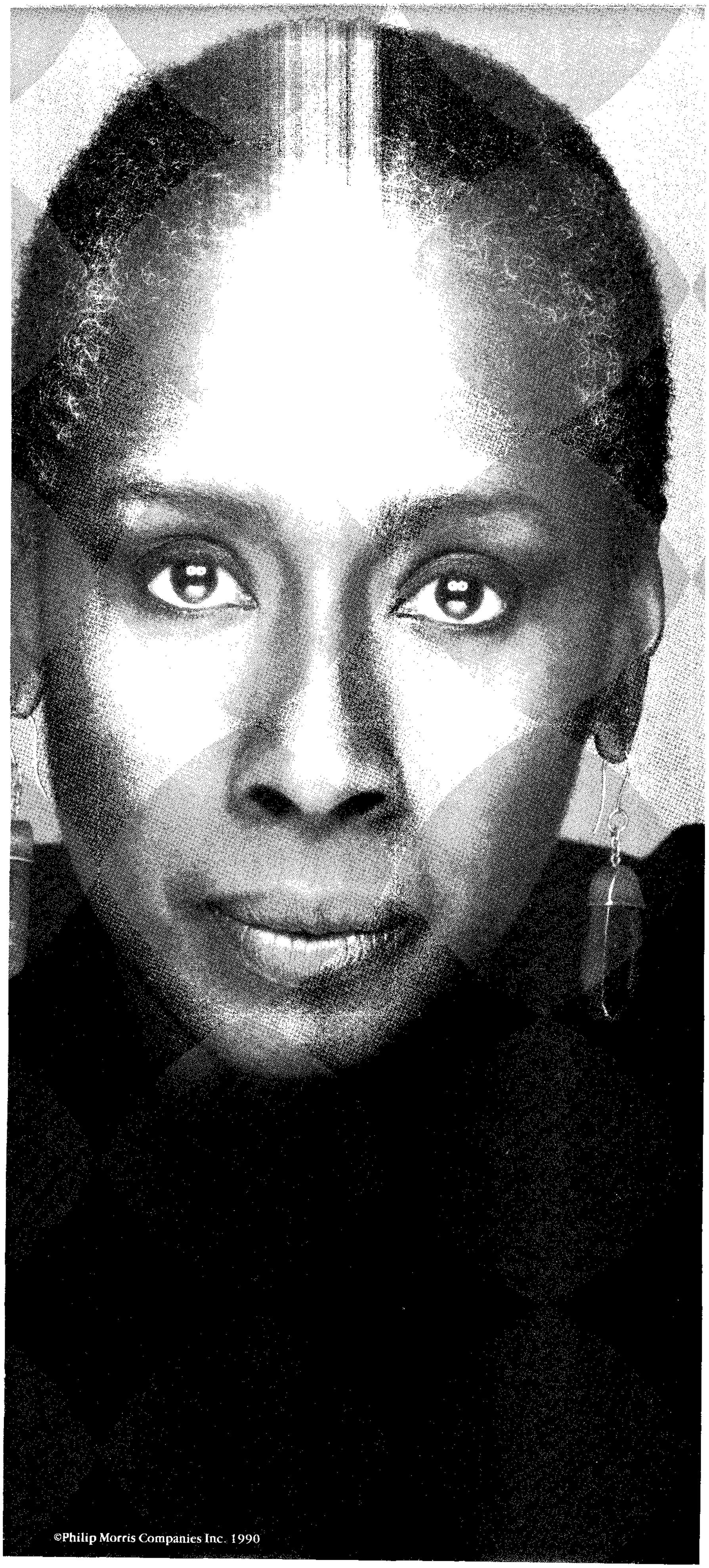
The odd, lush urgency and poignancy of "The Leopard" (playing May 20 at the Cinema Village) stem from its intensely mixed feelings about the death of the feudal ruling class. Out of all the violence and aggression of centuries has come a man who's decent, vital, disinterested. Lancaster's Prince is the aristocracy's apotheosis, but he hasn't come in time to justify the old nobility's continued rule. When Prince Fabrizio faces both social obsolescence and his own death, he joins the rest of humanity in being unable to harness history. "The Leopard" is an elegy for a class perched atop oblivion.

Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography is by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/90.) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Worldwide Cinemas; through May 17. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; starting May 18.)

CRY-BABY—John Waters' new movie, set in Baltimore in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the formula of his "Hairspray" (1988), but this is a much less enjoyable picture. Like all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock and roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and the film devotes itself to exploring the question, Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. Waters seems to be going through the motions: "Cry-Baby" is all attitude, a rote recitation of mildly naughty jokes he's made before. Maybe cute people don't inspire him. The bizarre supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, former porn queen Traci Lords, Kim McGuire (as a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face), Susan Tyrrell, Ricki Lake, Iggy Pop, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, Joe Dallesandro, David Nelson, and celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst.—T.R. (4/9/90) (Chelsea Cinemas.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE EARRINGS OF MADAME DE . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used



©Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1990

"If anyone loses even a single right, we risk losing them all."

JUDITH JAMISON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR,
ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER

"We cannot assume that the individual rights spelled out so succinctly in the Bill of Rights will always be ours to enjoy. We must keep a watchful eye, a sharp mind, and most of all, a willingness to ensure that everyone is afforded the same freedom."

Judith Jamison's words are especially meaningful as we celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights. And who could be more representative of this event than the woman whose dance is the epitome of freedom of expression.

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

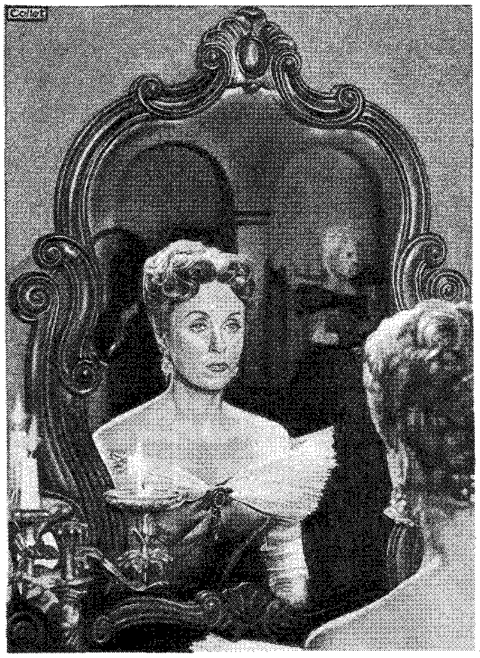
KRAFT GENERAL FOODS · MILLER BREWING COMPANY · PHILIP MORRIS USA

Join Philip Morris Companies Inc. in support of the National Archives' celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights. For a free copy of this historic document, call 1-800-552-[illegible] or write Bill of Rights · Philip Morris Companies Inc. · 2020 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. · Suite 533 · Washington D.C. 20006 against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. But Ophuls loved Mozart and Stendhal, and he also calls up a third master: the opera sequence that gives the film its musical theme in Gluck's "Orfeo." The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Charles Boyer as her husband, Monsieur de, a general, and by Vittorio De Sica as her lover, the Baron, are quite likely the finest each has given. Ophuls' lush, decorative style, his recreation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion can destroy it all. Boyer, the general, attempting to use military discipline to cure his wife of her unseemly displays of emotion, is as helpless as she is. Anna Karenina gets her lover but she finds her life shallow and empty; Madame de's life has been so shallow and empty that she cannot keep her lover. She is destroyed, finally, by the fact that women do not have the same sense of honor that men do. With Jean Debucort as the jeweller, and Lia de Lea as the general's mistress. Based on Louise de Vilmorin's novella "Madame de . . . ," which is far more astringent than the film; the script is by Marcel Achard, Annette Wademant, and Ophuls. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty; best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years before (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American-boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashon editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. Eugene Loring assisted Donen and Astaire on the choreography.—P.K. (Cinema Village; May 21-22.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Cinema 3.)

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer—This low-budget independent feature, originally made for the home-video market, has a stark, relentless quality that is sometimes mistaken for art. Like Leonard Kastle's "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), it's a deliberately flat, affectless treatment of gruesome true-crime material. (It's loosely based on the criminal career of a mass murderer named Henry Lee Lucas.) The movie's Henry (Michael Rooker) is a beefy, moronic-looking lug who lives in a miserable apartment with a creep named Otis (played, by Tom Towles, in a style that suggests a syphilitic Warren Oates) and Otis's sister, Becky (Tracy Arnold). Every now and then, Henry gets a sort of funny look in his eyes and goes out to kill somebody. Eventually, he starts taking Otis along, and Otis has a whale of a time; for a while, they videotape their exploits and watch them at home afterward. "Henry" plays like a hybrid of "Blood Feast" and "Stranger Than Paradise"; it mixes gore-movie carnage with Jarmusch-style aimless minimalism. Sure, it's compelling; the nature of the material guarantees that. But it doesn't seem to be telling us much more than that the world is a scary place and murder is ugly. We knew those things. This is tabloid chic. The screenplay is by John McNaughton and Richard Fire; McNaughton directed.—T.R. (4/23/90) (West Side Cinema.)



Danielle Darrieux in "The Earrings of Madame de . . ."

I Love You to Death—When Joey (Kevin Kline), the self-admiring pizzeria owner, walks down the street, his little rump is alert to everything. That's what gets him into trouble: he's surrounded by opportunities for seduction, and he's a practiced master of the art. Easing into conversation with a young beauty (Phoebe Cates) at a bar, he skillfully convinces her that the man she's with isn't worthy of her, and she apologizes for being with such a second-rate guy. You can't dislike the narcissistic Italian-American Joey; he's essentially innocent. That's why it takes so long for his loving wife (Tracey Ullman) to see what's going on. When her eyes are opened, she gives in to her hardbitten Yugoslavian mother (Joan Plowright), who arranges to have Joey killed. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, from John Kostmayer's script, this amiably slack screwball farce is based on an actual case in which five botched attempts were made on an errant husband's life. The picture is often on the verge of being really funny, but it doesn't have much energy, and it lacks comic precision until (near the end) the wildly gifted Miriam Margolyes, who plays Joey's mother, whacks him on his bandaged head; her explosive timing lifts the scene sky-high. Kevin Kline is a little too conscious of his deadpan style, but Keanu Reeves and William Hurt are a fine pair of dopeheads who hire on as hit men. (Reeves shows a flair for spaced-out clowning.) Plowright has a few near-inspired routines, and River Phoenix, playing a busboy, comes through as a giddy comedian. Watching the cast, you may feel tolerant, the way you do watching a bunch of boisterous pros enjoying themselves in a sloppy summer-stock production. Set in Tacoma, Washington.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Gemini.)

Longtime Companion—With Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Dermot Mulroney, Bruce Davison, and Mark Lamon, directed by Norman René. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer; the police, trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime, he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Grüdgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. (The tune Lorre whistles is the theme from Grieg's "Peer Gynt.") In German.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 21-22.)

Miami Blues—This is a pungent, blithely violent thriller—a B movie that doesn't aspire, or pretend, to be anything else. The director, George Armitage, works in a style so laconic and offhand that it could almost pass for nihilistic. It's just low-key professionalism, really, but that's a refreshing quality these days. Armitage knows how to keep the story moving and the action clear, how to find odd, amusing things in crummy locations, and how to stay out of the actors' way. And the actors shine. Alec Baldwin, playing a chipper young psychopath called Junior Frenger, gives a witty, volatile performance. Fred Ward—who is one of the film's producers—plays an amiable, denture-wearing police detective, Hoke Moseley; using an assortment of grins (some, alarmingly, chopperless) and dirty growls, he gives the character an admirable vitality. In the difficult role of Susie—a sweet-natured hooker who becomes Junior's girlfriend—Jennifer Jason Leigh is a delight; she has the intelligence and the originality to play the dumb, childish character with absolute gravity. The movie is nothing to get terribly excited about; in classic B-movie style, it's designed to go nowhere, fast. But it wears its craftiness and its essential no-goodness proudly, like a wiry ex-con with a "Born to Lose" tattoo. Also with Charles Napier. The screenplay, by Armitage, is adapted from a novel by Charles Willeford—T.R. (4/23/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Manhattan Twin. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through May 17.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay (from a story he'd published in *Esquire*) about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so fulsomely before; the film has an uncomfortable element of fake psychodrama—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. Much publicity attended the making of the film (in Nevada); it was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, along with the heat and the arduous actions required of Gable, are widely believed to have caused his heart attack and death, just after shooting was finished. At a final cost of four million dollars, it was one of the most expensive black-and-white movies made up to that time. The score is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Russell Metty. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity promises to be a sumptuous spread, and so it is, but not as tasty as one had hoped. When the train stops—it's snowbound throughout the murder investigation—the picture loses its impetus. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Richard Widmark, Tony Perkins, Michael York, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Martin Balsam, George Coulouris, Colin Blakely, Denis Quilley, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed, from Paul Dehn's script. The percussively edited pre-title montage is by that wizard of film shorthand, Richard Williams; the film proper, shot by Geoffrey Unsworth, reaches its visual peak in the railway station, at the opening. Production design by Tony Walton.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; May 18-19.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Quad Cinema, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through May 17.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions, and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as his having a beer with Eva Marie Saint in a bar and his conversation with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened in the dock situation that the film was based on has been falsified; the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss, and Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, Nehemiah Persoff, Clifton James, and Michael V. Gasso.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18-19.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

"Murder on the Orient Express"

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—A tacky, light-hearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive murck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stunt men in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through May 17.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. He doesn't have anything to say right now, and he seems to be having trouble keeping his spirits up, but he soldiers on, throwing in all his familiar motifs and trying to give the illusion that he's as peppy as ever. But nothing he tries really helps much; the movie remains stalled, inert. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being (1988)—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. With Derek de Lint as the professor who's too virtuous for Sabina, Pavel Landovsky as the man with the tiny pet pig, Erland Josephson as the barroom janitor who was formerly the Czech Ambassador in Vienna, Stellan Skarsgard as the engineer, and Daniel Olbrychski as the interior-ministry official. (The Prague scenes were shot in Lyons and Paris.)—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 20.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, one can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, it's mad to jeopardize one's vision of it by reading in terms of the actors and images of the film. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the bold, tense Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister, Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; and Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting May 23.)

LILOO IS WARM, KNOWLEDGEABLE,
GRACIOUS AND ABSOLUTELY
RUTHLESS IN THE FULFILLMENT
OF YOUR EVERY WISH.
Liloo, Concierge
Four Seasons Hotel,
Toronto

© 1990 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.

Not only can our incandescent concierge find you a secretary fluent in Japanese, but also deftly corner the last First-Class seat on the evening flight. Moreover, she possesses the worldliness that opens doors to the newest bistros and makes sold-out tickets appear before your eyes. For Liloo, like all our employees, believes accommodating you must not merely be a livelihood but a life's passion.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

THE NEW YORKER

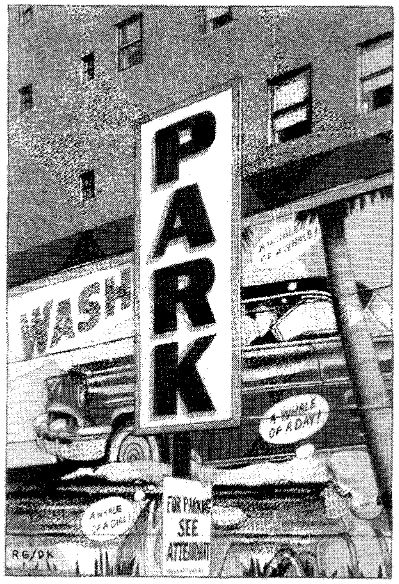
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS national distinctions fade, with the emergence of the European Community and the changes taking place in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, many old stories are being thrown out, and new stories, which are sure to shape our perceptions for decades to come, are undoubtedly being written. But what are they? How can we find the narrative thread that will give them coherence?

Stories always have a bias, of course. In order to make sense, they have to exclude some facts and highlight others, and in one way or another they usually develop a hero and a villain—or, at the very least, a struggle of some kind moving toward a resolution. This selectivity can work both to conceal and to reveal. For example, the Cold War, which from our perspective has been the dominant narrative of the last half century, began with George Kennan's famous 1946 telegram to the State Department outlining the aggressive nature of the government of the Soviet Union at that time and the need to contain it; out of his warning came a story about a struggle between two political systems, and around that story our subsequent policy and our sense of unfolding history were organized. For a while, the Cold War story helped us to see the world and respond to it clearly and consistently; but gradually, as Kennan himself realized, a gap opened between the story and what was really happening. The story had become hackneyed, a melodrama that concealed the world instead of illuminating it. And its end was so long delayed that its influence on people's imaginations faded the moment the story was seriously questioned by those in power.

Since then, we've all been looking for a likely new story, and the succession of moving incidents of liberation in Eastern Europe together seemed part of a single, forceful beginning. However, it has turned out that these events, despite their aura of newness, were really a postscript to the Cold War story, and not the start of a new one. Instead of showing the way out of the past, this narrative thread abruptly broke off, leaving its credulous followers in the storyless wilds of faltering economies and splintering electorates. Meanwhile, the foreign-policy experts, who are supposed to be good at seeing into the future, have for the most part been too caught up in the old Cold War story to project a new one, and, paradoxically, the more convincing prognosticators have been the historians—the people who can tell us stories about the Hapsburgs and the czars. In reminding us of certain underlying political tendencies of European peoples, they strongly suggest that what is to come will be thematically linked with pre-twentieth-century history.



The long-standing narrative assumption used to be that with the breakup of the old order by the First World War the world had changed irrevocably. Now the historians are putting forward plot twists that are as surprising, narratively speaking, as a reversal of the course of the bullet that killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo.

Whatever the new European story turns out to be, it may not have much to do with the United States, and so may leave us in a narrativeless wasteland. For us, the only story remaining in the huge mental space that the Cold War story occupied for so long is the story of the end of the Cold War, and we keep telling that one to ourselves, over and over, almost as if it were an incantation. The Cold War *is* over—even with tanks in the streets of Vilnius, the old narrative just won't work—but with repetition the story of its end has become deadened, and is now merely a kind of distraction from the question of what sort of story the United States is to get involved in now. Or, to put the question another way: Who are we without a story? What does the United States amount to without alliances and antagonists to define it?

At the moment, we have no way of creating a coherent vision of ourselves in the world. Since you cannot form a policy unless you have some idea of who you are, the United States now in effect has no foreign policy. Even in the basic context of national security we are storyless: we don't know what today's threats are, much less the future's. All that we have to define us in this blank landscape is our relationship with Latin America, and, no longer obscured by the rationale of the Cold War, it has emerged as a senseless and destructive one. Another consequence of this storyless condition is that our citizens have no way to agree or to disagree, no way to debate and discuss, no shorthand enabling them to communicate about political matters: every opinion has to have a context constructed around it from scratch.

However, the absence of a story right now offers us a precious opportunity for national self-definition. So much of what a country becomes is determined by the stories in which it gets entangled—the Cold War, for example, entangled us almost beyond extrication—and ordinarily those entanglements are imposed by inescapable conditions. But in this moment there are so few forces constraining us that we can allow ourselves both to relax into our natural character—or rediscover it—and to begin defining the kinds of relationships we would like to have with the rest of the world. Inevitably, other stories will intervene, forcing new problems upon us; we will certainly not be able to define our role in the world unilaterally. Nevertheless, we can use this moment to help decide what we are and what we would like to be, and to derive from that decision a policy that will influence—at least, in part—the plots of the stories to come.

•

A FRIEND writes:

It's the morning after. The Knicks, New York's ever-promising, often disappointing team, have gloriously extended their season by upsetting the Boston Celtics in the first round of the National Basketball Association playoffs. I'm out early to pick up a paper. Television is great, but for savoring a home-team triumph there's nothing like the unabashed boosterism of home-town sportswriters. The Upper West Side has never looked better. The sky is a stonewashed blue. The sun, not yet risen above the big buildings to the east, fires yellow warning flares down Eighty-first Street.

I buy a *Times* from the blue-and-white dispenser at the corner of Eighty-first and West End Avenue. There's a picture on the front page of Charles Oakley, the Knicks' superlative rebounder, crashing to the floor in pursuit of a loose ball and bringing down with him two of Boston's best, Larry Bird and Dennis Johnson. The caption is "Knicks Break Boston Garden Jinx, Driving Celtics from Playoffs." The stories inside explain that this was the Knicks' first win on Boston's home court since 1984. The ingredients of victory: unrelenting defense, unselfish passing, savvy shot selection, dazzling execution. Also, young legs. Compared with the aging Celtics, the Knicks are youth personified.

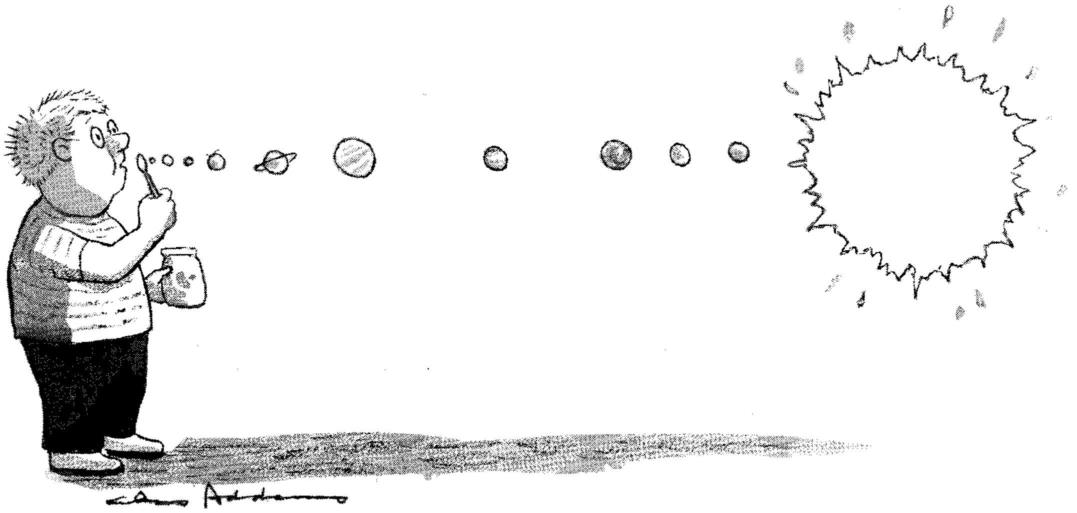
Someone with a sense of occasion has filled seven curbside flower beds on West Eighty-first Street with clusters of pink impatiens; each bed is surrounded by rough-cut paving stones set in concrete to protect the fresh plantings from the wheels of careless parkers. Around the corner on West End, beneath a shiny maroon canopy, a uniformed doorman pours metal polish from a big green can and rubs it on one of the brass poles that hold the canopy up; the other pole, already polished, gleams like a trophy.

My legs want to keep moving. As I cross to the west side of West End, the side that catches the morning light, I find myself wondering if the Knicks can maintain their brilliant play of yesterday against their next playoff opponents, the world-champion Detroit Pistons. Looking for an omen, I glance up and catch a flash of sun from the dark façade of a building on the east side of the avenue. For a moment, I'm disoriented—*that* side of the avenue is still in shadow. Then I realize what I'm seeing: it's a carom shot—a shaft of sunlight from the side street has struck a window on the east-facing building directly above me, bounced across the avenue, struck a west-facing window there, and angled back again to reach my eye. Brilliant play. Dazzling execution.

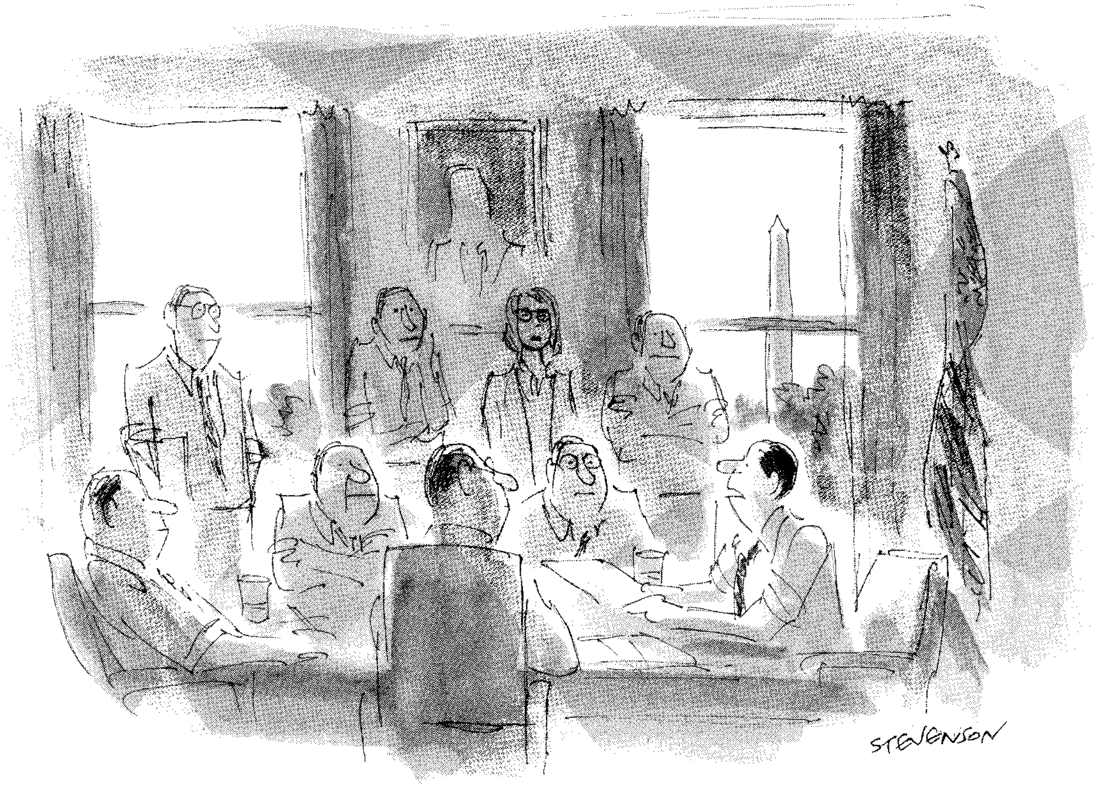
• •

Images

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM is a slender, small-boned woman with lively features framed by Pre-Raphaelite brown curls. When we met her the other afternoon, her hands were still aching. Hands as small and soft as Ms. Feigenbaum's are not meant to wield an air hammer nine hours a day, and that is what Ms. Feigenbaum, a sculptor, had been doing for six months while hurrying to finish her latest commission: a monumental sculpture, of Carrara marble, that has just been put in place off the east side of Madison Square—to be specific, in front of the west wall of the annex to the landmark Appellate Division Courthouse of the State Supreme Court, at Twenty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue. The sculpture will be unveiled on Tuesday, May 22nd, with Governor Cuomo and Mayor Dinkins and former Mayor Koch in attendance. What they and a number of other invited dignitaries will see—and anyone who takes the trouble can see right now—gently swelling from the marble wall of the courthouse is a facetted marble column carved with coiling patterns; its top, sharply cut off, is three stories above the street, and its base meets the ground out of sight behind a low marble parapet. Shooting through the cool ivory col-



Chas Addams



"How about 'No new taxes after *these* *new taxes'?"*

• •

or of the column are veins of a pale smoky tint. In late afternoon, the smokiness seems to emerge dramatically from the bony paleness, and the natural play of sun and shadow on the spot emphasizes the contrast—an effect that the artist intended.

Observed from the parkside curb of Madison Square, Ms. Feigenbaum's sculpture looks pretty and graceful, but its charm and craft, by themselves, are not meant to draw you to it. What does draw you is an enigmatic relief carving just above the parapet. The relief, which is rectangular and about the size of the door on a commercial oven, is peculiarly tilted to the left. When you get near it, you can see that the rectangle is filled with little models of buildings with dormer windows. The buildings occupy three rows and are occasionally interrupted by other geometric forms, and the rows are separated by even tinier ones. In one corner of the rectangle is a rough-surfaced cottony form; in another corner, two of the models are connected in such a way as to create an interior courtyard. As you peer at that grouping, you may notice the words "TORTURE CHAMBER" carved next to it and, above that, the words "EXECUTION WALL." Then you may notice other words: "COMMANDANT'S HOUSE" (next to the cottony form, which suggests trees), and "GAS CHAMBER AND CREMATORIUM I," and "AUSCHWITZ I," with, below it, "25 AUGUST 1944," and, finally, a legend running across the top and bottom of the relief—"INDIFFERENCE TO INJUSTICE / IS THE GATE TO HELL." Now the entire sculpture takes on a new meaning: the base represents an oven, the column a chimney, and the swirling coils are the last, smoking evidence that millions of human beings were deliberately murdered, and melted into thin air. This is a monument to the victims of Nazism, and the reason it is attached to the edifice housing the highest state court to have a presence in New York City is that several justices of the court, led by Presiding Justice Francis Murphy, were concerned about what they see as a general indifference to injustice today, and wanted to make their concern public. In their view, this indifference is a spark away from razing the court system. Beginning in 1988, a private committee of lawyers raised two hundred thousand dollars for a memorial to the Holocaust—the historical event that the justices felt symbolized everything they meant by "injustice."

We asked Ms. Feigenbaum how she had arrived at the sculpture's concept. She began by telling us that she had grown up in Brooklyn and that, although she is Jewish, and lost nearly a score of great-aunts and great-uncles in the Second World War, her more immediate family was not imperiled. "So when I first heard that a competition was being held for the commission, and learned the subject matter of it, I said 'Not me!' " she went on. "But then I thought, My God, that building is such a jewel. I was also looking for a way to get back to working with marble after many years of making big outdoor works in hay, and on strip-mine sites, and so forth. It had to be marble: here was a Palladian marble building. It would be easier to make something in another material—bronze, say—so people would see the sculpture distinctly right away. But then it wouldn't just stand out from the courthouse—it would *stick* out. The big challenge was to keep it marble and keep it white. Then, you have to look at all the documentation to decide what you're going to do. Emotionally, it was very depressing. I almost withdrew from the competition, because I didn't think I could go through with making a proposal. I could have gone to Auschwitz—I've never been there—but I had mixed feelings about that. First, I *wasn't* there. This work is made by someone who didn't live through it—I had to keep the truth of that. Then I saw an aerial photograph of the camp from 1944, reproduced in the *Times*, and I decided to use it as a plan for the relief. There's a certain mystery about it; the aerial view gives it a certain vagueness. If I had gone there, and looked at the camp as it is today, I'd be too literal, and some of the mystery would be gone. These little markers—they indicate something, but what? These blocks here—are they trucks? As I was putting in the dormer windows, I discovered a bizarre mentality at work. The whole plan of Auschwitz is very symmetrical and mechanical, for no reason connected with the purpose of the buildings. It's like when a maid lines up pillows on a sofa just to line them up. And look—here's the commandant's house, here's the officers' mess. The people who ran the camp were eating and drinking in the middle of it."

Ms. Feigenbaum shook her head. Then she said, "There is going to be so much more art coming out of the Holocaust. This is only the beginning. Think—there's a wealth of material that lends itself to art. The trains, as in 'Shoah.' The ovens. The burning of books. Kristallnacht. So many events that can be shown powerfully. There will be some terrible art and some very good art, as with the Crucifixion or anything else. Some of the finest works of art have come from people who never witnessed the event portrayed. Did Maya Ying Lin, the designer of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, witness the Vietnam War? But being a Jew alive in this time, when there are still Holocaust survivors, makes Holocaust art hard to do. Let me give you an example of how things have changed just since the nineteen-fifties. I was born in '39, but the Holocaust didn't become real to me until I was sixteen. My parents spoke about the war but not about the camps. Then, by accident, while browsing in the library, I came across a book of photographs. Once I started looking at it, I didn't know where I was. It was a collection of photographs—everything you've ever seen, the works. I took the photographs to class for a report—I was a student at the High School of Industrial Art, studying sculpture four hours a day—and my history teacher said, 'How do you know this actually happened?' She wouldn't say that now."

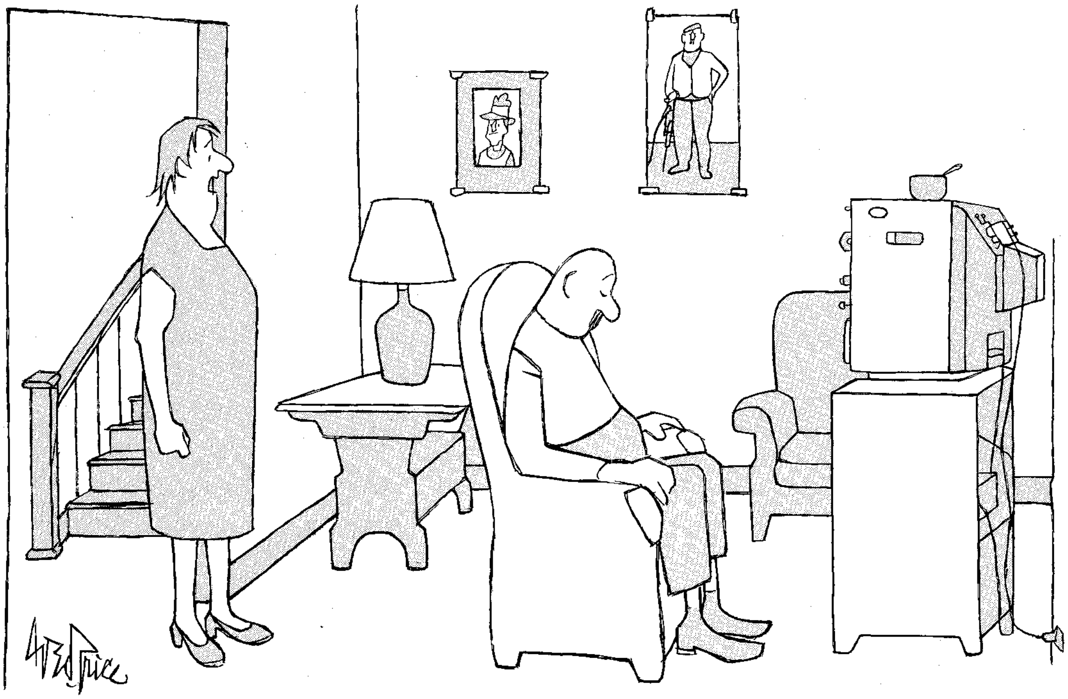
Zombies

JASON ORLANDO has a terrific pair of thumbs. They are long and elegantly tapered, and he likes to show them off by curling his fingers into fists and sticking his thumbs out like bulls' horns. "When they say 'You're all thumbs' in this game, it's a real compliment," he told us the other day, fanning all ten of his fingers out for a good look. "I've definitely got Nintendo hands." Jason is a wan and reedy fourteen-year-old from Hopewell, New Jersey, who recently dropped by the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center and blew everybody's doors off at the Nintendo PowerFest and World Championships.

The Nintendo Company, Ltd., of Kyoto, Japan, began life in 1889 as a maker of playing cards, and introduced its first computer game in 1970. Last year, the company and its licensees sold close to three billion dollars' worth of video-game products, accounting for eighty per cent of the market. Nintendo games are now found in about twenty-five per cent of all American households. The company publishes game tips and news in *Nintendo Power* ($3.50), has launched a new, hand-held electronic game, called Game Boy ($89.98), and employs more than a hundred and forty game counsellors who advise stumped players by phone how to find Princess Toadstool in the game called Super Mario Bros. ($29.95), and other such arcana. This year, the company inaugurated the Nintendo PowerFest and World Championships, a video-game exposition and competition, which is touring more than thirty American and Canadian cities and will culminate in a televised finale at Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida, in December.

When the Nintendo extravaganza came to the Javits Center, some forty thousand people wandered over for a look. On the day we dropped by, the place was packed with video-game aficionados of every age and ethnic origin, all of whom seemed to be wearing Simpsons T-shirts and high-topped sneakers. With a jolt, we realized that the Javits Center, with its space-station structural elements and reflective-glass membrane, looks just like the fortress in the game called Air Fortress.

The devotees didn't mind lining up and waiting indefinitely to get at their favorite games. At the far end of one exhibition hall, World Championship competitors duelled on a stage equipped with six game stations and a "throne," a larger game station with a



"Yoo-hoo. Time to climb the stairway to paradise."

chair elevated in a spotlight. The players' faces were uniformly blank and their bodies stood slack, but their hands—their *thumbs*—furiously mashed buttons on little control panels attached umbilically to control modules. Above and behind the stage, two six-by-eight-foot screens showed games in progress. Nintendo has created a "triathlon" video-game cartridge for the World Championships. To get through it, a competitor must collect fifty coins in the Super Mario Bros. section, dodge green VW Beetles and negotiate a twisting racetrack at over two hundred kilometres per hour in Rad Racer, and gain as many points as possible in Tetris, a game of strategy.

"Martha and Lee are going to be doing our environmental hand-wringing."

• •

"This whole thing is great," Jason announced to us when we discovered him in the Parents' Oasis Room, under the escalators. He told us that he had placed third in the twelve-to-seventeen age group at the Philadelphia Power-Fest, in March—his first public competition. Then he went home and practiced Tetris an hour every night for three weeks. When he caught up with the tour in Worcester, Massachusetts, he flattened the competition, and became a Nintendo Wizard. He can't officially compete again until the finals, in December, but he had come to the Javits Center for a little extra practice. That's when it happened. Apparently without trying very hard, he set a new world record on the triathlon cartridge, with a points total that boggled even the most jaded Nintendo cynics.

"Most of the pros scored around eight hundred thousand points," a professional Nintendo player called Rick told us. "This kid got one point nine *million*. It's going to be real hard for anyone to touch him."

"Nintendo takes a complex, geometric mind to understand," Jason explained to us. "It's like chess, but it definitely takes coördination, too. Like, my mother knows where to put the pieces in Tetris, but she doesn't have the coördination to move them quick enough. I've been playing video games since I was five years old. For a while, I had the old Colecovision, but when I saw my friend's Nintendo I flipped out. The graphics and play are great. My mom secretly got me one for my ninth birthday, and now I have about fifty games—you know, Wrecking Crew, Kung Fu, Duck Hunt. I usually play on my parents' wide-screen, when they're not on satellite. But my dad's kind of a health nut, and he's pretty strict about how much I play. He takes the games away on school nights."

As Jason warmed to his subject, his words began piling up on their way out of his mouth, and his eyes roamed around the room. "After Philly, I went home and blew my brains out on Tetris. Then I went to Worcester. The pressure was tough there. I was onstage, working on a one million two, but I crashed out in Rad Racer, which I never do. So I chilled out for a while. Then I went back onstage. It came down to a guy called Clint—or Cliff?—and me. I was in Station Two, he was in the throne—that was fine, I didn't want to be in the throne. I thought I was messing up, but when I looked over at his monitor I saw he couldn't take the pressure. Then the pieces began falling perfectly. I got a one million five and won! All my relatives were there watching me. I flipped out. Today, I was just practicing, getting one million fours, one million fives. No pressure. I beat Howard Phillips—he's Nintendo's Game Master—and then I played all the d.j.s from Z-100, and my one four was three times their combined score. So then I'm, like, standing in line waiting to get up onstage, and people start asking me how to play. I figure, Hey, we got a great crowd here, I'm really going to show my stuff. I get up there, and, man, it was perfect. I got through Mario Bros. and Rad Racer to Tetris—no problem. I made a Tetris. I made another, and another. I just kept making them. The pieces were just dropping away. Finally, I got up to a million nine hundred and forty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-five points. It was really cool. The crowd loved it. They say some guy in another city got a one eight, but no one's got a one nine before."

Jason stopped just long enough to catch his breath, and smiled. "I love this. It's like a dream come true. Maybe someday I'll turn pro. That's what I'd really like to do—get paid to play Nintendo."

We asked him what it felt like to compete onstage.

"I love it," he said. "But you know what's weird? Sometimes people tell me I look like a zombie when I play. Well, you have to think as hard as you can. I mean, you kind of *are* a zombie up there—a *thinking* zombie."

YELLOW DINING ROOM

MY girlfriend is trying to say that she doesn't care if he's my best friend from work: before she leaves the room, when he's looking the other way, she holds up her index fingers, which means she wants him out of here by eleven.

Denny is saying, "Maybe I should have looked at the serving lady when the hostess, Mrs. Logan, spoke, or at Mr. Logan when their guest spoke. But when someone's speaking to you, you look at *that* person, right? Not at somebody else in the room. Or maybe I would have got it right about Gordon and Polly if I'd looked just a little bit over everybody's heads, at those yellow walls. Or at anything—if only I hadn't kept looking at the person speaking. After a while, when it got darker in there, they wouldn't have noticed even if I was looking out a window into the garden. But"—Denny says this to me as if he's not sure—"other people must not have to do stuff like that. They must be able to look at the person they're listening to and think at the same time."

It's hard to know about Denny. He takes a drive up the Hudson to someone's house, and just *has* to understand why the walls of one room are different from the others. Now, six months after dinner there, he's caught up in thinking about something that happened, and why he'd got it wrong. But at work he can be very confident and dry. At an auction of science volumes he did last week, he told the bidders that Goethe's book on color theory, though breathtaking to look at, wasn't scientifically sound. Then he paused a second to add that, of course, Goethe, like the encyclopedist Diderot, was a novelist on the side. And, just when I was sure he was going to start the bidding, he added that even way back in the early nineteenth century Goethe found cause to complain that there was just too much printed matter to keep up with. But then the other day, when I showed him a signed copy of "The Meaning of Relativity," Denny's eyes became serious and sad, and he said, "Einstein was the *kindest* man." Like the guy had been a personal friend of his, and he missed him.

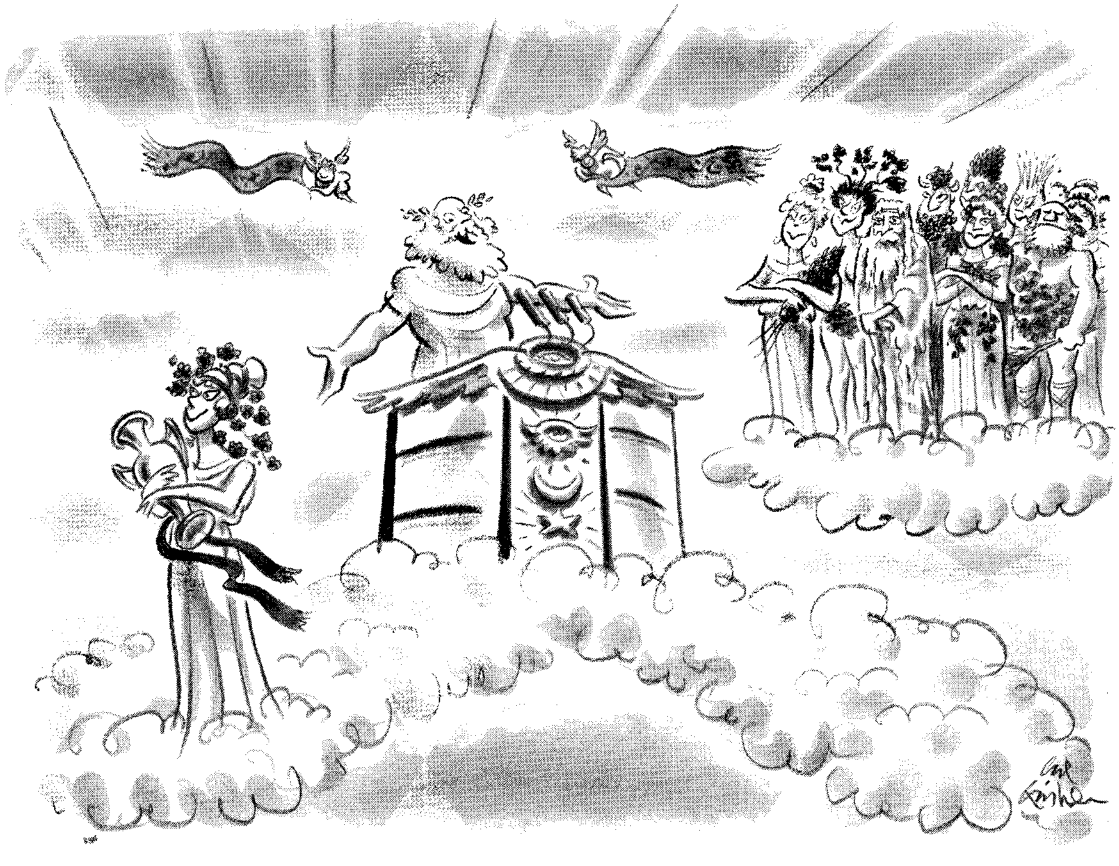
Denny probably got a little unnerved when the first thing Mrs. Logan asked him at dinner was "Ever been married, Mr. Dennis?" Denny tells me about that and then says, "O.K., maybe it's just a casual question." But I know he takes it as if someone's asking him if he'd ever been *loved*. Or been happy. Or had a home. "I mean," says Denny, "she didn't ask me, '*Are* you married?' I mean, that I'm not—and, O.K., that I've never been—does it just *show*?"

I tell Denny not to worry about it, that he's had some bad breaks, that forty's not too late to think of starting. He says, "Then she asked me, 'Ever thought of setting up a firm of your own?' What if I'd said that I wasn't brave enough? After all, it does take a certain amount of courage to buy with one's own money. Courage to buy and courage to sell—I mean, maybe the real courage is in the keeping, before you sell. But no, I just rattled on about how I preferred the camaraderie of the workplace. The generous benefits. The profit-sharing plan.

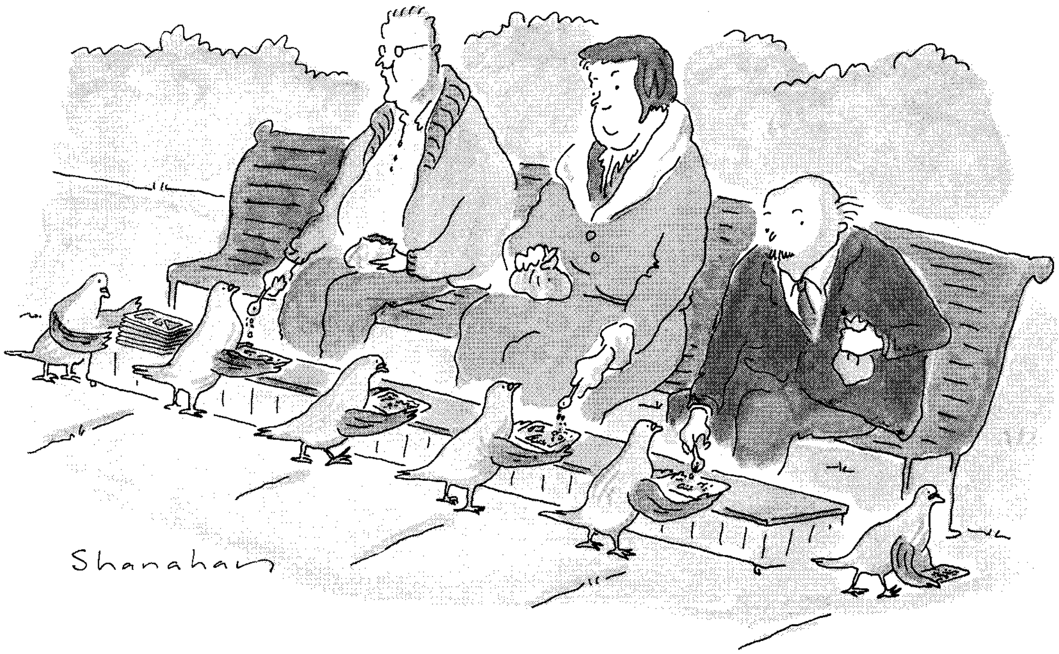
"Not brave enough—I *did* say it," says Denny, "but to the first question. I meant I'd never been in a situation where it didn't require a lot of courage to get married. And then, after I said that, I looked at the two empty chairs across from me, and, as if it were part of my answer, I asked if they thought we ought to call Gordon and Polly; there was, after all—and I remember pausing there, as if I might be being forward—a phone in their guesthouse. Perhaps they'd got the hour wrong.

"If there was any response to that, it went by me," says Denny. "Because Mrs. Logan just says, 'A fine young man such as yourself. Edith here . . .' and she looks over at her friend Edith at the far end of the table, 'Edith took a course in marriage once, didn't you, Edith? Why don't you tell Mr. Dennis about it?'

"Then Edith—I don't remember her last name; it'll come to me—Edith



"Thank you, April. Now for the runner-up: the Next-to-Cruellest Month is . . ."



says, like a schoolgirl who'd been waiting her turn to speak, 'I'd been standing at a bus stop in the city, and I picked up one of those brochures with the night-course offerings. And, leafing through it, I noted a class called How to Marry a Millionaire. It was to be held not too many blocks east of where I live, and for just one evening. Now, Mr. Dennis, it's a bit droll that I would have an interest in such a course, as I'd *been* married for most of my seventy-odd years to a millionaire, and been the daughter of one before that. But I just wanted to go—' and here Mrs. Logan interrupts her. 'To observe,' says Mrs. Logan, finishing the sentence for her, probably so Edith wouldn't lower everything by saying 'out of curiosity.' 'It was a class for women only,' Edith says, 'but there were women of every age and appearance there, I might add. By the way, Mr. Dennis, the instructress said that every fourth term she also offered the course to *men*.'

"Then Mrs. Logan prods her on: 'And what did you take from the class, Edith?' Edith gathers herself up in her seat and says, 'Well, it all seemed to come down to this: the most important thing about marrying a millionaire is to *marry* him.' Then she stops for a moment, as if waiting for a cue from Mrs. Logan. 'And what *else* did the instructress say, Edith?' Edith starts out slowly. 'That, if you wanted to carry it to the logical extreme, you should pick a very old millionaire. Very old, and not very well. Your honeymoon night is none too soon for Emergency Services to arrive.'

"Mrs. Logan looks right at me. 'The logical extreme,' she says. And then she smiles, to put me at ease. 'Not something Gordon and Polly would understand.' She nods at the two empty chairs, as if to tell me that she was not ignoring my question about where they were. 'Both of them so young and so good-looking. And even before marriage they were—how would the instructress put it, Edith?' Edith shifts in her seat to prepare her delivery: 'Million-heir and million-heiress.' 'Right!' puts in Mrs. Logan. Both of them started laughing. 'And none of us had need of a course, either, did we, Edith?' And then, for the first time, she looks over at Mr. Logan—not, I thought, without affection. '*Really*,' says Edith to Mrs. Logan, 'at the time it would have been so much trouble to marry down.' 'Not so much today, but still *some*,' says Mrs. Logan."

Denny takes a deep breath. "The serving lady had come in to remove the dinner plates. If she or the cook, who was holding the door for her, had found anything to be shocked or put off by in any of the conversation, I couldn't tell. What Mrs. Logan and Edith were saying," Denny says to me, "I wouldn't have said in front of them, would you have?"

"I'm sure they're used to it," I say.

"Well, in the dining room, anyway, I hardly looked at the servants," says Denny. "But I do remember looking at my watch. Eight-forty-five. Dinner had been planned for seven. Mr. and Mrs. Logan and their friend Edith and I had waited in the living room until seven-thirty before we'd come in to sit down. Perhaps Gordon and Polly hadn't heard the time right, I thought. Unlike me, they'd been to Mr. and Mrs. Logan's before—maybe dinner was customarily at eight. And maybe Mr. and Mrs. Logan usually didn't seat everybody until a half hour after that. But now the salad course was being served. And then I was wondering out loud if we should turn on some lights. Again, if there was any response to my question I didn't notice. 'Such a fine summer evening,' says Mrs. Logan, looking nowhere in particular. 'I think you two,' meaning Mr. Logan and me, 'have been very wise in deciding to leave looking at those dusty books till morning.' "

PEOPLE often do as much damage bringing rare books in to us as has been done in five hundred years. The company knows what they're doing when they send us out to get them. Denny's always available to make the overnight trips to the clients, and I do the estates—up and back on Saturdays, a little country trip with my girlfriend. The first thing I noticed about most of those estates was that although a lot of the furniture was missing, and paintings had obviously been taken from the walls, the bookshelves were always full, never any empty spaces. Some great missed opportunities for the survivors. And some of those books have been there for generations—unread, the pages uncut.

"I *think* if I *did* start on my own," says Denny, "I'd specialize. Children's books—you know, they don't have to be so old. Anything from the first half of this century, if it's in good condition.

"If I left, you think the boss would wish me the best? I wish almost everyone the best. But you've got to keep watching what people do. If there's not much doing, then you have to try and go by what they say.

"The first thing Polly said to me was 'How *interesting!*' That was when Mr. Logan, whose book collection I'd come up to inspect, brought me in and introduced me to her and Gordon and left me with them for a bit. I'd just come back to the main house after unpacking my things. 'How *interesting*,' she said when she found out why I was there. Of course, you hear that a lot, especially from people of means, who are *very* interested in what someone might do out of necessity. Still, I think Polly's interest was sincere. I remember her standing behind the velvet armchair across from me, where her husband was seated, and as she leaned forward, cheek beside his, even he mostly stopped looking at his newspaper and seemed interested.

"Polly told me Gordon's father was an old friend of Mr. Logan's. She said she and Gordon often visited during the summer months, and stayed in one of the guesthouses on the hill above the main house. She asked me which one I was staying in. First one on the path, I told her. 'The pink one? It's lovely,' she said. 'We stayed there once. Now we always use the farthest *one*, over the crest. Will *you* be here long? I'd love to learn about old books. Gordon and I have some that were his father's.'

"People want to know, isn't that right?" says Denny to me, as if I'd understand exactly what he meant. "Don't tell the boss," he says, "but if I meet people I feel familiar with I tell them to forget about the things I have to look for in books. I take them aside and recommend a good reprint. I was just about to say that to Gordon and Polly when Mr. Logan came back and said he wanted to show me around the grounds. 'We're having dinner at seven,' he told them. Polly leaned down closer to Gordon, who lowered his paper. They said to us, almost in unison, 'See you at dinner!' "

LAERTES

When he found Laertes alone on the tidy terrace, hoeing
Around a vine, disreputable in his gardening duds,
Patched and grubby, leather gaiters protecting his shins
Against brambles, gloves as well, and, to cap it all,
Sure sign of his deep depression, a goatskin duncher,
Odysseus sobbed in the shade of a pear tree for his father,
So old and pathetic that all he wanted then and there
Was to kiss him and hug him and blurt out the whole story,
But the whole story is one catalogue and then another,
So he waited for images from that formal garden,
Evidence of a childhood spent traipsing after his father
And asking for everything he saw, the thirteen pear trees,
Ten apple trees, forty fig trees, the fifty rows of vines
Ripening at different times for a constant supply,
Until Laertes recognized his son and, weak at the knees,
Dizzy, flung his arms around the neck of great Odysseus,
Who drew the old man fainting to his breast and held him there
And cradled like driftwood the bones of his dwindling father.

—Michael Longley

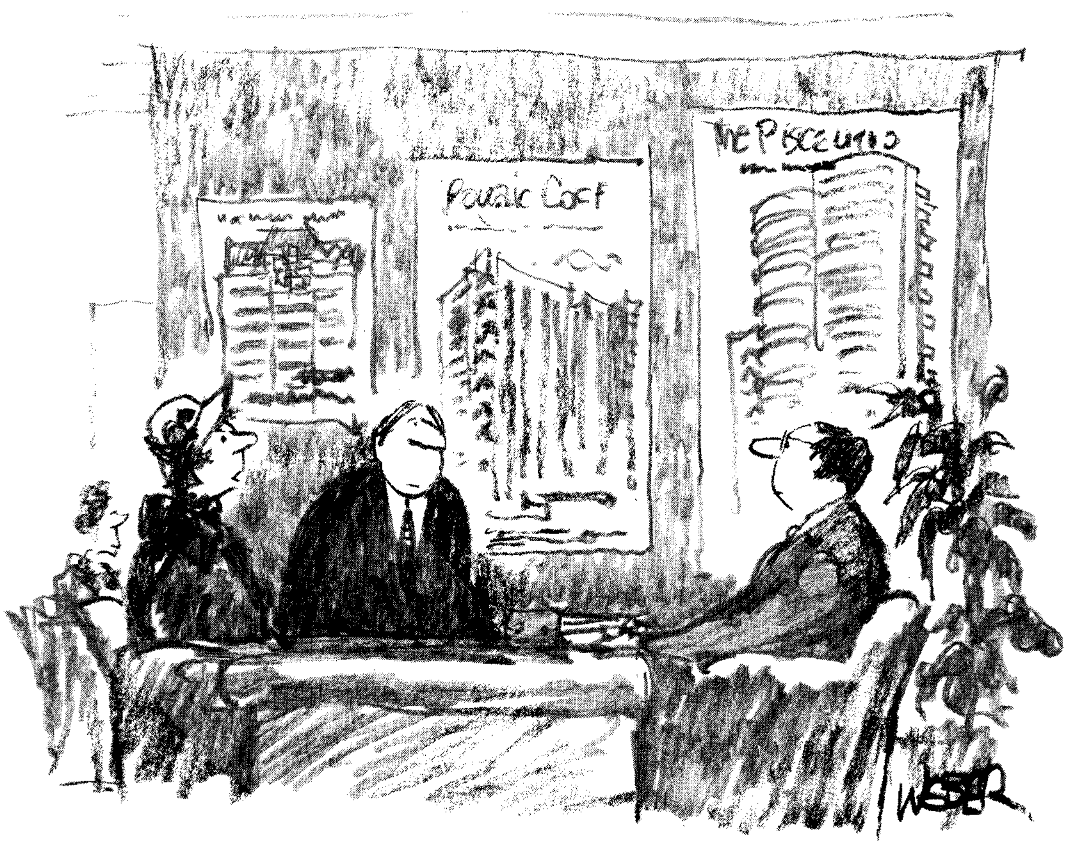
• •

So in about ten minutes my girlfriend is going to come out and do a little walk around the room with her index fingers flashing up and down to remind me that she and time really exist. I think you have to be flexible with friends sometimes, but she says, How often do we go over to *his* place? Still, I think Denny is, in his own way, considerate. Right now, he's laying out magazines all over the coffee table to protect it when he puts his feet up. In the long view of things, why shouldn't he get comfortable? All of a sudden he looks around the living room and glances past all the doors.

"Yeah," says Denny. "All white. White, or off-white, yeah. And that's the way it was at the Logans'. She gave me a tour of the house, and I saw only all-white or off-white rooms, except for one. You know, I don't think I could even tell you exactly where the place was. Somewhere near the Putnam-Westchester county line. I took my time driving up; I got on the Palisades Parkway so I could drive up the west side of the Hudson and through Harriman State Park, where I crossed back to this side. Somewhere near there.

"O.K.," he goes on. "I *did* finally see them at dinner. After a while, I couldn't even *imagine* that anybody was going to sit in those two empty chairs. I looked past them, and that's when I first began to notice what Mr. and Mrs. Logan had done—something I thought was strange. The area where they ate breakfast and lunch, which was just off the kitchen and faced south and east, they'd painted, like the rest of the house, some shade of white. But the dining room, which faced south and west and caught the long, slow sunsets that are warm and yellow anyway, they'd painted yellow. But then I thought, Well, *now* the sunlight's there, because it's summer. For most of the year, though, they'd be eating dinner by artificial light. So the yellow walls would add warmth then. By the time I'd thought of that, it was so late you couldn't tell what color the walls were anyway.

"That's when I heard Polly's voice



"We'd like a building where a sweet little cairn terrier can bark once in a while without the neighbors' getting absolutely hysterical."

• •

through the screen door. 'Should we light some candles?' she said. 'Here, I'll do it,' said Gordon, as they came in, and I saw him let go of her hand to reach into his pocket for matches. The second they sat down beside each other, they made a nearly simultaneous move to hold hands again. I noticed a slight sheen on his brow, and his hair wasn't as tidy as before. Hers was all tousled, and her face flushed—less like porcelain than I'd remembered it from that afternoon.

"The serving lady brought in some plates of food for them, as if their being late were a regular occurrence. In the next hour or so, Gordon and Polly often held hands, but never looked into each other's eyes or spoke to each other, as if to do so would be to flaunt something. After dinner, again hand in hand, they walked me out through the garden and the tangle of trees, then along the path that led to the guesthouses. At mine, they'd said, 'See you at breakfast!'—again almost in unison. Then they turned to walk up over the hill. But," says Denny, "I didn't see them at breakfast.

"Nice life—I remember thinking that as I tried to get to sleep that night. And I didn't mean the money. I had sat there all evening worrying about Gordon and Polly missing dinner, because I forgot—maybe I don't even know—that two people can find such pleasure in each other that they forget about time. I didn't sleep well that night and was kidding myself if I thought it was just the strange bed. Because I don't think I've really slept very well since—and it's been six months. Do you believe something like that could have such a long-lasting effect?" Denny looks at me, but I don't think he wants an answer.

"So I had breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Edith the next day, chose among the books, got the contracts signed, and left just before noon. Gordon and Polly didn't appear, but by then I was making allowances for them. I drove back on this side of the Hudson. I remember stopping to pick up a few groceries—at the unhistoric Grand Union in historic Dobbs Ferry—and still I got back to the city by two. Anyway, I didn't see any of those people again until today.

" 'I know you, don't I?' I hear a woman's voice saying. I was on my way to the Surrey, on Seventy-sixth, to pick up a book from a client. 'I *know* you,' I hear, and then I see her, framed by a shop entrance on Madison, but I don't place her right away. I'd only seen her with Gordon.

" 'Now I remember,' she said. 'You came to Mr. and Mrs. Logan's?' 'Of course,' I said. 'Polly. And Gordon, how's Gordon?' 'No more Gordon . . .' said Polly, with, I thought, a serious look. I started to say, 'He's not . . .' and caught myself. 'Not . . .' said Polly, finishing my sentence, 'married to me anymore. Is that what you're trying to say? He's not married to me, and I'm not married to him. We're not married anymore.' But I just kept looking at her as if I didn't understand. 'We're divorced,' Polly said. 'Divorce—ever hear of it?' And then she asked for my card in case she ever came across any books I might be interested in.

"Well," Denny says to me, "now I have to revise my memory of the whole evening, and maybe everything since. But that doesn't mean I'll sleep any better tonight."

GIRLFRIEND aside, I want to go to bed. And it's not that I'm tired of Denny—I'm just tired. I decide to try wrapping it up on a light note. "Denny," I say to him. "So you're not a specialist in everything. But you *know* Polly has at least a million dollars. And now she's *not* married. And she's got your card. . . ."

But then I see Denny's not laughing or even listening to me. He's just sitting there with his feet up on the coffee table, and I guess correctly that he's still running a six-month-old movie of that evening back and forth in his mind, trying to figure out if there was something he hadn't paid enough attention to. "It *was* getting dark," he says after a while, "in that yellow dining room."

—RICK ROFIHE

HIS FINAL MOTHER

CRAWFORD LANGLEY was twelve years old and still a child; but the first traits of manhood were on him—tall for his age, no baby fat, no pointless smiles, a broad forehead and steady gray eyes that gave his head a claim on the dignified notice of adults. So it was early in that crucial year when he took what he saw as his first grown step. He managed to stamp out his old nickname. It was nothing more obnoxious than Ford, but he calmly told his friends not to use it.

A few children laughed and tried to taunt him with Fordie or even Model T. He smiled but then refused to know them; and since he was anyhow the main child to know in his town and school—the funniest surely, the most openhanded—they all came round in a matter of days, his teachers included and the baseball coach; even his mother, who privately called him Strut and Dub. All but his father. Crawford's father stuck with Ford since that had been his own father's name. Crawford liked and trusted his father enough to humor him, and causes for that came thick and fast once his mother was gone.

She left in an instant—no warning or pain, so far as they knew. She was in the back yard, hanging an ancient quilt on a clothesline, and then she knelt. Crawford and his father had left for the day, but the cook had watched it clearly from the porch. She said, "Miss Adele went to her knees like somebody needing to pray, *hard*. Then it look like she needed to rest her head—she went right on down slow to her side and smoothed the grass and stroked her hair. She was cool as a window by the time I touched her."

The cook phoned school and Crawford was home on his bike in ten minutes (his father was an hour away, taking an Irish-setter pup to his lonely aunt). By then the ambulance men were there; her body was covered in the dim front hall. Young as he was, Crawford walked straight to her, lifted the sheet, and leaned in a slow curve to kiss the forehead. *Cold as glass*—he thought it before the cook could warn him. And though he loved his mother deeply, they'd understood that her racing heart would take her soon.

He expected tears, and when none came he told himself his natural feelings were in shock now. But before he took his hand off her arm, a tall new thing stood up in his mind. It was not a thought or even a feeling. It was more like watching his hands grow stronger in a slow instant. He hoped it was one more sign of manhood. It calmed him at least and dried his eyes.

He told the ambulance men where to go, Bond's funeral home. Then he tested the newborn strength again—it poured right through him like iron in his blood. So he thanked the cook and asked her to wait till his father was back. She nodded and went to fix normal supper. Then Crawford thought he had to go pray. The word surprised him—*Pray for what?* But when the cook had shut the kitchen door, he obeyed himself and climbed to his room.

There he stood in the midst of the rug and waited to see if any word came, any message from him for God or man. But again his mind was still and firm. He thought he'd taken another step onward, no need to lean on others or the sky. He could handle this trial with his own strong body and his new brave mind—bravery was still his main ambition. He went to his shelf and found the old copy of "Robinson Crusoe," his pick among books in recent months. Then he stretched on his bed and turned to page 1.

Crusoe was sunk in waste and shame, and hellbound for shipwreck, before Crawford thought of himself again or the world below his silent room. What brought him back was his father's car door, slamming in the drive. Crawford said one sentence aloud to his ceiling, "This'll kill Dad, too, and I'll be gone." He knew it was hardly courageous thinking, but he didn't wait to understand the solemn further questions he raised—*Gone where and why?* He sped downstairs to tell the sizable news before his father could step indoors and call "Adele?" and find her vanished. One of the main things Crawford knew was fresh in his mind as he faced the father he'd long since tried to shield from harm—*This boy is a whole lot shakier than me.*

LATER that night, when their friends were gone, Crawford's father said they better take a walk before bedtime if they meant to sleep. They hadn't gone walking at night for years—since the time they had to admit in silence that they had nothing better to talk about than baseball or school—and tonight anyhow Crawford wanted to keep on reading "Crusoe." But his father stood; so the boy said, "Yes sir." And they went right out, through a kitchen that now was broad and empty as the plains of Gobi.

After a speechless fifteen minutes, they left strong moonlight and entered the woods. His father was leading, and though they were taking their same old path, the whole idea of a walk was strange. So Crawford asked himself, *What will we be when all this settles?* He was still not asking, *Where are we going, here tonight?* In any case, no answer showed. He guessed he was safe though and tried to keep step, but his father stumbled a time or two, and then Crawford brushed his enormous back, which seemed too hot for the time and place.

The woods stopped sooner than either one expected, and their feet were on the verge of the river before their eyes had opened enough to see the sudden end of the path. Crawford laughed a little at the near escape.

But his father said, "It might have been better."

"Sir?"

"Drowning tonight, no waiting around—I mean me, Ford. Not you, not yet."

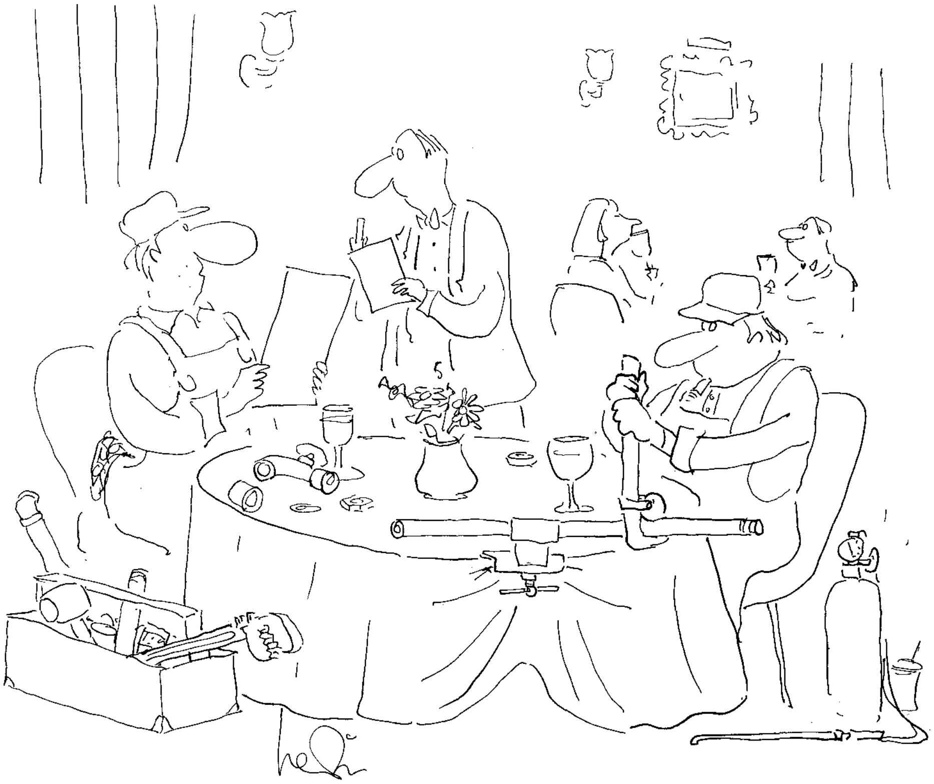
Crawford knew his father was an excellent swimmer; so he thought the words were no cause for worry, just some kind of smoke from the hot pain in him. The boy moved on into reaching distance; but his father stayed still—no touch, no look. Then fear, like a tickling feather in sleep, flicked Crawford's mind. This man could do his will on a boy—*Has he lost his mind? Does he blame me?* So the boy chose his latest version of a grown man's voice and told his father, "Sir, she's fine now. You just need to wait."

"For what?" His father's voice was changing, darker and deep.

Crawford said, "You mostly tell me time's the big doctor."

"I've told you some lies."

The fear struck now in Crawford's throat and begged him to run, but the boy knew he had to keep talking. "What I really meant—she's waiting for you. In Heaven, all well."



"*This is going to be kind of a working lunch.*"

The man's throat rasped at itself, to spit; and his new voice said, "You don't believe that."

Crawford was suddenly shivering cold, though the night was warm. He told himself the man was wrong. With his mother's encouragement, for years the boy had thought of her long-dead pitiful father as safe in Heaven, literally hunting and a far better shot than ever on earth. And since Crawford's own father prayed every night, and often commended the habit to him, the boy now felt a huge trapdoor fall open in the ground nearby—if he took three steps in any direction, he'd surely drop through an endless hole. In an almost final hope of rescue, the boy said, "Sir, I don't feel right about any of this."

The man said, "Then you must be growing."

"Sir?"

"Nothing's right and won't ever be again. Get that through your head."

It was already there; Crawford felt it as a hot ball stuck far back in the quick of his mind. So he said, "I need you to calm down now."

The man's big hand shot out and seized Crawford's neck.

The fingers were colder even than the boy, though he thought he recognized the scrape of his father's thick palm. Crawford said, "I'm still not strong as you." The man's grip eased. Then suddenly he seemed to be gone, that strange and quick. Crawford waited for a clue and finally spoke, as strong as he could, "Am I out here alone?"

From what seemed a far distance, the man said, "You always were."

The boy had roamed these woods his whole life and was all but sure he knew the way home, even in dark this heavy and close. But he thought that if he moved, any way, he might crash into his father's body or whatever changed man waited out here. So he tried again to say a prayer, *Our Father . . . Lord, please*. Crawford knew the words—they gleamed in his head, as hard as signs—but some new way, the world around him, the actual air, refused to let words out of his lips. He'd read of men abandoned by God—young Crusoe himself, for his worldly wrongs. Still what had *he* done, Crawford Langley, to pay like this? Had he someway caused his mother pain, in broad daylight, alone in the yard? At the thought, an arm of the night rushed the boy's cold face and choked his words.

WHAT felt like half his lifetime passed, though a real forty minutes; and then Crawford broke through the maze of dark woods. There, set in a space that looked familiar, was a house he guessed was his own old house, dark in every window and door. In all his years he'd never seen it completely dark. Hadn't he and his father left it well lit? The boy was past a child's automatic fears—of falls and darkness—but it came to him now that, in this house, the man who left him alone by the river was hid and ready.

Crawford also knew there was nowhere else. He had school friends, and their parents liked him; but he couldn't turn back and run to them with such a wild story, not this late. All he could think was to set his face and volunteer for the rest of what was stored up for him, life or death.

He recognized the dent in the doorknob as he entered the kitchen; but from there on through, the dark was so thick he might have been walking on the far side of Venus. After four steps Crawford saw in his mind, as clear as fact, that his father was hid right now in his path. He saw a butcher knife in the hand that had never once punished him, so much as a slap. He saw the gray eyes wide as a panther's, fixed on a boy and perfectly aimed.

Still the boy put out both arms before him, to grope his way toward the foot of the stairs. If he got that far, and his heart still worked, he knew he must try to find his own room and wait on his bed for a key to the meaning of this fresh news. Like all sane children with baffling, even murderous, parents, he understood that something he himself had done—some unintended but last-straw fault—had brought this fate down on him, and rightly.

Each individual stair creaked out; but once Crawford stood intact at the top, he paused to test the air for warnings. Never in all his life in this house had it been so absolutely silent. He held in place till he heard his mind want one of two sounds—either the final slash of his father's vengeful knife or Crawford's own voice promising, *Dad, I'm sorry for my whole life. I swear I'll be anything you say.*

But still the boy was in one piece. So he crept on past his father's door (no crack of light), found his own empty bed, and stretched on his back. This time he never tried to pray. What he tried was a thorough backward search of his recent life. His mind was clear and a thousand details marched past his eyes. But no fault showed, nothing worth much more than a "God damn it, Ford" from his tired, patient father.

So the boy kept coming round to the fact that, as lately as two or three Sundays ago, he and his father had walked an hour out into the fields. There'd been a hard rain the night before; and that was always a lucky time for the hobby they shared—arrowheads, shot or lost by the Tuscarora ages past (no Tuscarora left in the state for two hundred years).

And when Crawford dug out a clear quartz knife, white as glass—a priestly knife they'd only dreamed of—he trotted to his father, held out his shut hands as in a child's game, and said, "Pick one." At once his father tapped the left hand. Crawford grinned, cried out "It's Father's Day!" and opened his palm on the stupendous find. Father's Day was months ahead, but his father took it with a look that deeply underlined what he mostly showed and had said more than once—he prized this boy. Surely this moment the sacred point was on his father's desk downstairs with the only other treasures he kept—a bullet dug from an ancestor's leg and, locked in a tiny glass box, one curl of his father's sister's hair (she'd died at two weeks).

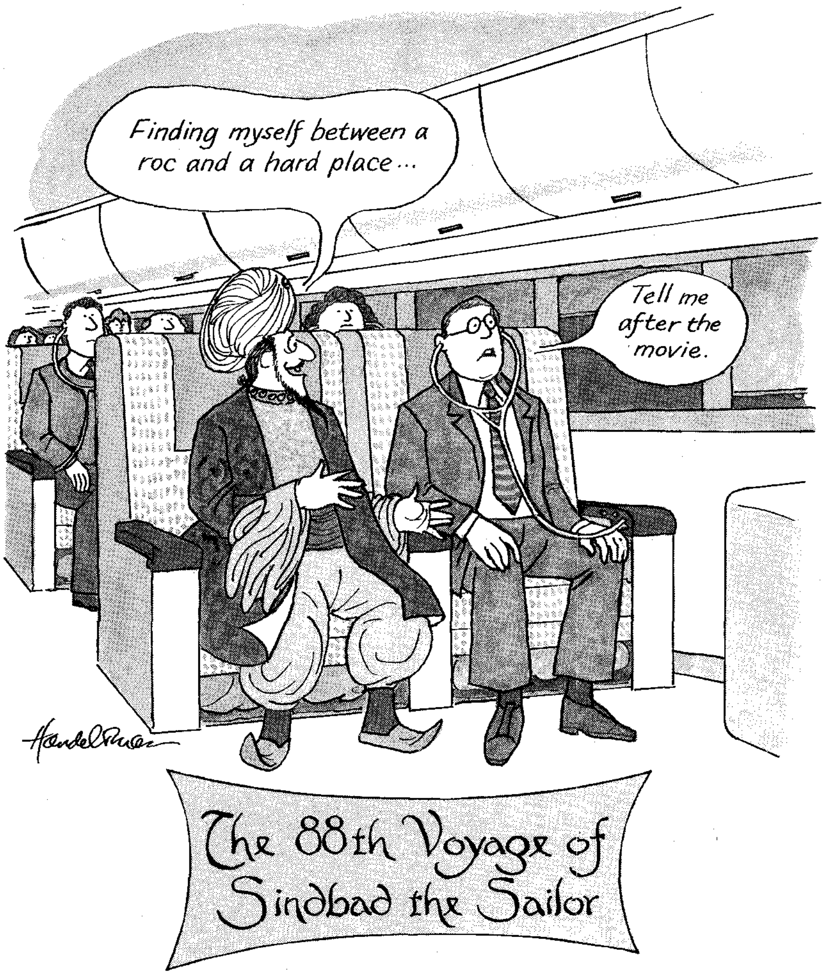
For a moment Crawford wanted to find the crystal knife. What else now under this strange new roof might bring him luck or help defend him? But then he thought, in some terrible way it might be used in the night against his heart. He remembered how Aztec priests had cut the beating hearts from men with just such points to feed their gods. At the chance—almost the certainty—of that, Crawford spread his arms wide and shut his eyes. Still facing up, he only waited—balked as any mind can be but likewise ready, he told himself, though soon he slid into scrappy dreams, then exhausted sleep.

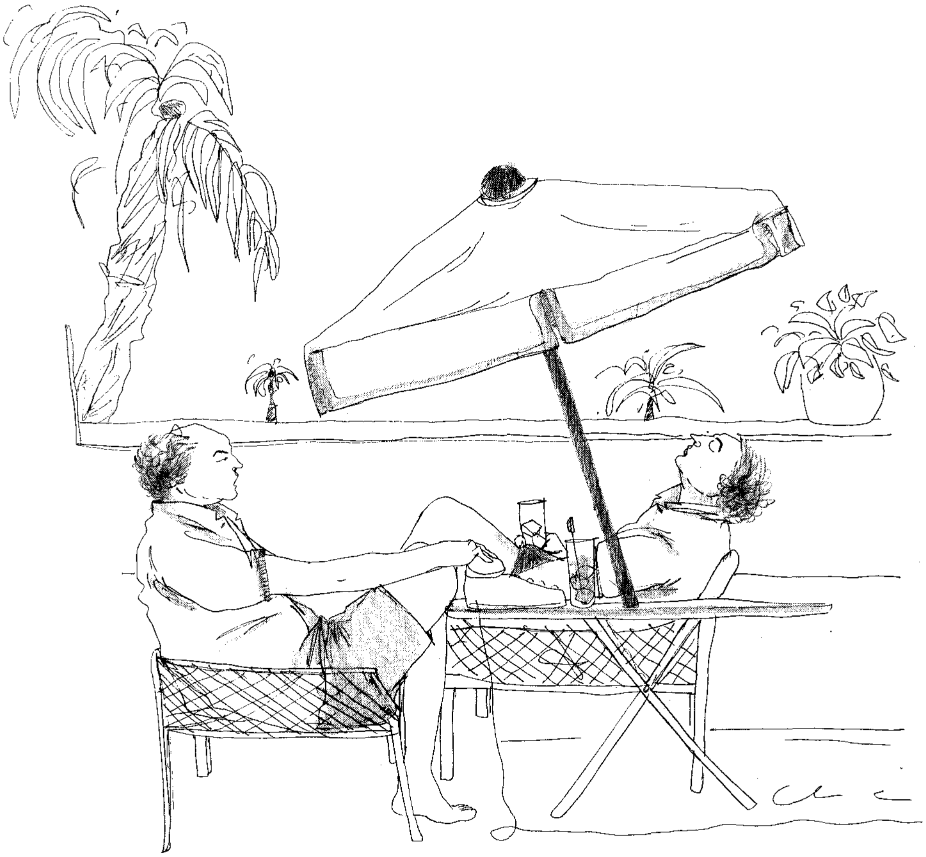
CRAWFORD knew it was day, well before he woke. His last dream told him he'd lasted the night and that now he was fully a man but alone. His eyes came open—no, still night. Then, as he lay in the ongoing quiet, he knew that, yes, a light was growing but not at the window. In another minute he saw a glow was actually blooming, a great slow flower of morning light, till his ceiling was patterned with numerous leaves in shades of cream and gold like nothing he'd ever seen or heard of. He wondered if he'd already died and this was his next home, high or low. But the same old lighting fixture hung there and, on a short string, the one plane model he'd ever finished. Whatever then, the mild colors and gradual speed of the bloom were saying that he was past the threat in the heart of the night.

He rose on his elbows and looked to the door. He'd left it half open, and now he saw where the light came from. It streamed from the hall in a narrow shaft, then spread in these strange shapes through his room. In a long stretch from the bed, he could reach and carefully test the beam with his hand. It was not only fine to see but the same temperature as his skin. So he had to be safe. He'd get up and make his way to what caused it.

The time it took to walk up the hall through the streaming glow seemed longer even than the moment when he touched his mother this afternoon and knew he was somehow as changed as she. For the first full time, in his mind Crawford saw her welcome face and heard her voice, which had been the better part of what he loved for his first six years. He thought the day was bound to come when he'd miss her bitterly—not yet tonight. This hunt he was on, through what still seemed his father's house, was all he could manage here and now.

By now he stood at his parents' door. Never before had he seen it closed (his father's only dread was of traps). But the stream of light was coming from there, around the edges of the door and beneath it. The boy bent slowly and laid his ear on the wood to listen. At first he thought he could hear a whole crowd of friendly voices, but he couldn't hear words. He waited there till his ears adjusted. It was just two voices, a man and a woman—more likely a girl, that young and bright (he'd only begun to lean toward girls). Soon he knew the man was his father but younger too; the girl stayed strange. The boy never understood a word, though he knew from their


Finding myself between a roc and a hard place...
Tell me after the movie.
The 88th Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor



"*That was my agent. Seattle wants me.*"

tone and slowness they were peaceful.

A thing he'd always respected was privacy, even more now as his own body grew its secrets. But here this late on this big day, his heart had got so huge in his chest that he knew he had no other hope than to turn this knob and take what came at his eyes or mind.

After maybe two minutes his pupils narrowed enough to see, in the core of the glare, his father seated at the foot of his bed. His father wore his regular pajamas, cool sky blue and neatly pressed. That much was normal. He sat like that, each night of his life, for five or ten minutes with both eyes shut, saying his prayers in a deep silence (his painful kneecaps kept him from kneeling). Now though, his head was tilted up; and his eyes were halfway open in the blaze. His lips were moving as if he went on saying whatever he'd said while Crawford listened outside at the door, but if words came they were swept away. Crawford thought his own body might also drown or burn past hope; but in his new bravery, he knew not to leave.

In another minute the boy's reward began to rush him. Either she somehow came from above or had been there right along, too bright to see. Whatever, suddenly a girl stood clear and tall by his father: the single sight both boy and man could watch from then on. It took Crawford another slow wait to see her face and know it was someway kin to the face that hung in a frame by his father's bed—Crawford's mother before her wedding, lovely and strong as he still could see her, in occasional dreams from his cradle days. The picture showed no more than her head, a graceful neck, and the top of a yellow dress. The girl here now wore the same dress, which seemed to fall right down to the floor, though it drowned in light; and her dark eyes were surely the same.

The boy thought he was brave enough to say her name; at least he felt the powerful need. Let her hear his voice and then just laugh and call him Dub or Strut a last time. But before he stoked his courage for that, her face turned gradually in his direction and all but smiled before she faced his father again, closed his eyes with two long hands; and (like the mother she once had been) she helped him lie in place on the pillow before she was somehow gone again; and his father was covered with the old quilt, plainly asleep and harmless as any new pine in the woods.

THE light continued long enough to see Crawford back to his own bed, then faded quickly. He sat at the foot and knew his father had surely prayed her back to life to tame him down and save her son. Then the boy slowly asked himself if he wanted to beg for a similar visit—*now*, he knew, was the only chance. But didn't that girl's face belong to his father, the girl he picked when he was not much older than Crawford tonight? The boy's oldest memories rose—himself in his mother's arms in a chair by the sunny window, each consulting the other's eyes for secrets, then laughing together at what they found. It was still the face the boy loved most; it would be that all his life on earth. And though it was gone from his daily world, it was maybe changeless and better in dreams.

Next he thought he could steal downstairs, find the quartz knife, and bury it deep in a moonless corner. That would keep it safe, and him and his father, and leave it ready as food again for the hungry gods, if they were there still watching man. But no, he was tired and knew he was rescued. He gave one thought to how his mother had looked this morning, cheerful and firm but calling him back from the edge of the yard, giving him one last kiss on the brow, thumping his skull with a healthy finger and saying, "Strut, *fly!* or you'll be late," when she was the one who'd flown in time.

So the tired boy stood, shucked his clothes (the room was still warm), and then, for the first time, entered his sheets as naked as he left her lovely body long ago, in pain and blood. As his head lay back, he felt—again and for the last time—the hardness of that long black first trip to reach daylight. But the pain subsided and, through the rest of that short night, he slept like some boy thoroughly safe, whose days hereafter will each be brave, whose nights will bring him—whenever he calls—the face and voice he understands are utterly gone: his only mother, lost forever, young and free for good and all.

—REYNOLDS PRICE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN OPEN ADOPTION—I

IN early June of 1988, Peggy Bass decided to place the baby she was expecting for adoption. She was six and a half months pregnant, twenty years old, and a junior at the University of Delaware, near Wilmington. The baby's father, who was Peggy's boyfriend, was Thomas Spaeth, twenty-two years old and a recent Delaware graduate. Tom and Peggy (their names and some other names and identifying details have been changed) had been together for almost two years.

Peggy was a marketing major, with a minor in music; she was a light soprano. Tom, who played the guitar, had taken his degree in music, and he hoped to become a studio engineer for rock musicians. By the fall of 1987, they had decided they were in love, and had begun to discuss marriage. But Tom was in no rush, and Peggy had no need to push him. They both planned to start careers, make some money, have fun. After his graduation, in the spring of that year, Tom had put off looking for a job so he could play for a while. When he settled down to search, it was the slow season in the Wilmington-Philadelphia audio business (the cities are thirty miles apart), and jobs were scarce. "I was unemployed, though I free-lanced, doing music videos for some groups," he said. "I have a lot of talent and ability at what I do, but I didn't have what you need, which is job experience."

Peggy considered the pregnancy her problem. Though she was living with her family, in Wilmington, she didn't tell them about it, because she was afraid the news would upset them too much. She was also sure they would insist on helping her keep the baby. "My whole family is baby-crazy," Peggy said. "Babies must live in fear of us, because we swoop down and chubby-cheek them until their faces fall off." The precariousness of her family's finances (her father is a potter and a dealer in model ships, and her mother makes clothing for children's dolls) and also of her parents' marriage (they were considering divorce) convinced her, she said, that keeping the baby would be in nobody's interest.

For a time, Peggy also withheld the news from Tom. She tried to break up with him or to goad him into breaking up with her. Neither approach worked, and eventually Peggy told Tom she was having some physical problems and needed to spend some time with him. He suggested that they take a room at a Ramada Inn for the weekend, and the following Monday, still not knowing what the trouble was, Tom escorted her to a doctor. The appointment was for a sonogram to check on the progress of the fetus.

By early June, Peggy was dressing to hide her pregnancy in what she called "conscious fashion mistakes" (blouses with big shoulder pads, belts slung on her hips). She tried to walk as if she weren't pregnant (pelvis and hips tilted back). She ate most of her meals at restaurants or at the university cafeteria rather than at home, where, because she looked plump, her mother had put her on a diet. But the curve of her belly was making it clear that she needed to get out of town soon, before her family really noticed.

The Millionaire's Club
MEMBERS ONLY
W Miller

One Sunday, as she was leafing through the want ads of the Camden *Courier-Post*, published in New Jersey—she was looking for a job in that area for Tom, she said—she noticed an ad:

> ADOPTION—We are a happily married, financially secure couple hoping to share our love, our lives and our future with an infant. If you are considering adoption, please let us be a part of it. Confidential, expenses paid. Please call our attorney collect.

A California number was listed. The ad appealed to Peggy, partly because it didn't specify a white infant (though Peggy and Tom are white) or a healthy one (though Peggy had confidence in the fetus she was

The Very Last Dinosaur
One day, he went out for a pack of cigarettes and never came back.
Toodle-oo!
See ya!
CARS
It was kind of weird, but not entirely unexpected.
He left hours ago!
Maybe that's the way it's meant to be.
Who knows? Perhaps, out of the blue, he'll suddenly show up again.
We thought you were gone!
R. Chast

carrying), and so seemed to extend a kind hand rather than a grasping one. She wrote down the phone number, and the following Friday she called at lunchtime (around nine o'clock in the morning in California). A young woman answered, and accepted the charges. Jumping right in, Peggy explained that she was pregnant, couldn't keep the baby, and wanted to find a couple to adopt it. The young woman said, "That's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard!"

Peggy said later, "Boom! Right off the bat! To have them say that to me—it was just, like, *somebody* understands what I'm asking."

In a version of their story which Peggy related about four months after her call to California, and which Tom initially supported, she and Tom conceived the baby when they made love to celebrate her twentieth birthday, on November 23, 1987. Several weeks later, Peggy said, a doctor confirmed for her what she had already suspected. "You always read about the woman who wakes up and thinks, I'm pregnant," Peggy commented. "It wasn't quite that way. It was more like, Maybe something's wrong—maybe despite the best methods of birth control, somehow a sperm got through all that."

When Tom found out about the pregnancy, sometime in February, he was shocked ("My first reaction was a big, looming fear of Hell") and angry ("I got mad at the world for throwing a monkey wrench into the love that we had"), but he made an effort to be consoling. "There was a lot of pain," Tom said, supporting Peggy's story. "She didn't want to put me through this, because she felt that I have a lot of dreams and a lot of wants and a lot of needs, and that all this might destroy some of what makes me good at what I do and happy at what I do."

They agreed not to tell anyone they knew, and especially not to tell their families. Tom's mother was a prosperous insurance agent and his father a senior parks administrator, and, having achieved financial comfort for themselves (which they generously shared with Tom even as an adult: they gave him a new silver Volkswagen Rabbit, and the family's vacation house, at Rehoboth Beach, was in his name, he said), they had high expectations for him as well. "My family, sooner or later, would have reacted with love and understanding," Tom said. "But there would have been a price to pay."

Peggy: "The reason we couldn't tell anybody is that everyone would have encouraged us to keep the baby."

For the next several months, according to Peggy's story, Peggy and Tom lived their lives normally. The pregnancy seemed to be going well, but Peggy took no steps toward giving up the baby. She wanted to wait until she was certain that the pregnancy was trouble-free, she explained. She had been seeing a doctor about once a month (she saw a different doctor each time, she said, and made up a new name for herself), and after four and a half months she was assured that the fetus was flourishing.

Peggy was always certain of her intentions. "I never entertained the thought of not having the baby, nor did I entertain the thought of marriage," she said later. "I just knew in my heart that if God had intended me to be married and have this baby, then that would have happened." She began to read about adoption and to develop ideas about the kind of adoption she wanted. She liked the sound of a semi-open adoption, in which a lawyer or an agency would help her find a couple waiting to adopt. She and the couple would select each other, although the information used to make the match could be only general ("The mother is a twenty-year-old college junior majoring in marketing and music"), and the two parties might never meet. This arrangement contrasted with what she thought of as traditional adoption, in which she would turn the baby over to an adoption agency and the agency would decide where to place the child—say, by assigning the baby to the couple next in line on the agency's waiting list. Some traditional agencies, she had heard, had separate doors for pregnant women and potential adopters, to keep them from meeting even by chance.

Semi-open adoption made sense to Peggy, because she could "know where the baby was going," the adoptive parents could "know where the baby was coming from," and the baby could eventually know that it was loved not only by the adoptive parents (Peggy called them Mom and Dad) but also by her. Various experiences of friends of Tom's who had been adopted led him, too, to think that semi-open adoption was the better option. Those friends, who had come from traditional adoptions, didn't know who their original parents were, and they either "thought low of themselves," because they believed that they weren't wanted, or had convinced themselves that "some terrible accident" had led to the adoption. It seemed to Tom that those friends had "spent their entire lives not doing what they were meant to do but looking for whoever they'd come from.”

Sidewalks for thirty blocks, more,
in the city. I think every smell
in the world has a place here:

greens beside grocers'; cardboard
like broken books soaking in water;
exhaust, both diesel and gasoline.

Fried meat and frying fish leap
in a hot mist. Then, near the end,
there is grass and sycamores,

a park like a back yard—
leaves in town. Make it plain:
it's hard to desire diversity.

That's what there is. All people lie
whichway on benches in squares,
ill-sheltered in doorways,

away from the street. It's easy, like
breathing. We can't stand to say how
foreign we are, so we say we are not.

I'm longing to sit down to supper,
where often there's choice. Each smell
can taste like a million, cooking.

Steam contains worlds, in the flying
water. Sometimes there's nothing.
And found bread will do. Then

chances lie furred in a dark den
inside, to say, “*Everywhere.*” Every
flat surface a stove or a breadboard,

a table laid ready. Hunger is
just lack of sleep spread thin.
A meal is no more than a bed.

Every desire is alike an addiction
that lives in a hive in the body,
hidden as honey. We say we are not

when we are; we walk for hours.
Hungry, we swear we are not, hands high.
We say we are not, when we are.

—Elizabeth Macklin

• •

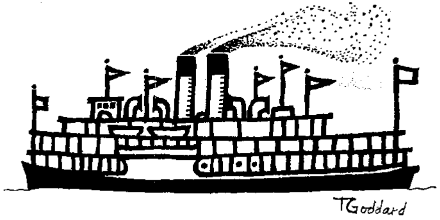
Peggy said, when she first related what had happened, that she had got in touch with two adoption agencies. The first was a private agency in the South. When she phoned, the woman she spoke with sounded “nice, but rather ambiguous about some basics.” When Peggy said she wanted to know about the couple who would be her baby's adoptive parents and wanted them to know about her, the woman hedged. Peggy said later, “I felt like, if they're hedging now they're going to *really* hedge when I tell them I have to move out of state to have this baby.”

The second agency was a Catholic Charities not far from Wilmington. Peggy described herself to the person she talked to there as a “semi-scheduled Episcopalian,” meaning that she went to church occasionally. Tom, however, had been brought up Catholic, and, although he did not accept certain church dogma (he believed in abortion, and described the Pope as a “fool” about birth control), he still identified with the Catholic Church. Peggy visited the agency for an interview. Instead of a generous welcome, she said, she was given a lecture on religion and morality.

“I kept stressing, ‘We're in love, we're going to get married,’ ” Peggy recounted. “So they said, ‘Well, if he's a good Catholic, why isn't he marrying you?’ Catholic Charities would just give you a brief file, no other information—nothing. I didn't know if the baby was going to a loving couple. I mean, I'm sure the agency screened people, but my grandmother, before she retired, was a social worker, and I'd heard stories about children being placed with a couple that had been approved by social workers and then, all of a sudden, something terrible turned out to be wrong, and the couple ended up being weirdos and not being able to care for the child. And that whole thing up in New York”—the highly publicized Lisa Steinberg case—“really, really affected how I was thinking. That was a bad, bad time.”

In a second version of their story, which Tom told nearly a year after Peggy found the ad in the paper, she had had no early intuition about her pregnancy. She had discovered it after four months, not several weeks. Instead of learning about the pregnancy at two and a half months, Tom learned about it at six and a half. In this version, Tom said, “People say, ‘You were sleeping with this person, and you didn't know she was six and a half months pregnant?’ There were little things that were different. She wanted the lights out all the time. She acted weird sometimes. But she did a good job on me and her family.”

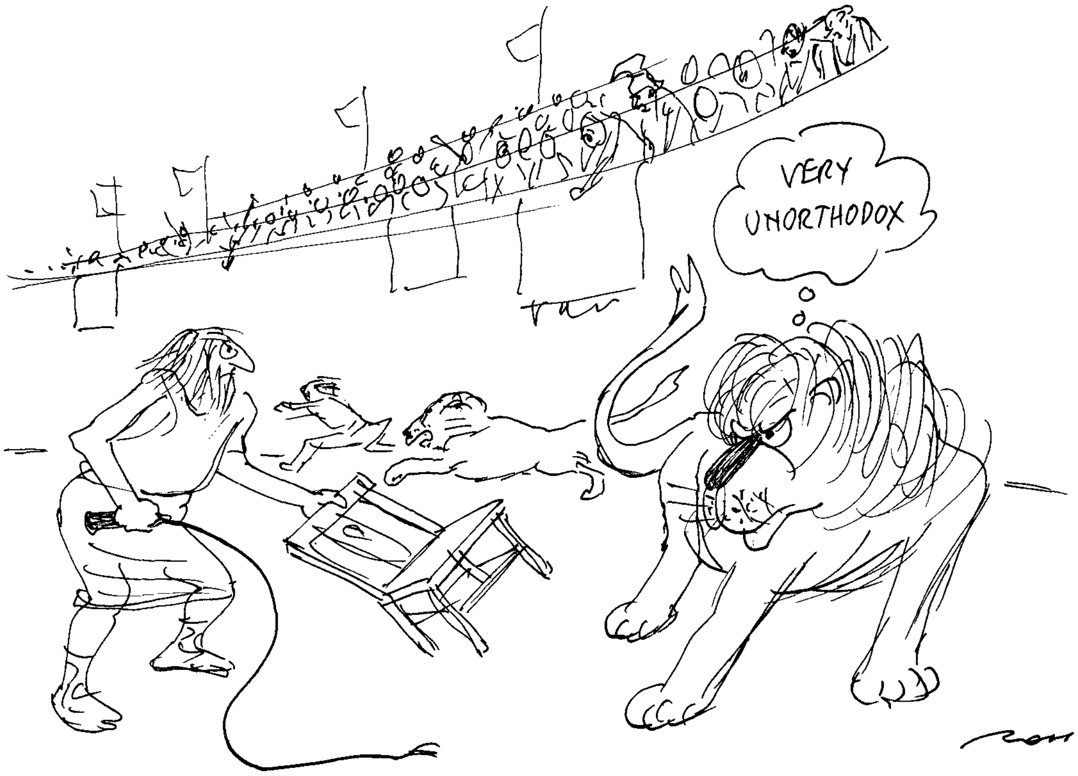
The reason Peggy didn't entertain the thought of aborting her pregnancy was that she was too far along when she discovered it, Tom surmised, but he assumed that she probably thought a lot about marriage. After she told him she was pregnant, he asked her to marry him. “I said, ‘That's it. We'll have to get married,’ ” he recounted.



“I think she thought I didn't want it that much. At that point, I didn't. She said, ‘No, I'm going to give the child away.’ ” According to Tom, when his family learned about the pregnancy, they concluded that Peggy had got pregnant on purpose, to force him to marry her.

The picture of the pregnancy became blurred only much later. And there was one key moment for Tom that he described consistently. Late on Monday night, after the weekend on which he'd learned about the pregnancy, Tom said, he was driving home and stopped to put some gasoline in his car. “To say that from this weekend I was drained is an understatement,” he said later. “I'm pumping gas into my car, at a station on a corner. There's nothing around this station. There's some buildings across the street, and the station is just a station, with a little snack shop inside. White fluorescent light and the dark. I'm pumping gas and I look up and there's a girl walking on the sidewalk next to me. She's got black shoes on, gray pants, and a gray top, and dark hair, and dark eyes like mine, and she's tall, and she's just walking along the road, and I'm looking at her as I'm pumping gas and I think the classic Gee, she'll see me looking at her so I'd better look down.

So I looked down, and when I looked up again she was gone. Not there at all. I didn't hear any footsteps. I didn't hear any running. I dropped the pump and ran over to where she'd been. I ran across the street. The gas-station attendant must have thought I went wild. I ran up to him and said, 'Did you see a woman there?' He said, 'No, I didn't see anything.' Something in my head said, 'That's my daughter when she's grown up.' "



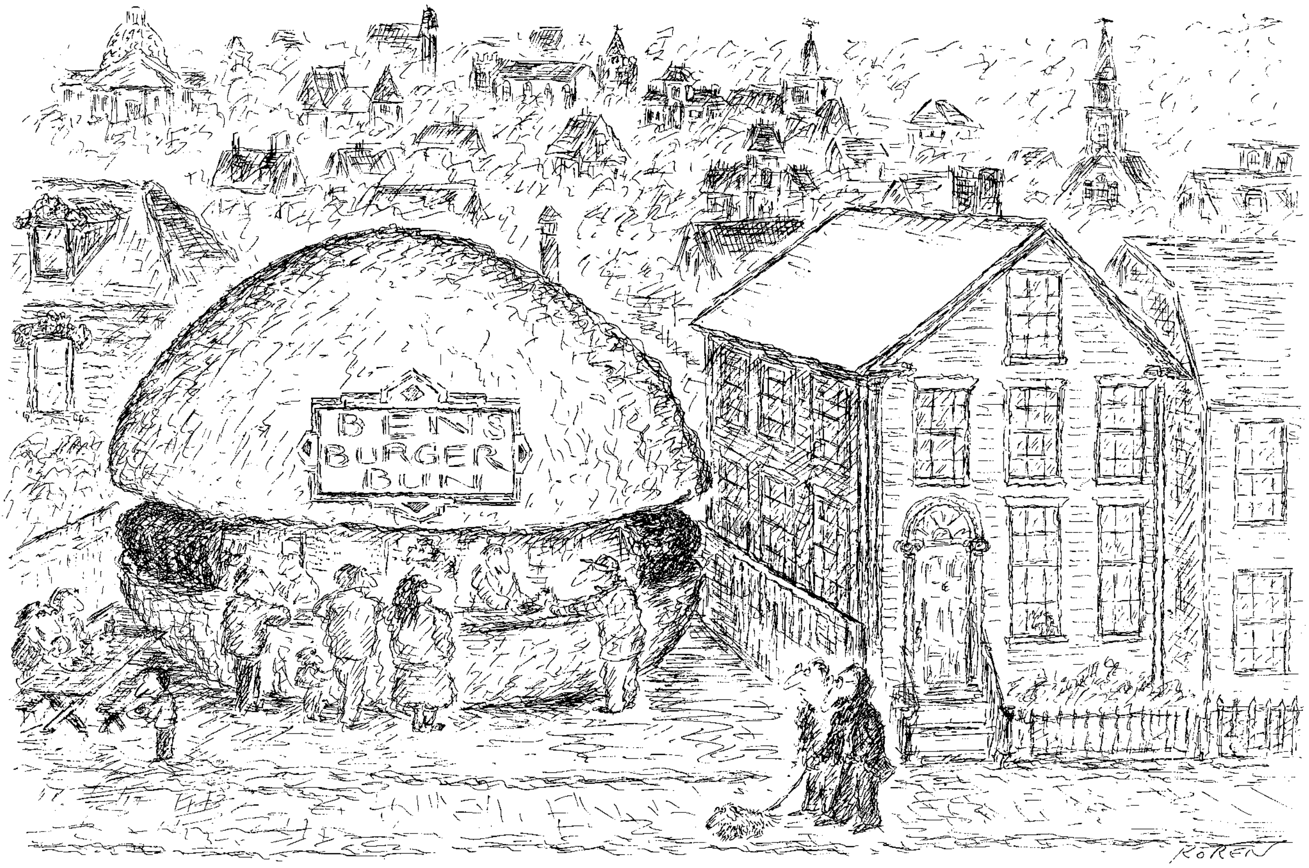
• •

THE ad that had caught Peggy's attention in the New Jersey paper actually represented an inquiry on behalf of six couples. (It drew ten responses, including Peggy's call.) The ad had run for seven days in the paper, at a cost of about a hundred dollars, and had been placed by Diane Michelsen, a California lawyer. Michelsen had worked as an adoption social worker for Los Angeles County and for the State of California, and as an adviser about foster care to the mayor of San Francisco, before taking a break to renovate houses and attend Golden Gate University School of Law. In 1981, when she was thirty-five, she set up her own general law practice in San Francisco. Within a couple of years, she was working full time on adoptions. In California, eighty per cent of all adoptions are arranged by lawyers independently of agencies. In many of these adoptions, the pregnant woman ("the birth mother") or, infrequently, both the woman and her sexual partner ("the birth parents") choose the prospective adopters ("the adoptive parents") and know their names. Almost all the adoptions that Michelsen helps arrange involve a meeting between the birth mother and the adoptive couple; three-fourths involve some continuing contact between the two parties, through exchanges of pictures and letters; and about ten per cent lead to continuing relationships through phone calls and visits.

Michelsen helps arrange about ninety adoptions a year. Many of the pregnant women who get in touch with her office learn about her through ads she runs in the yellow pages in California, speeches she gives, and articles she writes, or through a network of lawyers, psychologists, social workers, and others who know about her practice. About forty per cent of Michelsen's inquiries from potential birth mothers come in response to newspaper ads like the one Peggy saw.

When a pregnant woman responds to an ad, Michelsen or another lawyer in the office tries to counsel her in a general way. The message is: We're going to give you choices, and time to make them. What you are thinking of doing might be right for you or it might not. If you place your baby for adoption, it will be the hardest thing you have ever done. Michelsen explains the legal process of adoption, gathers information about the health, ethnic background, and social history of the woman and, if possible, her sexual partner (including information about any drug use or exposure to AIDS), and tries to assess the birth mother's level of commitment to adoption. If Michelsen decides that the woman is a good prospect—is serious about adoption, understands what is at stake, is healthy, and isn't shopping around among adoption agencies and lawyers—she offers the woman help in qualifying for medical insurance, in figuring out how she can cover the other costs of her pregnancy, and, of course, in finding potential parents for the baby. Michelsen doesn't charge birth mothers for this service; it is the prospective adopters who pay the fees (currently two hundred and fifty dollars an hour) that cover her costs in counselling them and the birth mothers and yield her practice a profit.

Michelsen presents groups of prospective adopters to potential birth mothers through résumés. She asks prospective adopters to imagine that they are writing an order for the perfect birth parents for their child (Where do they live? How old are they? What do they do?), and then to tell her about their fantasies. Then she asks them to write a letter, no longer than seven paragraphs, in which they describe themselves honestly in terms that might appeal to their ideal birth parents. Michelsen has the prospective adopters print up their letter on colored paper and submit it, with pictures. She has strong views about this package. Green paper doesn't work well as a background—it can make people in the accompanying snapshots look green. Dark-blue paper has a sad cast. Bright colors—yellows, buffs, some mauves, certain blues—are cheerful and usually lead to success. The best pictures capture people in warm, unguarded mo-



"And this one is listed in the National Register of Historic Places."

• •

ments, and suggest that they have room in their lives for a child. Michelsen believes that couples shouldn't use photographs in which they appear too wrapped up in themselves.

A typical Michelsen file contains résumés mostly of white, middle-aged, home-owning, pet-loving, heterosexual, financially secure California couples. The couples list their adoption counsellors and tell about the extended families that await their babies. Among the less conventional prospective adopters was a white pediatrician who was already a single father to six children of different races, ranging from a seventeen-year-old South American Indian boy to an eighteen-month-old black girl, and who reported that "the older children were ecstatic and helpful when the newborns arrived at home." A prospective single mother wrote that she had "undivided attention" to give a baby. (She volunteered, "I am not married now but I would choose to adopt even if I were. It is a choice I have known I would make since my experience as a birth mother.") Two gay men who had been together for eleven years indicated, "Although the picture may not express it, we are an amazingly traditional couple!" The couple with the least fancy jobs were a manager and assistant manager of a minimart. One couple included a deaf woman. Another had lost an adopted baby at fourteen months; his heart became diseased soon after he was born, and his body had rejected a transplant.

A young lawyer named Elizabeth Rice took Peggy's call. She found Peggy intelligent and self-confident, and thought her self-awareness impressive. She gave Peggy brief accounts of the six couples represented by the *Courier-Post* ad, and Peggy asked her to read aloud the résumés of three. The third was a Massachusetts couple identified as Daniel and Lee Stone. The first paragraph of the Stones' letter said, "We would like to introduce ourselves and let you know of our deep desire to adopt a baby. We are in our late thirties and have known each other for seven years. On the first night we met in Boston we discovered that we were both born in the same hospital in Denver, Colorado. It was nice to learn that even as infants we had lived under the same roof. We were married in 1984, are very happy together, and want very much to have a family." The last paragraph said, "We can only imagine how difficult it must be to make the decision to give up your baby. But if there is any comfort to be had from this decision, we want to assure you that we will do everything in our power to give him or her the most wonderful home in the world." In between, they related that Dan taught botany at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that Lee had worked as a teacher in a day-care program and as a prenatal nurse, and collected children's books, and that they both liked music, sports, and animals—especially their marmalade cat, Otis. Attached to the résumé was a picture of Otis snoozing in the sun.

Peggy couldn't see the package, of course (it was on buff paper, had burnt-orange lettering, and included pictures of the Stones as well as of Otis), but as Elizabeth Rice read the text to her over the phone Peggy said to herself, "She's a nurse. He's a botany professor at M.I.T. Elizabeth said they have a wonderful sense of humor. They have a cat. That's *them.*" She asked Rice to call the Stones right away and

THE INCOMPARABLE MEISTERSTÜCK.

The art of writing.

MONT
BLANC

For the store nearest you, call Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc. (201) 479-4124. In Canada, (416) 670-0300.
Exclusive Montblanc Distributor in the United States and Canada.

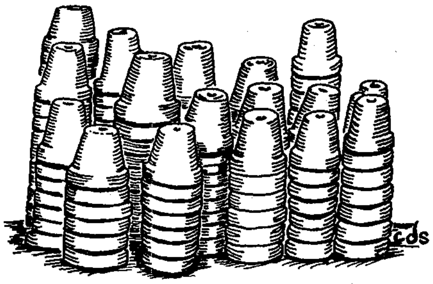
say she was eager to speak with them.

Rice hung up the phone and consulted with Michelsen. Peggy had presented a strong outline of her adoption plans and had said she needed to move away from home soon, so they decided to telescope the steps they usually follow with birth mothers. They would send Peggy materials from the three couples she had expressed interest in, and in the meantime would call the Stones to see if they wanted Peggy to phone them. (In Michelsen's practice, it is more often prospective adopters who decide against pursuing a lead with a potential birth mother than the other way around.) The Stones were charmed by the message Peggy asked Rice to pass along. She had said, "Tell them I'm carrying their baby!"

Lee had suffered a miscarriage on a delayed honeymoon trip in Portugal, in May of 1985. She recently said of that pregnancy, "I always knew something was wrong, because I felt so great." She miscarried again in 1986. By then, Lee was thirty-eight years old. (Dan was thirty-six.) Her doctor found that her ovaries were failing. He decided to try boosting her chances of conceiving again by giving her Pergonal, a drug often prescribed to stimulate the growth of ovarian follicles from which an egg might develop. Seven to ten evenings a month, Dan gave her injections of Pergonal. On those days, Lee stopped by the hospital, so that the doctor could give her a sonogram to check on the growth of her follicles. When a follicle or two looked ready to produce, a nurse gave her an injection of a drug called HCG (for human chorionic gonadotropin)—a hormone that stimulates the ovaries and can yield an egg. Lee and Dan then had from thirty to thirty-six hours in which to have intercourse and try to conceive.

For a year after beginning the Pergonal treatment, Lee and Dan failed to conceive. During that year, Lee grew increasingly depressed about their infertility. She quit her nursing job, because it became too painful for her to see women coming back to the hospital to have second and third children, when she couldn't have one. She and Dan stopped seeing close friends with children, because they reminded her too acutely of her loss. She joined an experimental program at a hospital in Boston (she called it her "mind-body group") that was designed to teach women with fertility problems to meditate in order to reduce stress, and so perhaps increase their chances of getting pregnant. Dan was also floundering. Lee persuaded him to join her in therapy with Rochelle Friedman, a psychiatrist specializing in infertility, who was also (with Bonnie Gradstein) the co-author of a book called "Surviving Pregnancy Loss." One of Friedman's tenets is that no one ever fully resolves his or her grief about infertility. Even partial resolution involves a process of working, and reworking, through the anguish and loss of not being able to have a child. For women, infertility can cause problems of great urgency, because so many derive their self-esteem from the capacity for filling a maternal role. For men, too, infertility can lead to a bleak and pervasive sense of loss, though they are reluctant to accept its finality and to move on to considering other ways of having a family. For infertile couples, in Friedman's view, adoption is not a panacea; rather, it is initially a safety net for people who have lost hope, but it can become a door through which couples pass to gain some control over circumstances that have made them feel powerless and joyless.

Lee and Dan warmed to the prospect of adoption at different rates. By the fall of 1987, Lee, after two miscarriages, felt ready. Dan did not. Some of his reluctance stemmed from stories they had heard about couples' waiting for five years to adopt through public agencies, or a year or two to adopt through private ones. In September, however, some close friends of theirs—Jim and Dina Rose, who had been unable to conceive—adopted, through a conventional private agency, a baby boy they named Jacob. Lee's tense response to meeting the baby persuaded Dan that they, too, had to do something about adoption. They had heard about a Colombian agency called the Instituto Colombiano de Bienestar Familiar, which places Colombian children with Americans. In 1987, seven hundred and twenty-four Colombian children were adopted in the United States, ranking that country third behind Korea (fifty-nine hundred and ten) and India (eight hundred and seven) as the place of origin for foreign-born adoptees. The Stones counted up the reasons for applying, and sent a letter to the agency. They liked the notion of adopting a Latin-American baby. They both spoke Spanish, and had a special feeling for Latin America. Lee had majored in Latin-American history in college, and had spent a year as a rescue nurse in Guatemala after a major earthquake struck the country in 1976. Dan had visited Central America regularly as a tourist and a botanist. To adopt a Hispanic baby, where there was no question that the child was adopted, appealed to him especially: it would make something that was true obviously true; there would be no way to pretend otherwise.

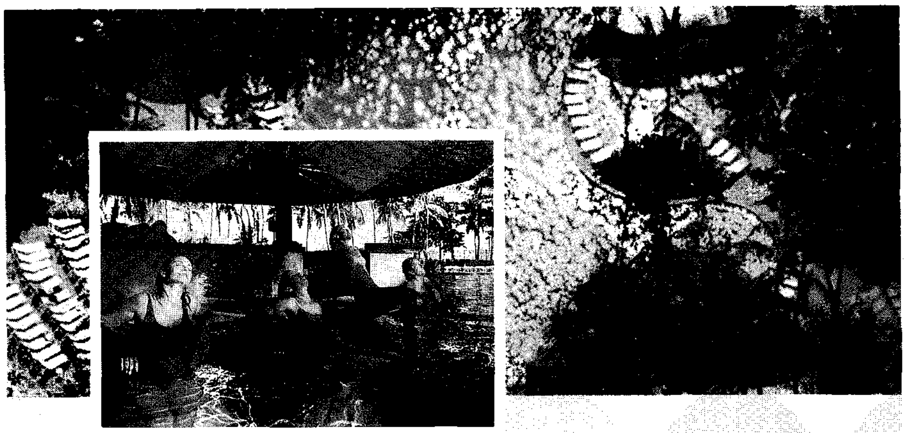


Three weeks later, they received a reply. Among other things, the Institute asked for letters from their clergyman and their local police vouching for their good character and their intentions about adoption; it informed them that any Colombian baby they adopted might have been born with complications from the birth mother's malnourishment; and it said that both prospective adopters had to be under thirty-seven. The last statement ruled them out. Lee said later, "I saw all this and realized there was no guarantee we were going to get a healthy baby. I didn't feel strong enough to take on that big possibility." Dan said, "It started being something else besides our becoming parents—some other kind of commitment, which I wasn't sure I wanted to make. We didn't really know what our options were. You stick your foot in somewhere, and that's where we stuck it in."

Not long after abandoning the idea of adopting a Colombian baby, the Stones learned about the Jewish Family Service, of Framingham, Massachusetts, a small, nonsectarian agency not far from where they lived. Its adoption program was run by Paul Dubroff, who had previously worked for many years for the Jewish Family and Children Service of Boston, and in the late seventies had helped write new rules about adoptions in Massachusetts. Lee and Dan went to see Dubroff in October. He told them, "I can assure you that, if you pursue this, within a year you'll have a baby." They left his office feeling elated. If they wanted to, it seemed, they would be able to adopt a white infant who would be more or less from their own backgrounds.

Toward the end of October, the Jewish Family Service invited them to attend a lecture by Diane Michelsen. Lee was going to be away, but Dan saw the meeting as a chance to take some initiative. Michelsen's talk was about open adoption—a new direction for the Family Service. When Paul Dubroff had begun working in the field, eleven years earlier, he and his colleagues had prized confidentiality in adoption: as he saw the matter then, they helped adopting couples maintain the secrecy around their infertility, and they considered it a truism that birth mothers moved on with their lives after quietly placing a baby for adoption and that adoptees had no real need to know their biological roots. In part from his own experience (he has three children, two of them adopted), Dubroff felt that he had learned better. "I look back on that and I see that the world has changed," Dubroff said not long ago. "We now prepare people for an open process—meeting birth parents. We build that into our consultation, and we talk about the values of birth parents." From Diane Michelsen's point of view, Dubroff's approach was still relatively conservative, governed by a reluctant acceptance of open adoption as the wave of the future, and by caution about the new and unknown. (When couples adopting through the Family Service meet birth parents, for example, it is usually for one time only, without any exchange of identifying information, like surnames or addresses.) But Michelsen also considered Dubroff a decent man, in charge of a good program, and was glad to have the chance to address prospective adopters through his network.

At the lecture, Michelsen handed out a paper entitled "Who Me? Meet the Birthparents? Eek!" It dealt with seven common reactions that open adoption generates in prospective adopters: fear of rejection ("What if she doesn't like me—because I'm too old/young, fat/skinny, liberal/conservative, rich/poor, have other children/don't have other children . . . or I say the wrong thing?"), envy ("I'm afraid it will be too difficult



Dip into our summer package. $199.*

From San Juan's best beach to our outstanding free-form pool and swim-up bar, the Sands Hotel and Casino, Beach Resort offers an uncompromising Caribbean dream vacation.

Exciting gaming in our lavish casino. Five restaurants. Entertainment in our Players Lounge.

"Come Play in the Sands" Packages from **$199.00.** (Available through December 19, 1990.) Includes 4 days, 3 nights, Welcome Rum Cocktail, Manager's Reception on Thursday, $10.00 Casino Coupon, Poolside chair and towel, Fun-filled poolside activities. For res: 1-800-443-2009, or call your Travel Agent.

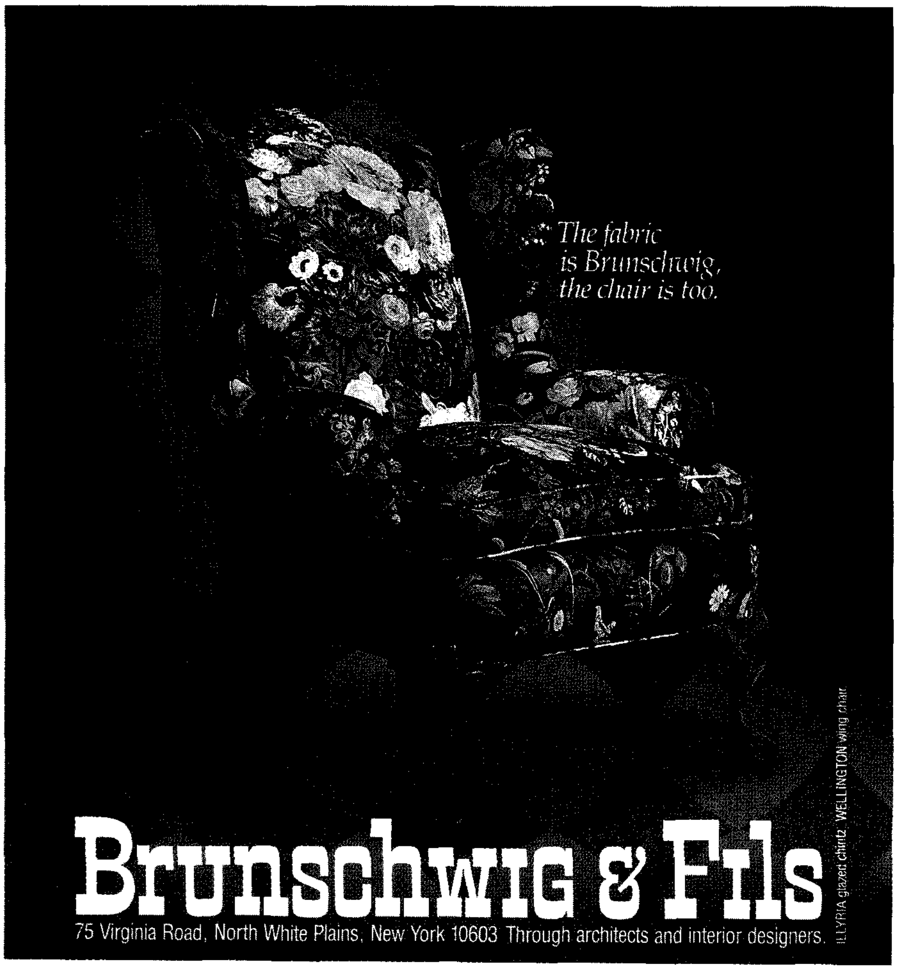
For brochure send this ad to: P.O. Box 25245
Miami, FL 33152

*Rates are based on per person, double occupancy. Room tax and gratuities are not included.

Sands®
HOTEL AND CASINO, BEACH RESORT, SAN JUAN

AN EXTRAORDINARY VACATION EXPERIENCE

TAKE A VIDEO TOUR of the Sands Hotel and Casino, Beach Resort and Puerto Rico for $12.95. Call 1-800-325-3108. In Texas call 713-975-7077. NYR 5/90

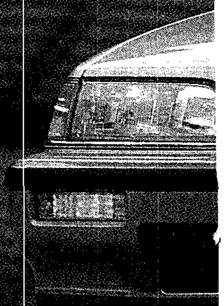


The fabric is Brunschwig, the chair is too.

Brunschwig & Fils
75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.

ILLYRIA glazed chintz. WELLINGTON wing chair.

THERE WILL BE A NUMBER OF AUTOMOTIVE EXPERIMENTS ON THE ROAD THIS YEAR. ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PART OF THE TEST.



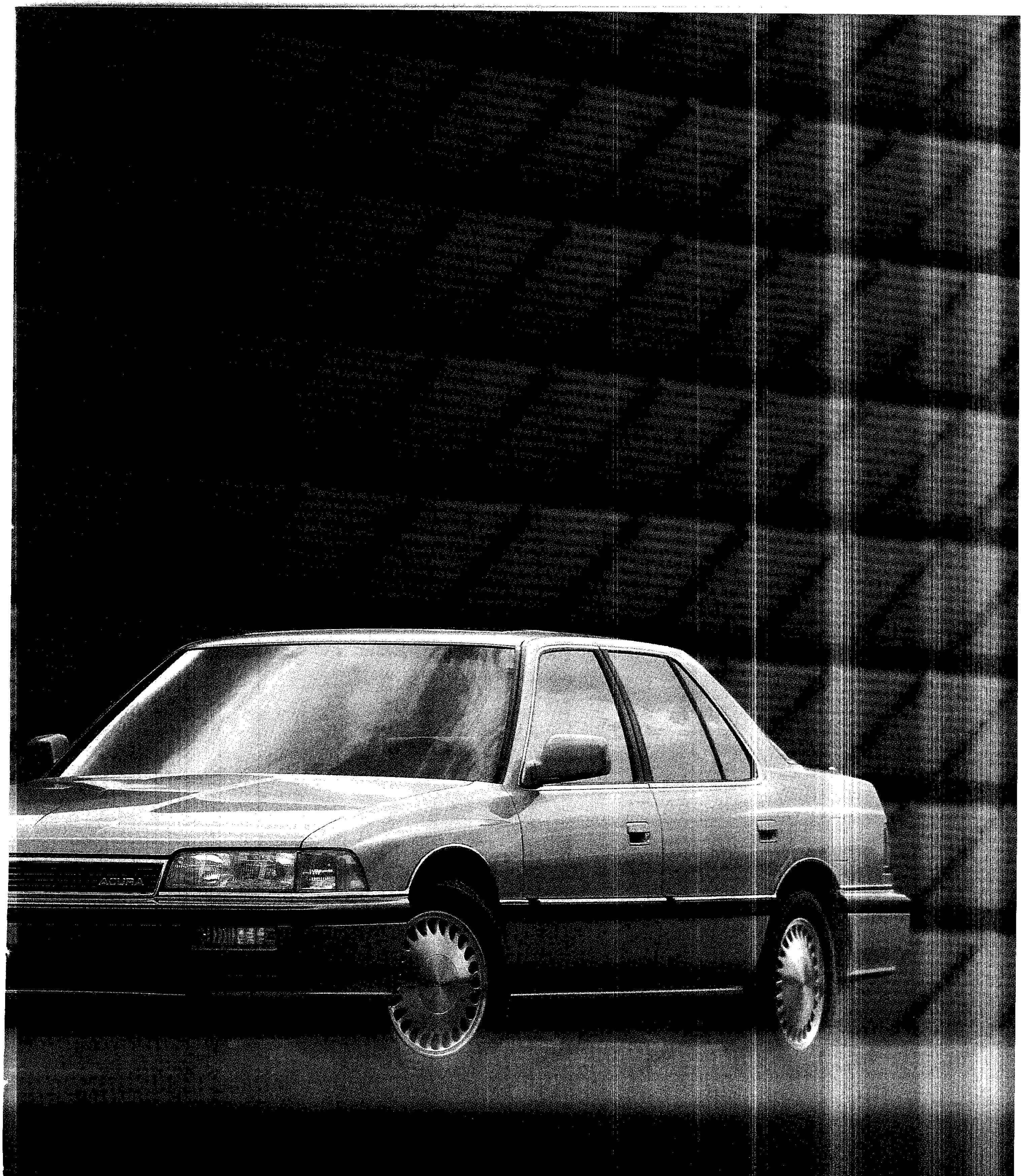
Throughout the coming year, you'll hear car manufacturers wax poetic about their new entries into the luxury automobile market. Keep in mind that, while these automobiles will offer a wide array of new looks, options, and interesting claims, they'll also have one thing in common: an absence of a proven track record.

Acura, on the other hand, provides a slightly different history.

For the past three years, Acura automobiles and dealers have been ranked number one in the prestigious J.D. Power and Associates Customer Satisfaction Index.℠* In fact, Acura has been ranked number one among all automakers, both domestic and import, every single year that it has been eligible.

*©1989 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura and Legend are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. *1987, 1988 & 1989 J.D. Power and Associates Customer Satisfaction Index℠ with product quality and dealer service.*

***Legend L & LS only.*



If that comes as a surprise, you probably haven't sat behind the wheel of an Acura Legend Sedan. Its race-bred 2.7 liter, 24-valve V-6 engine will keep you from getting bored on a lonely straightaway. Its double wishbone suspension will do the same for an ordinary stretch of curves. And with a driver's side airbag (SRS) and available Anti-Lock Brakes** (ALB), the Legend Sedan handles emergencies as well as it handles the road.

While it is certainly true that experiments are necessary to test new technology, your need to participate in them is an entirely different matter.

For more information or the dealer nearest you call 1-800-TO-ACURA.

ACURA
Precision crafted performance.

"Look, honey, the glass slipper still fits."

to meet with someone who's pregnant"), fear of "kidnapping" ("If she knows who I am or where I live, she will haunt my life forever"), fear of intrusion ("If I have contact with her . . . I will never be able to get her out of my life"), fear of facing another's pain and loss ("If I meet her, her pain will overshadow my joy"), fear of being a child thief ("I will feel like I'm stealing her child"), and vague vulnerability ("Are we inviting trouble to have direct contact?").

In her lecture Michelsen went through the list of each person directly involved in an adoption (birth parents, adoptive parents, adoptee) and asked those in the audience about the stereotypes that each role called to mind. She had brought with her several adoptive parents and a birth mother, and asked them to speak, too. The birth mother made an impression on Dan: "The first couple she had interviewed as prospective parents she really liked a lot. She was nervous, a little bit angry that she had to give up this child, and a little bit angry that they could afford the baby. She got over that, and she liked them, and then they got *pregnant* and dumped her. She was incensed. Very vulnerable, an awful situation. She found another family and went with that family, but at that point was sort of angry and would ask, 'So how come you can't have kids? What's wrong with you?' Feeling powerless in her situation, she was striking out. I could see the potential for harm."

In December of 1987, the Stones began to make further inquiries about adoption. Dubroff had given them a list of eleven lawyers and private agencies that might help them with a conventional adoption or with an arrangement in which the lawyer or the agency introduced them to a birth mother and the Jewish Family Service handled the legal adoption. (Massachusetts is one of six states that prohibit private adoptions, and require that independently arranged adoptions be channelled through state-licensed agencies.) The first office Lee and Dan called was that of a Vermont lawyer. He said there was no room either in his adoption pool or on his waiting list. The second was that of a Vermont agency that specialized in teaching prospective adopters how to find a birth mother on their own. Dan said later, "That all sounded pretty grim to me."

Unlike some conventional agencies, the Jewish Family Service didn't require prospective adopters to stop trying to conceive a baby, so at the start of 1988, before trying another round of fertility treatment, Lee and Dan decided to sign up with the Family Service, hoping to work with it and a lawyer. One of the steps in the procedure (as is the case in almost all agencies) was a home study of Dan and Lee—a state requirement that is now used as much to encourage prospective adopters to focus on the particulars of starting or expanding a family through adoption as to screen out those "unfit" to be adoptive parents. For a week in February, Lee was pregnant for the third time, and began to worry that she would give birth to a "genetic disaster." She said, "I would go to the grocery store and I would come home and burst into tears." The day a social worker came to visit Dan and Lee as part of their home study, Lee was miscarrying. She recalled, "Here I am going, 'Excuse me, I just have to go to the bathroom.' " Dan said, "We didn't know whether to tell the social worker. We didn't."

Another tenet of Rochelle Friedman's is that even if a couple can conceive and give birth there is no guarantee that they will produce the child they hope to. After the third miscarriage, Lee and Dan found this thought comforting. They related it to a conviction that Diane Michelsen had expressed in her Jewish Family Service talk a few months before. Dan recounted, "What Diane said is that by doing an open adoption you can have a relationship with the birth mother, and the birth mother with you, that helps deal with these feelings of being out of control." By choosing a birth mother with whom they felt a kinship, they could do for themselves what their genes might not do, even if Lee carried a child of theirs to term. "Species recognition," Dan called this notion. "If you meet someone and you like her, there is something having to do with alikeness and humanness that puts you into an almost familial relationship. That idea relaxed us enormously."

The Family Service list of lawyers had included Michelsen, and Lee and Dan wrote to her in the middle of March, 1988. By return mail, she sent them more information about her practice. Dan's spring vacation was coming up, and on the spur of the moment he suggested that they call Michelsen to set up an appointment with her at her office, in Walnut Creek, near San Francisco. The next week, they flew out West and spent a morning with Michelsen, and hit if off with her at once. The lawyer described as "metaphysical" what would happen between them and a birth mother, and commented that, for people from the East Coast, the Stones had a "high comfort level" about open adoption. The Stones explained that they weren't really Easterners. Lee had grown up as a Denver débutante in what she called "an extremely conservative mainstream Wasp" family, and had transformed herself at "a very progressive hippie" boarding school in Northern California before attending the University of California at Santa Cruz. She had come to Boston in the early seventies, and it had been her base since. Dan had grown up in Santa Barbara. "Our house burned down in 1961 in one of those California fires, and my folks were divorced in 1964, one event leading to the other in my mind," he said. He had graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, worked at adventurous jobs (forest ranger in Central America; group leader on scientific expeditions in Africa; boatman on white-water river trips throughout the American West), and, in the mid-seventies, moved to Boston to go to graduate school at Harvard.

The Stones and Michelsen concentrated on the résumé package, using two thick binders of other people's presentations as illustrations of what worked and what didn't. Lee and Dan had brought some favorite pictures of themselves. Michelsen found them too "clingy," "exclusive," and "camp." She wanted a picture that highlighted a beatific triangle—Lee, Dan, and room for the baby. Lee recalled, "I kept saying, '*Diane*, this is just *media*, this is just *advertising*, we have to *sell* ourselves, we have to give this *incredible* picture—why else would a birth mother pick us?' Diane told us she thought we'd go quickly, as a package, as a commodity."

Dan took a more knowing view of the package. He saw it as a combination of sincerity and artifice: "The idea is that you really want people to know who you are, so you attract like kinds. On the other hand, since you're dealing with a visual medium, and since there's a limited amount of time for people to look at these books, all the contingencies that go into advertising are important. It's the combination of having something utterly crafted and artificial and something quite authentic and personal and true. The two things together were fun to talk about. And also horrifying."

Michelsen told the Stones what had happened in the case of some of the prospective adopters presented in the binders. A couple with a black standard poodle that was shown wearing red sunglasses were picked by a birth mother who loved dogs. A physically unattractive couple who were otherwise appealing were picked by a sexy birth mother, who figured that others might not choose them, and believed they would be great parents. Some adoptions went quickly, in a matter of weeks, but almost everyone who wanted to adopt was able to—within eleven months, on average. When the Stones left Michelsen, they were again elated.

Once they were back home, it took them six weeks to put their package together. When they finished, in the second week of May, Lee wanted to send the statement and pictures to Michelsen immediately: "I'm the pessimist of the two. I said, 'We're never going to get a call. It's going to take a year and a half. Let's just do it.' " Dan realized that once the material was sent they were going to be, for the first time, in a position to have a child. He wanted to hold onto the portfolio for a few days: "The reality of that made me think I had to let go of the feeling of having our own biological child." They waited a week, and then Lee mailed it. She remembers thinking, "The bun is in the oven."

Three weeks later, on the afternoon of Friday, June 10th, Elizabeth Rice reached Lee at home. She said, "Hello, Lee. This is Elizabeth Rice, in Diane Michelsen's office. Good *news* for you. We have a birth mother." Lee froze. Rice continued, "Are you ready? Do you have a pencil? Here's some information about her. She's twenty years old, her name is Peggy Bass, she's got red hair, she describes herself as pear-shaped, she's a singer, she's majoring in marketing, she's an honor student, she's never been married, she's very much involved with her boyfriend, Tom, who is six feet three inches, has brown hair, and was

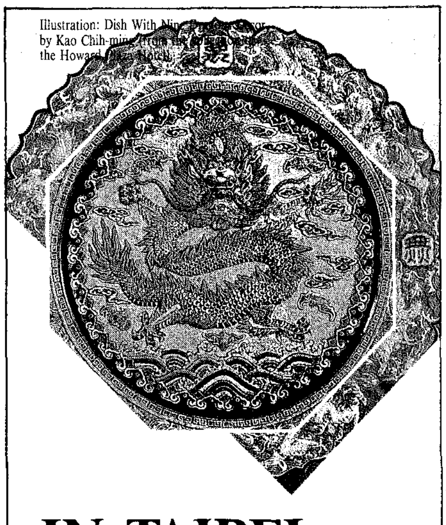


Illustration: Dish With Nine [illegible]
by Kao Chih-ming from the [illegible]
the Howard Plaza Hotel.

IN TAIPEI, CHINESE TRADITIONS LIVE ON

In ancient China, a visitor from afar was warmly received by his host, and treated like royalty. Today, this kind of hospitality is rare indeed.

At the Howard Plaza, however, we believe in such time-honored Chinese traditions.

That's one reason our guests keep coming back — to enjoy the warm hospitality they have found nowhere else in China.

And when you consider the Howard's 606 luxuriously appointed rooms and wide range of modern facilities, the choice is clear.

When in Taipei, experience traditional China at its best —
at the **Howard Plaza.**

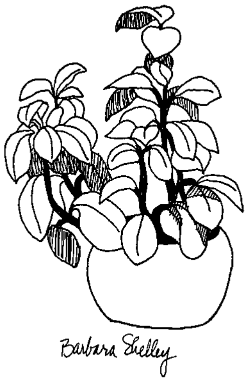
For reservations and information, please contact any KLM Golden Tulip Worldwide Hotel, Distinguished Hotels of the World, Utell Int'l, Supereps Int'l or Delton Reservations. An associate of the Keio Plaza Hotels, Japan.

福華大飯店
Howard Plaza Hotel
TAIPEI
160 Jen Ai Road, Sec. 3, Taipei
Taiwan, Republic of China
Tel: (02)700-2323 Fax: 7000729
Tlx: 10702 HOPLATEL TAIPEI

in a standup-comedy improv group. Peggy would like to call you. I just want to see if it would be O.K. if she called you."

Lee thanked Rice and asked if she could call back. Her first thought had been that a friend from her mind-body group was putting her on. When she decided that the call was real, she panicked. A few days before, she then remembered, she had been out with a pregnant friend and they had gone down a list of traits they hoped their babies wouldn't have. Both had said red hair. Lee called Dan at his office and said, "You are not going to believe this *one*! *You are not going to* believe it! We got a call! What are we going to do? And she's got red hair!"

Dan confirmed the details with Rice, who warned that Peggy had promised to call Michelsen's office back and hadn't, and that he and Lee should be prepared for the possibility that Peggy would never call again. Dan and Lee assumed that they had twenty-four hours to consider Peggy's inquiry and let Rice know whether Peggy should call them. In the meantime, however, Peggy had called Rice back, and Rice had given her the Stones' telephone number. Within two hours of her first contact with Michelsen's office, Peggy called Lee.



Lee said, "Peggy has this very squeaky voice, and she sounded very sweet, and said, 'I'm so glad to have found you.' I said, 'What do you know about us?' " Peggy sketched the events that had led to her call, including Rice's reading aloud their résumé along with two others. Lee said, "I said to myself, 'I bet it was because Dan's a botanist, because that's so exotic.' " Peggy told Lee that she needed to move away from home as soon as possible, and that she was willing to come to Massachusetts. Lee replied, "It's wonderful talking to you, this is so exciting, but I'm so overwhelmed. I really want Dan to be here with me. Can you call at nine o'clock, collect?" Peggy said, "Sure. I get off work then."

In the next several hours, Dan and Lee pieced together a picture of the young woman and the young man who might be the birth parents of their child. "The lawyer had said we had good senses of humor," Dan recalled. "And Peggy had said, 'Oh, great, my boyfriend's a standup comic,' and for the rest of the afternoon I kept thinking that that was odd, but that there was something terrific about it. These qualities welled up, surfaced out of the essential protoplasm of eggs and sperm out there. Ours didn't seem to work together, for whatever reason, but out of all those other eggs and sperm a few qualities emerged: honor student; singer; standup comic."

Dan also found himself thinking about the nature of adoption in a new way. He realized that adoption could be painful for adoptees—that adopted children sometimes asked, "Why me?" His own view of adoptees from his boyhood, he decided, was patronizing. That upset him: "I had some feeling like, Too bad, it's not as good as I have it. I have my own mother, whom I love, and who loves me, and it's really wonderful, and this person doesn't love you as much, probably, and it must be a little cold in there."

By nine o'clock, he had worked himself into a state of intense ambivalence. Peggy did not call at nine, and that made it worse. At nine-fifteen, Lee declared that they had suffered another stroke of bad luck. At nine-twenty, the phone rang. Dan picked up, and it was Peggy. She said, "The baby's been kicking wildly since I talked to your wife!" She called him Mr. Stone.

"You can't call me Mr. Stone," he protested. "You're the mother of my child!"

They both liked that, and Dan thought, he said later, This is good, this is fine, this is wonderful.

Peggy told them that she had been an au-pair girl, and that she was now working in a toy store. Lee kept slipping Dan questions to ask Peggy: "How are you feeling?" "What was it like finding out you were pregnant?" "Did you think you wanted to keep it?" "Describe your background: parents, sisters, brothers." "What would happen if your parents found out?" She whispered to Dan, "Have her send us a picture, so it won't be a shock when we meet!" She handed him more questions: "What will you do after the baby?" "Describe your interests." She repeated, "What will you do after the baby?"

Peggy answered all the questions. She had spent a lot of time with the parents of newborns, she said; those were special times, and she didn't want to interfere with the Stones. After the baby, she went on, she would get back to Wilmington as soon as possible. And she wanted to find out more about Lee and Dan. Did they really want the baby or did it just "fit into their schedule"? Were they happy together or did they hope a baby would "save their marriage"? If the baby turned out to have something wrong with it, would they still adopt it? ("If you want a baby, you want a baby," Peggy observed later. "You don't pick and choose.")

Peggy also told Dan how much she loved Tom. Dan asked her what it would be like to give up the baby and still be with him. Peggy said she didn't believe that the child was meant for them; it was like a package delivered to the wrong address. "I don't want to sound too Goody Two-Shoes, but we think just well enough of ourselves to believe what we're doing is pretty great," Peggy said. To her, giving up the baby for adoption was like donating a kidney to another person. She said, "A part of my life is going to be a permanent part of yours." Peggy also said that she was willing to go on welfare in order to keep her living expenses down during the last two months of pregnancy and qualify for state payment of her hospital bills.

The conversation lasted about half an hour. It was fluid, light, intense, and pleasing to all of them. By the end of it, Peggy felt that she had really connected with Dan, and Dan was confident that he could go through with an adoption. He suggested that they all meet soon.

The following Wednesday, Lee and Dan got a letter from Peggy. Enclosed was a sonogram image of the fetus, taken at twenty-seven weeks and four days. "Dear Dan and Lee," the letter began. "I'm dashing this off right after having talked to you. I am so happy to have found you all. This is so perfect it is obviously meant to be, this child will have the most wonderful parents in the whole world, and I got to match you all up." The letter reported that the baby was physically very active, and said, "You all are so lucky that you aren't doing the hatching of this one, Lee would be black and blue." It also

The Avis Ownership Advantage...

Great Rates And Free Unlimited Mileage.

$98-$119
a week

Subcompact 2-door car. Unlimited mileage. Airport locations only. Optional LDW $10.95/day or less. Sat. night overstay, 3-day advance booking and 5-day min. rental required. Limited availability at this rate. Ask for Rate Code HS.

$25-$35
a weekend day

Full-size 4-door car.
Unlimited mileage. Optional LDW $11.95/day or less. Thurs./Fri. rentals require a Fri. night overstay.
Limited availability at this rate.
Ask for Rate Code XS.

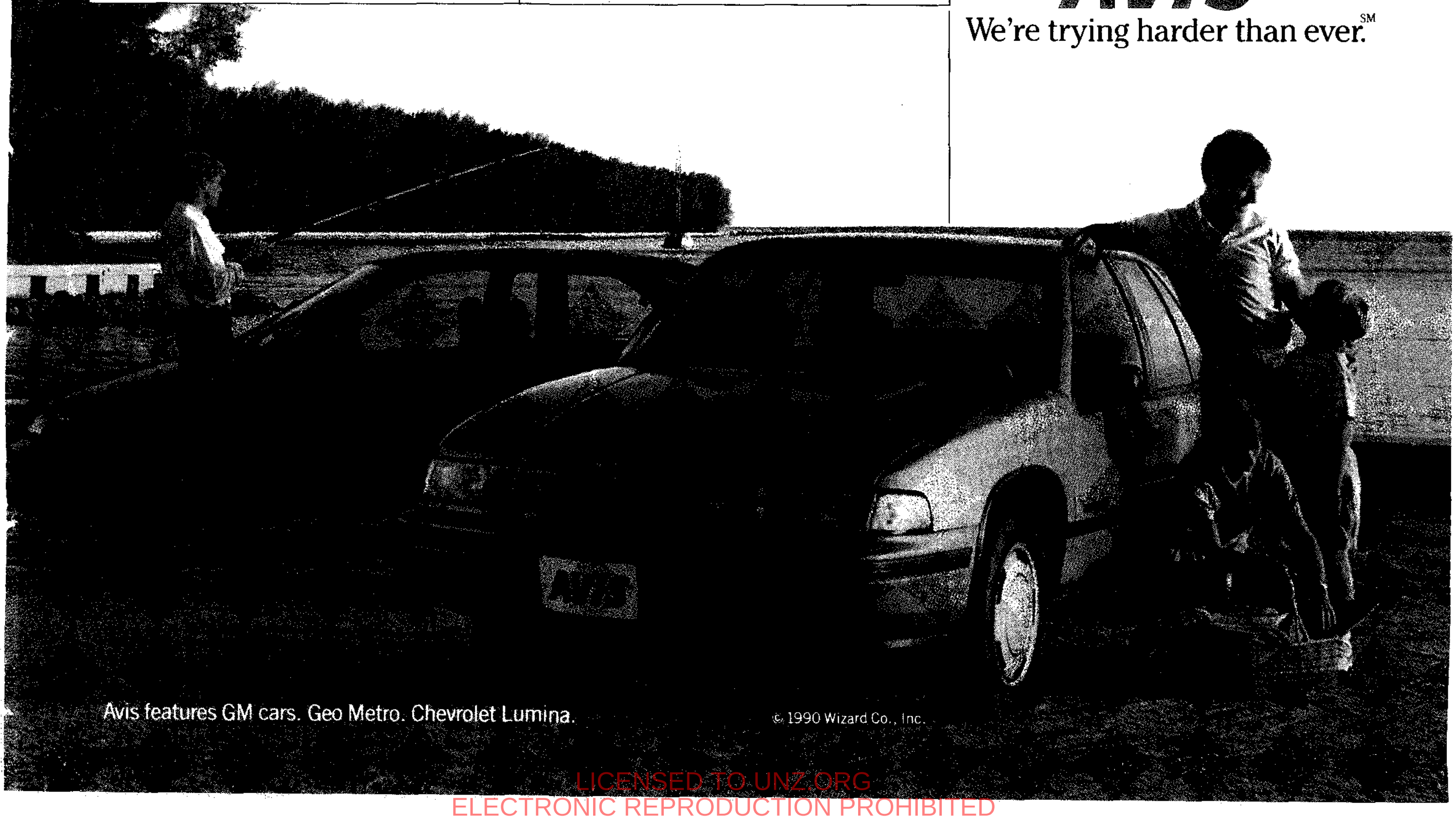
Now, the employee-owners of Avis, Inc. make our competitive rates go even farther. Because now you don't pay a cent for mileage. No matter how far you drive. That's what we mean when we say, "We're trying harder than ever."

To get these rates, here are some things you should know. These rates and cars are subject to availability at participating U.S. corporate and licensee locations and may not be available during peak periods of demand. Rates are nondiscountable and may vary by location (rate not available in Metro N.Y., N.Y. State, Ill. or Phila.).

Maximum rental period may apply on weekly rates. Cars must be returned to renting location. Weekend daily rates apply Thurs. noon-Mon. midnight. Blackout periods apply. There is no refueling charge if you return your tank full. Renter must meet Avis age, driver and credit requirements. There is an extra charge for additional drivers, local taxes, optional Personal Accident Insurance, Personal Effects Protection and Additional Liability Insurance, where available. To get the Avis advantage, call **1-800-331-1212** or your travel consultant today.

AVIS®

We're trying harder than ever.℠



Avis features GM cars. Geo Metro. Chevrolet Lumina.

© 1990 Wizard Co., Inc.

said, “Your baby has been kicking nonstop, it literally shook change from my pants pocket.”

The letter gave some background on Peggy and Tom: Tom was Thomas C. Spaeth, Jr. (“C is for Carter, yes like the President”); everyone in Peggy’s family had Morris for a middle name (“I don’t know why”); she and Tom loved “children, animals, doll houses, toys, kaleidoscopes, cooking (me), eating (him), ‘Far Side’ comics, music (him), operettas (me), Redskins (us), purple, high-tech equipment (him).” Peggy wrote, “I think I’m very funny, but I let Tom take all the credit.” As a postscript, she wrote, “By the way, I hope you all are dark-haired because I ain’t birthin’ no blonde.” Lee and Dan were completely taken with the letter. It did for Lee what the phone conversation with Peggy had done for Dan. “When I got to ‘Your baby,’ ” Lee said, “I lost it.”

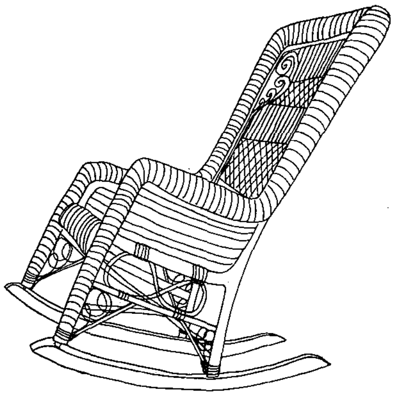
Saturday, June 18th, the Stones flew to Washington, D.C., to meet Peggy and Tom, who got there by train. They had arranged a rendezvous at National Airport at one o’clock. Dan and Lee arrived early. As they tried to pick Peggy and Tom out of the crowd, Dan took some pictures of a wall clock, showing 12:55, 1:12, 1:19. Around one-thirty, Peggy and Tom arrived, holding hands.

Peggy is of medium height. Beneath curly red hair she has a round, freckled face. Her chin is pronounced, and the crest of her upper lip (she calls it her beak) juts out slightly. She was wearing black stretch pants, a turquoise smock with black stripes, a white Japanese baseball jacket, and a baseball cap. Her glasses, which were oversized, rested near the tip of her nose. Tom is a head taller than Peggy. He has dark, wide-set eyes, which give him a brooding look, and mild acne covered by a close-cropped beard. He was wearing bluejeans and an open-neck shirt and, like Peggy, black Chinese slippers. To the Stones, both looked very young.

Lee has a patrician face, with a fine nose and jaw, and alert blue eyes. She is about Peggy’s height, has a long, quick stride, and is slim and beautiful. She was wearing a collarless print dress of pink, blue, and green. Dan is three inches taller than Lee. He has an oblong face, a long nose, and a thick, trim beard, and his brown hair is cut short on top. When he smiles, his face mobilizes. Otherwise, he has a bemused, sober look. Like Tom, he was wearing jeans and an open-neck shirt.

Peggy felt the baby kick as soon as she noticed Lee and Dan, she said. Lee and Dan sized up the way Peggy and Tom were dressed, and, Lee said later, thought, *Total* species recognition. Lee walked up to Peggy and, hugging her, said, “I’m a *blonde!*” Peggy reacted shyly. On the phone and in her letter she had seemed fresh and ebullient. Dan found her cool and official in person. Lee and Dan felt like the youngsters meeting the established couple. While they looked to Peggy and Tom to be about the age they had put on their résumé (late thirties, or old enough to have had three miscarriages and “to be able to afford an adoption”), they also seemed tired and strung out. The first thing they all talked about was whether the others had eaten. Lee said she was starved; Peggy handed her some grapes, and she polished off the bunch.

On the subway into Washington, the men stood and the women sat. They all talked about a recent exhibition of Georgia O’Keeffe’s paintings at the National Gallery of Art, and, in part because each exchange seemed potentially so revealing, the conversation felt like work. Peggy remarked that her father knew Randy Newman, a songwriter whom Lee and Dan liked, and Lee kicked Dan. “Randy Newman! Kaboom!” Dan said later. They went to the Old Post Office–Pavilion, on Pennsylvania Avenue, and split up to buy different kinds of fast food. (Peggy and Dan chose Indian, Lee chose Mexican, and Tom chose a hamburger.) When they joined up again, they weren’t sure what to do: there were no tables available on the plaza outside, where they had hoped to eat, and it was windy and felt chilly; neither couple knew whether the other would be comfortable sitting on the ground. They ended up on a nearby stone curb surrounding the arcade of the Internal Revenue Service Building, not far from where a steel band was playing.



Peggy started up the conversation. She said she wanted to ask a lot of “June Cleaver-y questions” (what kind of house the Stones lived in, whether they had a yard), but Lee and Dan didn’t hear many questions. According to them, Peggy delivered a monologue about her pregnancy and some of her views on child rearing (she hoped that they wouldn’t push the baby too fast and that Lee wouldn’t work full time), and didn’t ask them about themselves. It occurred to Dan that he hadn’t planned well for the meeting, and that, beyond learning some basics (he asked whether Peggy’s and Tom’s families had histories of any striking genetically inherited traits or illnesses, and was told of baldness on both sides), he didn’t know what he wanted to talk about with them. Lee and Dan considered the meeting a chance for all of them to decide whether they wanted to go ahead with an adoption; the reason for pursuing it openly was to feel that they had a choice. Peggy and Tom seemed to have made up their minds. Peggy said again that she needed to leave Wilmington, and that she could be ready to go within days. Lee was struck by how elegantly Peggy sat, in a lotuslike position. Seeing how well she carried herself and how hard it was to tell that she was pregnant, Lee and Dan let go of some doubts they had had about her statement that her family didn’t know.

Tom said little most of the time the four were together. Toward the end, he made a short speech. He said that he and Peggy didn’t expect to be involved with the Stones after the adoption; they didn’t want to know a lot about the child, although they were willing to keep in touch if Lee and Dan wished to. But they had one request: if the child died, they wanted to know about it; they didn’t want to imagine the child living if it was gone. He and Peggy had already written letters to the baby, Tom said, and they wanted to pass the letters on through Lee and Dan. Tom said he had a final question. Did Lee and Dan love each other? “I tend to put paper and flowers over everything,” Peggy said later. “Tom tends to scrape paper and flowers off.” Dan said that Tom’s was a good question, and that they did, very much.

Peggy and Tom liked the Stones a

lot, and Peggy decided to send them a subscription to the magazine *American Baby*. Peggy thought she had seen in Lee's eyes the "hungry look" that "needs to be there when you want to be a mom." Tom felt that he could trust them to take care of Peggy in Massachusetts while she was away from him.

Lee and Dan concluded that Peggy and Tom were "extraordinary." Lee said, "We were very happy." The conversation had lasted most of the afternoon.

On Monday, Peggy told her parents that she had got an offer to work in Boston for the summer, dividing her time between babysitting and doing telemarketing for a real-estate database firm. Peggy had been on a jet only once, when she went with Tom's family to Disney World, in Florida, the previous October; she spoke of the Boston experience as a chance to travel before settling down to full-time work after graduation the following year. Her parents gave their approval. To make the job seem real to them, Peggy pretended to speak by phone with a professor of hers who she said had arranged the job. On the other end of the line, Tom played the part of the professor. Two days later Peggy left for Boston.

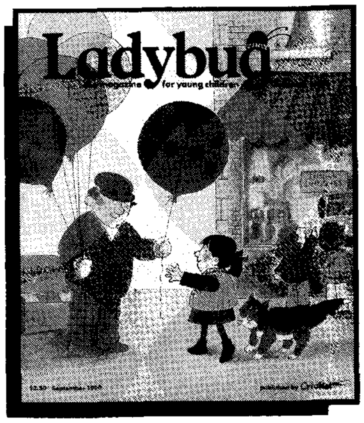
PEGGY had guessed that Boston would be colder than Wilmington in the summer. She arrived at Logan Airport, around one-thirty in the afternoon, wearing her Japanese baseball jacket on top of several other layers, and the temperature was ninety-one degrees. Thrusting her belly forward as Lee came to greet her, Peggy exclaimed, "I'm pregnant!" They drove to the Back Bay. The Stones had arranged for Peggy to stay with Jim and Dina Rose, the friends whose adoption of a baby boy the summer before had encouraged them to write to the Colombian agency. The Roses warned the Stones that their friendship with each other might be tested if Peggy stayed with them and eventually decided not to give up the baby—a choice that the Roses felt was still Peggy's to make. They were also uncomfortable having Peggy with them under false pretenses and said that if Peggy's parents ever asked them directly what she was really doing in Boston they would tell the truth. Because of the Roses' affection for the Stones, they expressed concern about the openness of the adoption. But they were eager to help their friends.

Lee and Dan had told Peggy that she should stay with the Roses only if she was at ease there. Peggy's first impression was that the Roses had the most beautiful home she had ever seen: a three-story Victorian brick town house furnished with antique, modern, and postmodern pieces and a collection of old and contemporary clocks. After Lee and Peggy arrived, Dina showed Peggy her room, and then, to break the ice, the three women played with the baby, Jacob. "I got down on the floor and picked at his toes, which you do with little kids," Peggy said. She unpacked a white bunny for Dan and Lee to have for the new baby and some VCR tapes from Tom ("Winnie the Pooh," "Mary Poppins," and "Fantasia"). Dina said later, "I knew I had a friend when Lee came back and said, 'Peggy wants to know, Is it O.K. for her to do laundry and put your laundry in with hers?' "

That night, Lee and Dan took Peggy out for dinner and a tour of Boston. She talked about Tom a lot, and phoned him from a Thai restaurant, where they had dinner. The Stones took her out for dinner the next night, too. The following day (Friday, June 24th), they left for fifteen days of field work in the West and the Northwest, as they had told Peggy they were going to do. They phoned Peggy from Flagstaff, Arizona, on Sunday, but then, while they were moving between sites in British Columbia, Alaska, and Montana, they didn't call again for two weeks. Dan explained, "The work was very hard, very absorbing, very compelling, and there was also the pleasure of being off together alone, and not having to deal with the real world. It was fun. I think we were a little irresponsible, in fact."

In Boston, Peggy settled into a routine. During the morning, after Jim left for work at his law firm, Peggy often took Jacob to a playground, leaving Dina free for projects of her own. In the afternoon, Jacob stayed with Dina while Peggy put on a backpack and walked around the city. She liked to hang out on Washington Street, near an entrance to the discount basement of Filene's department store; it reminded her of Wilmington. If she didn't feel well, she stayed in and napped. Several times, Peggy went out to the Jewish Family Service, in Framingham, to meet with a social

Introducing
Ladybug
the new magazine for children ages 2 to 7 from CRICKET magazine



Discover...
the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities.

"LADYBUG is the happiest news for youngest readers, preschoolers, and their parents. In addition to a solid foundation of expertise in early childhood education, it's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind. LADYBUG sets a bright new standard of excellence."
—Lloyd Alexander,
author/Newbery medalist

Give...
your young child the best possible start on the path to becoming a successful and enthusiastic reader.

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City, State, Zip ____________________

LADYBUG, Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322
1-800-BUG PALS
(1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)
5LAC2

"What do cats want?"

• •

worker. Most nights, she and the Roses ate together after Jacob went to sleep. "It really was bizarre what a comfortable little arrangement it was," Jim said.

Toward the start of July, Peggy met Colleen Rule, a midwife, who was a friend of the Stones. Colleen had encouraged the Stones to think about adopting, and when they got back from meeting Peggy and Tom in Washington Lee had asked Colleen if she would take Peggy as a patient. Colleen explained, "I said yes, and afterward I was scared. I said, 'Am I too much into this?' " Colleen discussed the situation with a couple of colleagues, and decided that it was all right to do it: "I told Peggy that Lee and Dan were my friends, which she already knew, but that that had nothing now to do with our relationship, and that nothing she ever said in my office would ever go outside the office unless she wished it to. I saw that Lee was very right in her assessment of this girl. She was an incredibly put-together twenty-year-old, and had really thought things through."

Lee and Dan got back on July 9th, and a couple of days later they came over to the Roses' house for a reunion and pizza. Peggy made an announcement: her due date had been moved up two weeks, to August 16th. She also gave Lee and Dan their first inkling that, despite her composure, she had sometimes been struggling in Boston. As she had done in Washington the month before, she launched into a monologue. At first, the others tried to turn it into a conversation, but Peggy seemed to need to get things off her chest. In contrast to what she had told Dan when they first spoke by phone, she said that she did not want to go on welfare to help cover the costs of her stay in Boston. The Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare stipulated that to qualify for state aid she must say she was keeping the baby, she had learned, and she didn't want to tell a lie. She had been a hall monitor in elementary school, she said, and couldn't stand doing anything wrong. Besides, she was afraid of creating a record that might find its way to her parents and tip them off about her pregnancy. She also shared some of her fantasies about the baby. One was "This baby will come see me, and will be really disappointed, because I won't be as great as it imagined." Mostly, she complained about the social worker assigned to her at the Jewish Family Service, calling her "the social worker from Hell."

Jim was uncomfortable with this monologue, but barely spoke. As Peggy grew more agitated, Dina thought she sounded nervous and mechanical. Lee didn't know whether to express support for Peggy, to ask neutral questions, or to keep quiet. Unnerved, she found herself playing Peggy's chorus as Peggy attacked the social worker. Dan was troubled by what he heard, but held his tongue. "I watched this person say a lot of things that were very disturbing," he said. "Under ordinary circumstances, I would ask some questions and try to straighten it out and help in whatever way I could. In this situation, I didn't think it was my role to try to put her in touch with her feelings, the way I might with a friend."

Peggy's social worker was Elayna Kirschtel, a twenty-seven-year-old woman with a master's degree from Rutgers, who had been with the Jewish Family Service for ten months when Peggy became her client. Previously, Kirschtel had worked as a counsellor to the elderly and to troubled families, for two and a half years, and had served an adoption interneship during graduate school. She is conscientious and even-tempered, and she found Peggy intelligent, determined, and expressive. Peggy told the social worker how lonely and unsupported she had felt back home, as a result of her decision not to tell her family, and obliquely she communicated a sense of shame about being pregnant. "Peggy was the good child," Kirschtel said later. "All of a sudden, she did this bad thing. She would never say that, but it seemed that way." Occasionally, Peggy would let her guard down with the social worker, weep inconsolably, and then seem unreachable while she rebuilt her defenses. "Peggy was fully armored," Kirschtel observed, "and she donned her armor for a specific reason. Everything she did seemed to be measured against the standard of what would be best for the baby. She had really thought through this process. My concern was that her plan was so rigid."

Kirschtel's approach to Peggy's case reflected the views of her boss, Paul Dubroff. He had approved of the Washington meeting between the Stones and Peggy and Tom, and after that he had advised the Stones to have no more contact with the birth mother. When Lee told Dubroff that she was picking Peggy up at the airport, he said that it was time for her and Dan to separate from Peggy. Lee remembers thinking, "Separate! We've only met this woman once, for four hours!" Dan called Diane Michelsen for a second opinion, and she advised them to do what they wanted. "If you trust, you get trusted back," she said.

Dubroff's view was determined by one major and some minor concerns. He wanted to protect what he called the "integrity of the surrender," meaning Peggy's eventual decision to place the baby for adoption. By Massachusetts law, she couldn't sign papers surrendering the baby until ninety-six hours after the birth. Dubroff felt that it was his job to protect her from any kind of inducement to give up the baby, including the cocoonlike pleasures of a temporary, perhaps even false, friendship with Lee and Dan. He also had their interests in mind. The Jewish Family Service had previously taken part in one potential open adoption. During the last months of pregnancy, the birth mother had lived with the prospective adopters, and the three had grown very close. When the birth mother changed her mind and kept the baby, Dubroff said later, the couple were devastated.

Peggy said, "Coercion was a major thing for them—that I would feel I owed it to Dan and Lee to give them the baby. Tom and I felt that that was ridiculous, because we didn't feel we owed it to Dan and Lee. It was Dan and Lee's baby. We had picked them. It wasn't, Gee, they took me to the movies, I'll have to give them my first-born child! It wasn't that kind of situation." Peggy scorned each of the ways the agency was concerned that Lee and Dan might sway her ("If they crossed my palm with gold," she said about one, "that would have been it"), and especially put down Elayna's role. "Elayna

LET AN OLD FRIEND TAKE YOU TO A PLACE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN.

TWA Getaway is proud to introduce its 1990 First Class programs to Africa, India, Australia, Egypt and Israel.

India
9 to 23 day escorted tours to India and Nepal, including Delhi, Agra and Jaipur, starting at **$799.**

AFRICA
10 to 16 day escorted safaris to Kenya with Tanzania and Kenya coast extensions, starting at **$1399.**

Australia & New Zealand
8 to 24 day escorted and hosted tours to Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti. Optional extension to Fiji available. Starting at **$674*.**

Israel
11 to 15 day escorted tours to Israel, including Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and the Dead Sea, starting at **$579.**

Egypt
9 to 14 day escorted tours to Egypt including Cairo, Luxor, Aswan, most with Nile Cruises, starting at **$638.**

Call 1-800-GETAWAY
or your travel agent

TWA Getaway® Vacations
TWA

All prices are per person based on double occupancy. All transfers, taxes, baggage handling and tips included. For all prices featured: Prices are subject to availability and vary by departure date. Cancellation charges and restrictions apply. Advance booking is requested. Airfare not included.
*Valid for travel until 11/1/90 when booked and paid in full on/before 9/30/90

Hartmann solves the case.

The mystery of where your conference reports are has ended. Scotland Yard would be proud of this executive case. Inside, a multi-pocket organizer and a divider with its own zippered compartment. Outside, a combination lock. How does Hartmann put so much into such a small case? Elementary.

hartmann®
Handcrafted since 1877.™

Send for a list of your nearest Hartmann dealers, Dept 5N25 © 1988 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

was basically a textbook social worker," she said. "It was a joke with Dan and Lee and me: 'Can we work up some grief here so Elayna will feel like she's social-working?' The whole denial process! She would ask me, 'Are you denying that you're giving up the baby?' I was *living* with it *every day*."

On July 12th, the day after the reunion over pizza, the Massachusetts Office for Children held a one-day hearing on amending its regulations concerning the licensing of adoption agencies. Among other topics, the hearing addressed proposed new limits on the amount of financial help that agencies (and prospective adopters) could give birth mothers for expenses related to adoptions. The practices of some private agencies in the state (meeting birth mothers at the airport in limousines, helping them pay their college tuition) had drawn the spotlight to gray-market adoptions: not black-market deals, or outright baby-selling, but arrangements that could be described as ethically ambiguous. Dina Rose attended the hearing, and was especially touched by the testimony of a birth mother who sat next to the witness table while someone else read her statement. For Dina the lesson of the day was that wherever a birth mother lived during her pregnancy she had to feel supported and cared for, and free to keep or to give up the baby after the birth.

Dina discussed the hearing with Jim and, the next morning, made a speech to Peggy. The gist of it was that while she respected Peggy's reasons for planning to give the baby to Lee and Dan she recognized that she and Jim had a conflict of interest: they were housing the birth mother but clearly wanted the baby to go to their friends. Dina said, "It is important for me that you know that you are completely free to change your mind at any time, and that you are under no obligation whatsoever, not only not to Dan and Lee but not to us, either, to go through with this adoption." Peggy's eyes filled with tears.

Through the rest of July, Lee and Dan saw Peggy about once a week. They had dinner together and went to the movies; she called them when she had technical questions about adoption which the Jewish Family Service couldn't answer. Toward the end of this period, Dan went away for ten days of field work, and Lee left Boston for a long weekend. The Roses were Peggy's anchor. Peggy made Elayna a regular topic of conversation with them. Jim remarked that Elayna and Peggy sounded like a mismatch: the social worker was asking all the right questions but was irritating the birth mother. Peggy also seemed to be provoking Elayna: reënacting one session, Peggy had herself looking at her watch during their meetings, to signal that she had reached her limit.

As far as the Roses could tell, Peggy never reconsidered her decision to give up the baby. One reason, Dina decided, was that Peggy was a person of her word. For Jim there was a more telling explanation. Peggy's relationship to Lee and Dan—the phone calls, the meeting in Washington, their small world in Boston—had a distorted, hazy quality, a kind of buzz. Jim thought that the birth mother and the prospective adopters were falling in love.

Dan said, "Peggy went to tremendous lengths to make us feel like parents and put us in touch with issues and make us think about what mattered to

We've just uncovered one o

All-new Cutlass Supreme Convertible

Introducing a car you just can't top. The 1990 Cutlass Supreme™ convertible. It's got a 3.1-liter V6 with multiport fuel injection. Four-wheel disc brakes and four-wheel independent suspension. A rear window made of glass, not plastic, for better visibility. The full back seat has room for three. More than most convertibles, for more fun. And the support bar adds structural stability while minimizing wind on passengers.

And now you can uncover one of

us, in this really amazing and gentle and wonderful way. It made her feel great to have us feel excited about her pregnancy. We could experience the pregnancy of our child, and she could experience the pleasure of being pregnant because it was our child. It was the perfect match—not something that we even fantasized about but something that she constructed and we were very happy to go along with."

One of the provisions Peggy made for Lee and Dan was that they be with her for the birth. The midwife, Colleen Rule, initially vetoed the idea. Her main objection was that Lee, as a prenatal nurse, would be too preoccupied with the details of delivery: "I thought Lee would watch the fetal monitor and every time it dipped would go, 'Oh, my God, my kid's I.Q. just fell another couple of points.' " She was also opposed because, at the hospital where she worked, no adoptive parents had ever been with a birth mother at the birth.

Soon after Peggy became her patient, another longtime patient came to see Colleen. The woman had three children and, the year before, had given birth to a fourth child, in New York State, and had relinquished it to infertile friends who lived there. When Colleen mentioned Peggy's proposal to her, this woman thought it was a fine idea. The adoptive mother had been present at the New York birth, and that had made her feel she was really the baby's mother, and had relieved the birth mother of the sense that she had to respond to the baby's every need. The woman was pregnant again, with a baby for some friends in Washington State, and this time both adoptive parents were going to be with her at the birth. "I got a totally inside scoop," Colleen said, and she changed her mind.

On August 2nd, Lee and Dan learned about another provision that Peggy had made for them. Her due date was approaching, and the three felt the need to make some mental preparations for the birth. They felt awkward going to a class for couples, so they arranged for a private tutorial with a nurse. The teacher started with the female anatomy and how it changed during a pregnancy. Peggy acted cute and precocious, showing off what she already knew. The teacher taught some breathing techniques for Peggy to use during labor contractions, and all three practiced them. Peggy announced that she was going to give birth naturally: no anesthesia; squatting for delivery; chanting a mantra to distract herself from the pain.

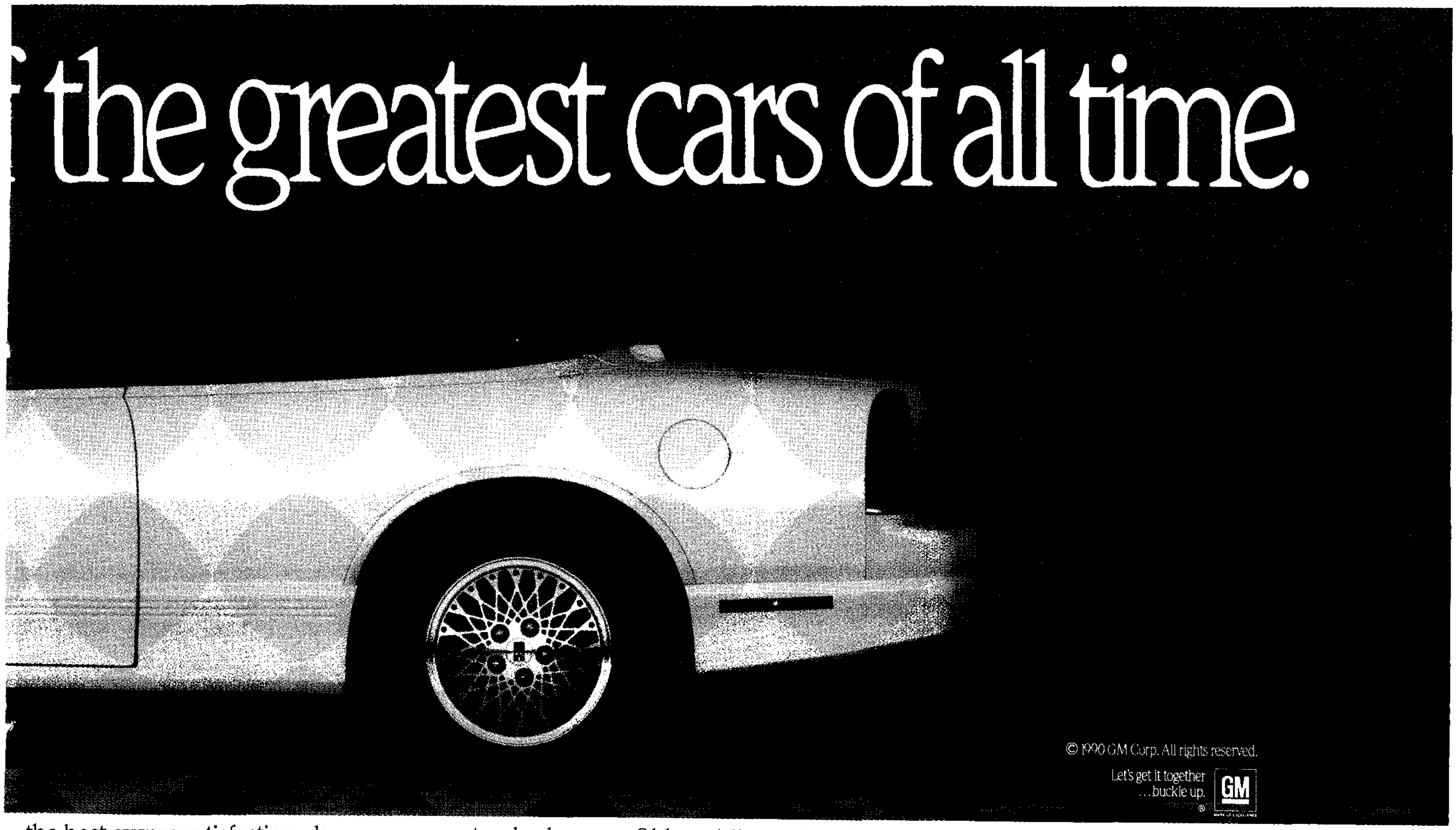
Peggy found it endearing that Dan took the class so seriously, and she was surprised at how little he knew about childbirth; for example, he didn't know that the uterus is a muscle. In the meantime, Dan and Lee were trying to hide how overwhelmed they were by emotions loosed during the class.

Dan said, "Here we were spending all our time with this pregnant woman, and it was wonderful, and yet this was the first time we were walking into the belly of the monster. A little blithely, I thought we could take anything. It was somehow like we were giving birth. This was the first time it was obvious—we weren't."

Lee said, "I thought, I should be doing this. Tears just streamed out. It wasn't my experience."

The nurse asked, "After the baby is born, it's going to go to you, Lee?"

Lee said, "No, it's going to Peg-


the greatest cars of all time.
© 1990 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Let's get it together ...buckle up.
GM

the best owner satisfaction plans ever: the *Oldsmobile Edge*. It's a comprehensive owner satisfaction plan designed to make Oldsmobile® the industry leader in total customer satisfaction. And it's standard on any Oldsmobile you buy.*

To find out more about it, or about the 1990 Cutlass Supreme convertible, just stop by your nearest Olds dealer. Or simply call toll-free *1-800-242-OLDS*, Monday-Friday, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. EST.

*Fleet and lease vehicles excluded.

The New Generation of Oldsmobile

gy." The nurse looked from one woman to the other.

"No, it's going to Lee," Peggy said. "I've already signed the paper." Peggy said she wanted the baby to go to Lee first, because she wanted the baby's first smell to be of its mother.

Lee recalled, "I had this image of taking a kitten from its mother, and I thought of how horrible that is. I couldn't get that out of my head."

The Roses went away on August 6th for three weeks of vacation. Peggy continued to stay at their house, but now she and the Stones were together almost every day. "Things got very obscure, because of the intensity we felt for her," Lee said.

Dan said, "Whatever kinds of worries we had about being close, all that went out the window. There was no choice at this point. We were involved enough to be concerned about her as a person. She had nobody else in town."

Lee said, "We wanted to provide for her and take care of her. I wasn't fully tuned in to the fact that she was giving us this baby."

Around August 8th, Miriam Cato, a woman in Lee's mind-body group, asked if she might meet Peggy. Cato was considering adoption, and thought Peggy might help her get over some fears about it. Dan was strongly against the meeting. It made sense for him and Lee to know Peggy, because they were going to be the adoptive parents. It made sense for the Roses to know her, because they had housed her. But Peggy was not going to be a regular part of the lives of any of them, and any meetings between her and other friends would have a voyeuristic quality. "Checking out the genes," they called it. Lee agreed, and they didn't raise the subject with Peggy.

One night soon afterward, Peggy came to dinner at Lee and Dan's. It was the first time Peggy had been to their house, and she said she loved it. The Stones lived in a large three-bedroom condominium in a red brick building on a quiet street near Coolidge Corner, in Brookline. The condo was a relaxed, orderly showplace for various serious, goofy, and lovely finds: antique porcelain plates, foreign soapboxes, postcards with scenes from the nineteen-fifties, and lots of kitsch. On the sill above the kitchen sink were families of Carrot people, penguins, Gumby dolls, and Conehead candles. Nearby were a quartet of red plastic Esso penny banks and, hanging on a wall one above the other, a couple of cat clocks with tails and eyes that ticked like metronomes. The Stones slept on a futon next to a fireplace, in part of a double living room that was filled with fine pieces of antique wooden furniture. The room that got the heaviest traffic was the kitchen. It had a soft couch under a large window in one corner, a kilim rug on a natural-oak floor, and, on a wall of exposed brick, an outline of the Rocky Mountains in white neon.

The three arrived together, and Lee flipped on the telephone-answering machine to listen to messages. Miriam Cato said on the machine, "Lee, I hope Dan has changed his mind about Peggy." Lee turned the machine off. Peggy looked bewildered. To all of them the message was suggesting that Dan was having second thoughts about Peggy as their birth mother. He felt obliged to explain: "Miriam wanted to meet you, and we didn't want to put you through this, and I wasn't sure I wanted to do this with our friends," he said. "How do you feel about it?"

Peggy said she was eager: "If I can help any of your friends, by all means." Continuing her effort to prepare Lee and Dan for their child, she asked what last name they planned to give the baby. Stone? Duncan-Stone? (Lee's legal surname is Duncan.) They didn't know.

On Wednesday, August 10th, the three went to an educational movie called "Labors of Love," whose opening scenes showed four couples with new babies, graphic pictures of labor, and then couples embracing. "I don't think that there is anything like it in the world," one new mother said in the movie. "I always knew that childbirth was a really magnificent thing. . . . But until you go through it yourself I don't think there's really a way to describe it to someone else." The movie made Lee and Dan feel excluded by depicting an experience they couldn't have, and made Peggy feel lonely and frightened. The three left early.

On Saturday, the thirteenth, Lee and Peggy had brunch with Miriam Cato. Miriam recalled, "I was so nervous. I didn't know what I wanted her to be. I didn't believe that she was doing this—that you could go through a summer like this, and stay with friends of the couple to whom you were going to give your baby, and then give them your baby. Peggy said she felt wonderful doing this. She wished she could be in charge of this sort of thing to counsel other birth mothers. She said, 'I would do it for *you*. Someone will do it for you.' "

Lee said later, "Miriam started sobbing, I started sobbing, and Peggy started sobbing, and Peggy said, 'Would you girls stop it! I don't want to sob!' We were total basket cases, and here was Peggy talking about why pregnancy wasn't that big a deal. Miriam and I were kicking each other under the table, and pinching each other's thighs."

Driving away, Peggy said to Lee, "I'm the adoption fairy!"

Peggy often felt sick and heavy in Boston, and she was constantly bothered by the heat. (The daily high temperature in August was rarely below ninety, and both the city and the state issued warnings against going outdoors unless it was truly necessary.) The coolest place to spend the days was at the movies, and she and the Stones went often. On the thirteenth, Dan's older brother, Aaron, arrived from California to lend support. At Dan's suggestion, and with Peggy's gratitude, Aaron moved into the Roses' house to keep her company. On the fifteenth, Lee and Dan didn't see Peggy, and on the sixteenth, Peggy's due date, Lee and Peggy went to look at some Rothko murals at the Sackler Museum, at Harvard. Then they went to a cookout with Dan and Aaron at the home of some of their relatives, who had a swimming pool; unabashed, Peggy floated in it belly up.

On the seventeenth, Peggy thought that she was going into labor. She reached Dan at his office to let him know, and he was out the door in seconds. It was a false alarm. The midwife had told Peggy to come in for a checkup if she started having contractions every ten minutes, and Lee had noticed that their punctual arrival seemed to be determined by Peggy's close attention to the clock. Peggy's spirits plummeted. She wanted to go home. School would start in two weeks, she said, and a delay in the birth might get her caught. Thursday, the eighteenth, was another day of frustration for Peggy. On Friday, she asked to be left alone.

On Saturday, the twentieth, the three Stones and Peggy sat around the Roses' bedroom with the air-conditioner on, kidding one another and passing the time. Peggy watched a videotape of the movie "Manhunter"; she had half-jokingly chosen its theme song, by the heavy-metal group Iron Butterfly, as the theme music for the birth. She spoke about her family, saying that she had told them she was serving as the labor coach for the impending delivery of a pregnant friend. When Lee and Aaron went downstairs to prepare dinner, Dan said there was something important he wanted to talk about. He asked Peggy if she had thought about the kind of contact she would like to have with him and Lee after the birth. Peggy said she wanted them to do whatever they thought was right. The kind of contact they should have was a "parental call." She went on to say something different from what she and Tom had said in Washington: She would understand if they cut off contact with her, but if they were willing she wanted to stay in touch and know as much as possible about the baby.

Lee rejoined them, and empathized with Peggy as a mother losing her child. "One of the painful parts of the adoption is that the baby didn't come out of Agency Heaven," Dan said later. "It didn't drop from the sky. There's not this anonymous woman out there but this flesh-and-blood person we have tremendous affection for, losing her child. At one and the same time we experience her grief and her appreciation of how good the situation is. Things go side by side. And this was the first time we'd seen the other side of it, because we had all been very intent on keeping it good. This relationship, with all its vagaries and necessities, was starting to fray a little bit."

After dinner, Peggy spoke at length about how she was really loved, and asked Dan and Lee to read some personal letters she had received. One was a romantic letter from Tom, delivered that afternoon by Federal Express. The others were from her mother and father and her grandparents, to their "little Raggedy Ann." A note from her father included some drawings by him. Peggy said that she planned to give the baby a painting her father had made for her, with a single bristle, when she was a little girl. Lee considered Peggy's invitation to read the letters an act of intimacy. Dan thought that it was a sign of deep loneliness.

On Sunday, the twenty-first, Dan stopped in at the Roses' to make a movie of Peggy talking straight at the camera. In the movie, she is sitting next to a window in the Roses' bedroom, wearing a floral-print maternity dress. The light is soft and makes her skin look creamy. Her hands, touching her stomach, appear exquisite: strong fingers, with a rose-hued polish on the nails. Her glasses keep slipping down her nose, and she pushes them back with the index finger of her right hand. At first, Peggy is giggly and a little schoolmarmish, making weak jokes about her next pregnancy. Then she speculates about what the baby she is carrying will look like: "I keep thinking it could have all my features, and look really good. Or it could have all Tom's features, and, if it's a girl, it could look really funny." Dan says that the baby will be wonderful-looking, and Peggy is dismissive.

Dan asks if Peggy knows why she chose him and Lee to be the parents of her baby.

"Just when I heard your names, it sounded right," she says.

Dan: "Funny. The names themselves. Did they tell you much about us?"

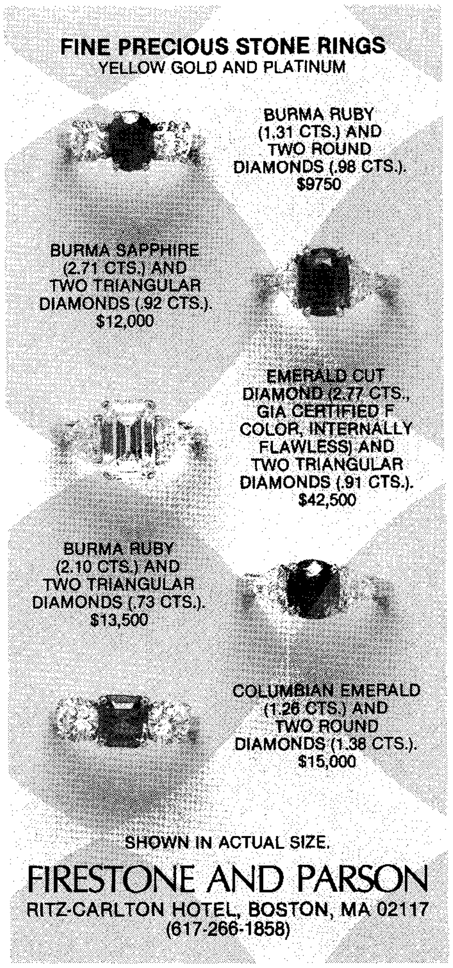
Peggy: "Not a whole lot. I didn't want to know a whole lot. I knew you were it."

Dan: "It's been great for us knowing you. What's it been like for you?"

Peggy: "God, it's been, like, the worst experience of my entire life to know the parents of . . . Lee keeps saying what a wonderful thing I'm doing. *You're* giving *me* a lifetime of security knowing that my baby is going to be taken care of by its parents. I mean, what else can I ask for?"

Dan: "Well, we're in love with this child."

Peggy: "That's all that's important. That's all Tom and I care about. That's everything. . . . Here I am getting all choked up about how wonderful I am. It's just important to me that the baby has what you guys are going


FINE PRECIOUS STONE RINGS
YELLOW GOLD AND PLATINUM

BURMA RUBY (1.31 CTS.) AND TWO ROUND DIAMONDS (.98 CTS.). $9750

BURMA SAPPHIRE (2.71 CTS.) AND TWO TRIANGULAR DIAMONDS (.92 CTS.). $12,000

EMERALD CUT DIAMOND (2.77 CTS., GIA CERTIFIED F COLOR, INTERNALLY FLAWLESS) AND TWO TRIANGULAR DIAMONDS (.91 CTS.). $42,500

BURMA RUBY (2.10 CTS.) AND TWO TRIANGULAR DIAMONDS (.73 CTS.). $13,500

COLUMBIAN EMERALD (1.26 CTS.) AND TWO ROUND DIAMONDS (1.38 CTS.). $15,000

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

Clifton Lodge
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

Period 19th century townhouse, now completely modernised and providing self-contained fully serviced and equipped luxury studios and 2 roomed apartments

• SERVICED DAILY • RESIDENT MANAGERESS •
• COMPETITIVE RATES • EXCELLENT SECURITY •

The most convenient spot in town 3 mins Harrods, exclusive Knightsbridge shops, Victoria & Albert and other museums

CLIFTON LODGE 45 Egerton Gdns, London SW3 2DD
Toll Free: 1-800-642-2747 Tel: 071 584 0099
Fax: 071 823 9194 Telex: 936238 CLFTON

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $80 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

to give it. . . . I know that I probably would have given this baby less emotionally than you guys will, because it's not supposed to be mine. It's supposed to be you guys'. I know everybody keeps saying it's an impossible thing to know, but it's not. Maybe it's impossible for everybody else, but not for me. That's just the way it goes."

Peggy went to see Colleen early the next morning. Colleen had agreed to make a final effort to help Peggy's labor begin more or less naturally. She put on surgical gloves, moistened them with a water-soluble jelly called Lubrifax, and then ran her fingers between Peggy's cervix and the membranes surrounding the baby, to stimulate her uterus to contract. The procedure was quite uncomfortable and, apparently, unsuccessful.

Afterward, Lee, Dan, and Aaron took Peggy shopping, and, as they walked around Harvard Square, Peggy said, "Guys, I think my membranes are ruptured!" She and Lee found a bathroom in the Square. Peggy was very nervous. She checked herself, and she said, "Yup, I'm really bleeding!" The nurse in Lee asked Peggy to show her what she had found. Peggy was soaking wet from the Lubrifax, but the blood that Peggy displayed was old and brown. The four drove to the Roses' and called Colleen. They were told to monitor her and, if she showed signs of labor, to bring her in.

In the late afternoon, Peggy felt more contractions. Her description was persuasive, and Lee and Dan drove her to the hospital. Peggy was officially admitted, a nurse put an identifying bracelet on her, she was hooked up to a fetal monitor, and she was prepared for delivery. The nurse gave her a litmus test to check for the presence of amniotic fluid, an indication that her membranes were ruptured, and it was negative. One of Colleen's colleagues (Colleen had gone off duty) gave Peggy another test to confirm her status: she extracted some fluid from her vagina with a syringe and looked at it through a microscope to see if there was a pattern called ferning, which is another indicator for amniotic fluid. The test was negative.

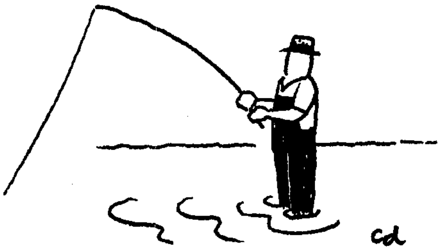
While Peggy was waiting for the results, a hospital social worker came to visit her. She asked the same question that the Jewish Family Service had posed repeatedly: Was Peggy sure she wanted to give up the baby? The news that she wasn't in labor disappointed Peggy, and she felt ambushed by the social worker. She could barely talk. "Look, we just had a dress rehearsal," Lee told her. "Tomorrow's gonna be the day." The Stones drove Peggy and Aaron back to the Roses' for the night.

At a quarter to seven the next morning, Lee and Dan picked up Peggy and Aaron, to get Peggy to the hospital shortly after seven. Colleen gave Peggy what she considered the hospital's best birthing room: it had Laura Ashley-style wallpaper (white flowers on a blue background), and a wooden rocking chair stood next to the bed. Peggy's membranes were ruptured with a sterile instrument resembling a crochet hook, and through an intravenous tube she was given a synthetic hormone called Pitocin, to induce labor. By nine-thirty, Peggy began to feel contractions, and she was chirpy.

"We were a wreck," Dan said. "There was this incredible sense of anticipation, and there was lots of stuff going on that we weren't party to. In some ways, it was like the father's role in the classic situation. We were downstairs a good part of the morning drinking coffee, and just waiting and not knowing what was going on."

In the late morning, Peggy fell asleep. Dan went to get some exercise. Lee and Aaron took a long walk along the Charles River. Lee, generally a vegetarian, ate two hot dogs. When Lee and Dan returned to Peggy's room, she was asleep but was having mild contractions. Her wrists were crossed, and she was whimpering from the pain. Lee and Dan were taken aback by the change in her condition, and Colleen asked them to leave again.

Around one o'clock, Lee and the nurse on duty, Laura Cahill, suggested that Peggy be given an epidural anesthesia to ease her pain. Peggy had already asked Colleen for a dose, and after it was administered she asked that Lee and Dan come and see her again, to assure them that she was O.K. They talked for a while, Lee and Dan squeezed her hand, and Peggy nodded off.



Not long after that, Colleen took Lee and Dan aside. She said, "I feel as if I haven't had any time to address your needs today and you haven't had any time to address your own needs. Now that Peggy isn't going to have any more pain, what are your thoughts?"

Lee asked, "Will I know what to do when the baby is born?"

Colleen laughed, and answered, "Definitely."

At around four-thirty that afternoon, the doctors and the midwives on duty reviewed the status of their current patients. In case something went wrong with Peggy's delivery and she needed care from a doctor, Colleen decided to alert the group to the unusual circumstances of the birth. She presented the case: "This is Peggy Bass. She's forty-one weeks pregnant. Her cervix is seven centimetres dilated; the fetal heart tracing is good. Everything is fine. I anticipate a normal delivery without problems, and, by the way, this woman is involved in an open adoption and the adoptive parents are with her."

One of the doctors snapped, "That's not allowed."

Colleen asked, "Which rule are you talking about? Don't you think you're just a little uncomfortable personally with this?"

The doctor backed off.

At five-fifteen, Colleen examined Peggy and said to Lee and Dan, "Put on your scrub suits. You're going to be parents soon." To give Peggy the privacy she had asked for, Colleen stationed Dan at Peggy's head, to rub her shoulders occasionally, and Lee next to Peggy's left leg. Laura and Colleen each held one of Peggy's legs as she lay on her back. For some reason, although Lee knew that the final steps of labor can take two hours, she thought that it was going to be over in minutes. It took an hour and fifty-three minutes.

With Peggy's permission, Lee and Dan made an audiotape of the delivery. The final minutes went:

Peggy: "Here it is! It's moving its face. It's tickling! Ahhh. O.K."

Colleen: "We're almost there, darling!"

Peggy (*the baby's head is out; Peggy reaches down and feels the head*): "It feels like it's trying to talk. Oh, my God!"

Dan: "Doin' good, doin' good."

Peggy: "Oh, it's adorable!"

Lee: "Oh, look at its little hair. Hello, pumpkin."

Dan: "Look at her."

Laura: "Big deep breath, and go again!"

Colleen: "Beautiful, beautiful, what control, what control."

Peggy: "Can you see its eyes opening?"

Colleen: "You can see its eyes and—"

Peggy: "It's got Tom's head."

Lee: "Didn't get your head, Peggy. It got Tom's egghead."

Peggy: "Oh, my God, it's moving really hard!"

Laura: "Holy shit, go!"

Peggy: "Holy shit?"

Laura: "It's just the baby's about out!"

Colleen: "O.K., take a rest."

Peggy: "How can I rest when I've got someone gumming my pelvis from the inside?"

Colleen: "There's a point."

Lee: "It's got your lips. It's little Peggy!"

Laura: "Ohhh"—a whisper as the baby rotates its shoulders and pops out —"that's it."

Peggy: "Tom's shoulders, guys."

Lee: "She's a beautiful girl. Oh, yes-s-s. You're a *beautiful* girl."

Colleen: "Who would like to cut the cord?" The baby cries. "Dan?"

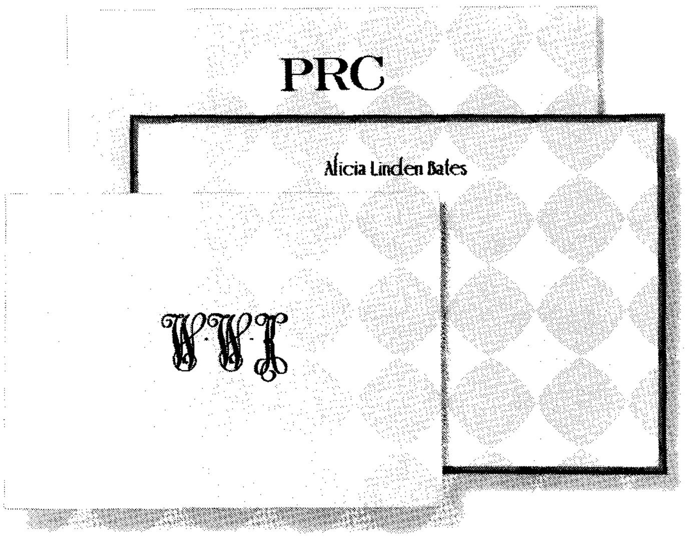
Dan: "Yes." Struggling, "That's harder than I thought."

Lee: "Peggy"—walking over to give her a kiss. "Oh, *yeah*."

Lee and Dan announced that they would name the baby Rebecca Duncan Stone, and a nurse took some pictures: of Dan holding Lee's arm, Lee standing next to Peggy, and Peggy holding the bedrail; of Peggy holding Rebecca while Lee, Dan, and Aaron drank champagne from Dixie cups; of Lee, behind a curtain, gazing closely at Rebecca; of Peggy, without her glasses, swaddling Rebecca; of Peggy sitting at the head of the bed drinking a Coke, and gazing at the Stones, at the foot of the bed, as they huddled around Rebecca.

"I think she was very happy how out to lunch we were," Dan said not long afterward. "And I think that was maybe the first time in which Peggy felt that she'd done O.K.—that she'd made the right decision and that we would love Rebecca."

A few minutes after the birth, Peggy called Tom. "Yes, I think I'm very satisfied with what we produced," Peggy said. "She's got a really squished-



Personal Thank You's

Engraved stationery from Tiffany is the perfect page upon which to write special notes and letters. Tiffany & Co. watermarked paper may be engraved with a monogram, address or family crest. And your customized engraving die can be kept on file to be used again and again. Available at all Tiffany Stores. To inquire: 800-526-0649.

TIFFANY & CO.

Exclusively From the
BRITISH NATIONAL TRUST COLLECTION™

NOW...YOU CAN OWN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WRITING DESK

AT LAST... One of the world's most treasured antiques has been finely reproduced! Introducing... the *Writing Desk of Sir Winston Churchill* ... a replica of the great 18th century original on display in the Churchill Library at Chartwell.

- ***A Fine Reproduction...*** of the 18th century mahogany original, including the hand tooled leather top!
- ***Imported. Handcrafted...*** by artisans using the same materials and techniques as found in Sir Winston's personal desk.
- ***Limited Quantity...*** only a few will ever be made... and because of Churchill's stature as a world leader quick sellout is expected.
- ***Available Exclusively From the British National Trust Collection...*** by special permission from the Churchill Family!

Only Churchill's cigar burns are missing!

The great desk (66" x 38") is being faithfully recreated by hand in a very limited edition. An engraved brass plaque of authenticity accompanies each desk.

Call or Write for FREE details!

British National Trust Collection
77 Main Street, Tappan, NY 10983 A76

☐**YES!** Please send me your FREE literature with full details and pricing information on Sir Winston Churchill's Writing Desk.
Or Call **(800) 631-1362.**
In New York Call **(914) 365-0414.**

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Telephone # ____________

The Manhattan Yacht Club
supported by the
New York City Sports Commission
and the
Women's Sports Foundation
present the

WOMEN'S WORLD SAILING CHAMPIONSHIP

June 1–3, 1990
New York Harbor

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line for event details and to hear special messages from the event sponsors listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1•800•622•5456

THE NEW YORKER ☎
Official Magazine 30034

nautica ☎
Official Apparel 30000

Safilo GROUP ☎
Official Eyewear 30091

TOURNEAU NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR GENEVA ☎
Official Retailer 30012

VOLVO ☎
Official Car and Sponsor of the Swedish Teams 30043

100% Colombian Coffee ☎
General Sponsor 30099

Ω OMEGA ☎
Official Timepiece 30002

Advertisement

puppy little face." In the background, Lee agreed with her. "She has very dark eyes," Peggy said.

"Very pretty eyes," Dan said.

"Very pretty eyes," Lee repeated as she held the baby.

Peggy went on, "I don't know how much she weighs." The baby cried, and Peggy said, "This little person is going to be sound asleep. I spent most of the day sound asleep. Dan and Lee were the ones who were running around."

Lee said, "Yeah, right, we did so much."

Lee and Dan called the Roses and some other friends, and Lee and Peggy called Miriam Cato. "I gave the baby to the mother and father," Peggy said. "Hey, if you ever end up in this position, you'd better have a spinal. If you get pregnant, which I hope you do, forget all this natural stuff."

Lee moved to the rocking chair at the foot of the bed, still holding Rebecca, and Peggy was illuminated by a small light behind her head. Later, Dan remembered her as seeming regal. A photograph shows her looking exhausted. Peggy said, "She's tasting the smell of you, Lee." Rebecca cried for a while, and Peggy said, of the adoption, "You guys should get a finalization on her not long after Valentine's Day." She went on, "Now she has to meet Jacob. Don't let him smack her."

Lee was absorbed in Rebecca. "That little toe," she said. "You're perfect, your toes are perfect, you're perfect."

Dan added, "Your gums are perfect."

Assessing Rebecca's condition one minute and five minutes after birth, Colleen had given her high ratings on the Apgar scale. Lee said, "And you're already going to be conceited, because you made a nine/nine on your Apgar."

Peggy said, "I am so impressed with myself."

To Lee, Dan said, "You're a mom."

To Rebecca, Lee said, "We waited for you for a long time."

Rebecca cried again, and Peggy said, "Hey, that's enough. Not many kids get to pick their parents."

At eight, a voice over the public-address system announced that visiting hours were over. Lee and Dan had been warned that they might have trouble moving freely around the hospital, since they had no legal tie to Rebecca yet, and no credentials for staying after hours, but they wanted to go with the baby to the postpartum floor. They tagged along as the nurse took Rebecca to the nursery, and watched her through the window.

A woman who had just given birth came by to check on her own baby. She noticed Rebecca, asked how old she was, and said, "Who's the mother?"

Lee thought, We'll have to get used to this, and said, "I am."

The woman sized up Lee and said, "You ain't the mother. You can't be the mother. You look too good."

On the way out of the hospital, Lee and Dan remarked about one of the birth's surprises: sometime during the summer, after they decided how much they liked Peggy's hair, and wanted their baby to be a redhead, they had told her the story about how Lee blacklisted the color before they met her. Peggy had then confessed that she was only a redhead à l'Oréal: she had been dyeing her hair since she was ten, and couldn't pass the color on. Rebecca was a redhead.

When Lee and Dan got home, there was a message on the answering machine for their cat: "Hello, Otis, this is Peggy. And I'm just calling to let you know it was a baby girl, and I'm very, very fond of it, and you're going to have to be extra nice to it. You're gonna have to be extra nice to them, too, because they look pretty beat, so I'm gonna need you to take care of them tonight, so when they come and bring the baby tomorrow you have the situation under control. And I'm really counting on you for this, Otie, O.K.? Be good, and I'll talk to you later."

AN unspoken rule observed by Peggy and the Stones from the day she arrived in Boston was that she wouldn't tell them about the grief she felt at the prospect of giving up her baby and they wouldn't talk with her about their fears that she would change her mind or about the pain of their infertility.

After Peggy's meetings with Elayna, she usually called Tom and cried over the phone. "It wasn't really fair to him, but I didn't want to cry to Dan and Lee and I didn't want to blubber at Dina and Jim," she said. A few times, Peggy cried when she was with Jacob. "He would come up and pat me on the back. When you're feeling really down and gross, that makes you feel even worse." She grew tired of talk about babies, of being treated as if she were ten years older than she was, of anything to do with children. She worried that she would be jealous of her friends who had children, and toward the end of her pregnancy, when she regularly felt sick, she thought she never wanted to be pregnant again.

When Lee and Dan weren't with Peggy, they often talked about her. Some of the talk was about how she was preparing them to be parents. A lot was about their affection and respect for her. But when Peggy revealed any sign of distress they recoiled. Peggy's neediness brought out their own. Her monologue in early July had been particularly unsettling, and there were other moments when they asked themselves if Peggy was having second thoughts.

One upsetting subject that the Stones and Peggy did talk about was money. Both couples (Tom along with Peggy) were dissatisfied with how the Jewish Family Service had handled the financial side of the adoption. The Massachusetts adoption climate that had led to the July hearing about amending state adoption regulations had made the Family Service particularly intent on following current law so that the adoptions it supervised would be above criticism. For Peggy, the major frustration was that the pregnancy was costing her a summer's work, and the Family Service, under its reading of Massachusetts law, believed that it could not make up for her lost wages out of funds it held in escrow from the Stones to cover her expenses. (If the adoption had taken place in California, it would have been acceptable for the Stones to give Peggy as much as five thousand dollars—for relocation, for example.) Peggy was also upset that the agency would not reimburse her for the cost of doctors' visits she told them she had made in Wilmington before coming to Boston, for the meals she had paid for, or for clothes she had bought to hide her expanding girth. She was told that she would receive payment for any legitimate past expense that she could document with receipts, and this seemed to her unfair. In her view, the expenses she had incurred in Wilmington were a fraction of what Lee's would have been in Boston if Lee had been pregnant. The amount that would have satisfied Peggy in repayment for meals and doctors' visits, she said not long afterward, was seventeen hundred dollars.

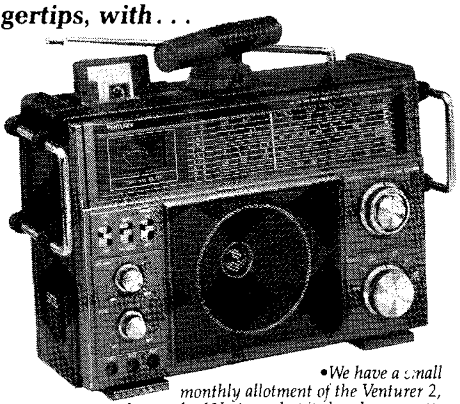
For prospective adopters the Jewish

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with...

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1195**A372 or the *MultiBand Receiver*, and for the cassette version, give order **#1196**A372. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Maybe you don't need another diet. Maybe what you need is a faster metabolism.

Diets alone don't work.

When you eat less, your body adjusts its metabolism to a lower level, making you tired, grumpy and hungry.

The best way to raise your metabolism while you diet is through regular aerobic exercise.

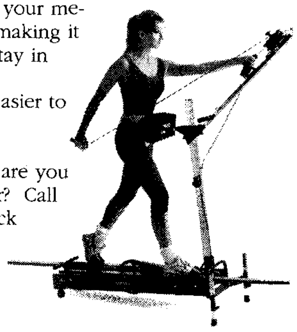
NordicTrack is the most effective way to raise your metabolism.

NordicTrack burns more calories than any other aerobic exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour according to tests at a major university.

And exercising on NordicTrack reduces your fat, increases your muscle and raises your metabolism, making it easier to stay in shape.

And easier to face those weigh-ins.

What are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.



NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-328-5888
☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ______
141C Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
264E0

Family Service had a sliding scale of fees. The Stones' combined income was more than thirty thousand dollars, so they paid the agency's top fee, which was then five thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Adoption agencies sometimes justify their fees by citing the costs of matching birth mothers with prospective adopters and caring for birth mothers during pregnancy. Since Diane Michelsen had introduced Peggy to the Stones (she charged them thirteen hundred and sixty-one dollars, including a hundred and seventy-one dollars for their share of the cost of several classified ads), they thought their fee should cover only the cost of their home study, the cost of counselling for Peggy, and any post-adoption services. They liked the social worker assigned to them, but, especially after Peggy's counselling seemed to prove ineffectual, wondered why the fee was so high. Besides paying the basic fee, they had deposited with the agency an additional sum of more than five thousand dollars to cover Peggy's medical, housing, and other expenses, and were frustrated because the agency wasn't reimbursing Peggy for at least some of the expenses that she claimed.

The Jewish Family Service increased the Stones' dissatisfaction when it sent them a form letter at the end of July that reflected the agency's sense of priorities in the new era of adoption, to serve what Paul Dubroff recently called "more balanced interests." It stated, "Once a child is legally surrendered to this Agency, it is the sole responsibility of the Agency to determine the placement of the baby; however, you will be given first consideration as the prospective adoptive parents for the child." It also said, "We would like you to know that while the Agency provides the required adoption services in your behalf, the Agency does not serve as your agent. At whatever time the birth parent(s) becomes a client of this Agency, the Agency serves as agent for the biological parent(s) and the child."

The effect of the letter, together with Peggy's displeasure over the agency's counselling, was that neither Peggy nor the Stones viewed the Jewish Family Service as a satisfactory advocate. In the days before the birth, the agency asked Peggy, Lee, and Dan where they wanted the baby to go from the hospital; in the process of negotiating an answer, the agency gave Peggy and the Stones more reason to feel left on their own. There were three choices: the baby could go to the Roses' with Peggy; the baby could go into foster care until Peggy signed the adoption papers; or the baby could go home with the Stones. Hospital policy was that the baby could not stay there. The Stones wanted the baby with them, and Peggy adamantly agreed: the baby should be with her parents.

The Family Service wavered. By law, Peggy wasn't allowed to sign the adoption papers until four full days after the birth (until 7:08 P.M. on Saturday, August 27th); the staff wanted to protect the Stones from the pain of having the baby taken away from them if Peggy decided not to give her up. (Since the end of the four days would fall late on Saturday, the Jewish Family Service planned to hold the signing on Monday morning.) There was also the "integrity of the surrender": Peggy's awareness that she would hurt the Stones if she took the baby back from them might be seen as a possible form of coercion to relinquish the child. Peggy decided that the best solution was to say that she wanted the baby with her, and then give her to the Stones. If the agency called Peggy to see how things were going, she would cover for them. Lee and Dan decided that it was wrong to take part in a charade that could jeopardize the adoption, and when they told the agency of their intention to take the baby home the plan seemed directly at odds with Peggy's. More phone calls straightened things out so that the baby could go home with the Stones, but everyone's nerves were frayed.

MR. LUNA IN THE AFTERNOON

He could not say that he prayed
Except in that he was often happy,
Prayer being resident there.

His dream was the same.
A Greek morning,
Warm, foreign, sheep noises and flowers,
Waking to walls
Unsound but doing their job
Regardless of the rules
For walls.

She put her body in his mouth.
Some things persist, without
Written instruction. He knew
What to do.

This was not the hard bosom
Of a small wife, but he knew
What to do, his mouth
As if it held a saltine.

He drank in long
The afternoons of winter
Not winter anymore.

Until her eyes were anti-sparks
And her arms,
Her thousand arms,
You know them,
Those pecan trees
Along the orchard road.

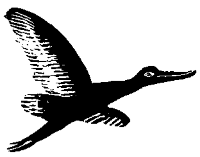
—ALBERTO RÍOS

• •

Paul Dubroff commented, "We serve the best interests of the child first, the birth mother next, and we don't represent the adoptive couple. We very often develop a very tight bond with the adoptive couple and sometimes people have an enormous need to blur who it is we represent."

On the way to the hospital the day after the birth, Lee said to Dan, "I really hope Peggy calls the baby Rebecca." When they walked into Peggy's room, Peggy said, "Rebecca, Rebecca, your mom and dad are here. Go to your mom and dad." They were reassured, but noticed that the name tag on the baby's crib, on which had been printed "Rebecca Duncan Stone" (Peggy had already taken the unusual step of putting that name on the baby's original birth certificate), had been replaced by one marked "Baby Girl Bass." Lee and Dan spent part of the day visiting with Peggy and Rebecca, and taking turns giving formula to the baby. As if she were a nanny, Peggy kept a distance from Rebecca, and giggled happily when Dan put a diaper on backward the first time he changed the baby. As Dan and Lee were leaving, Peggy asked, "So who's coming back for the night feeding?" They appreciated Peggy's insistence that they act like parents. They also noticed that instead of staying in the nursery the baby was rooming in with Peggy.

On Thursday, when Lee and Dan returned to the hospital to pick up Rebecca, Peggy was talking to Elayna. The door was shut. Lee and Dan said to themselves, "What if Elayna says, 'You guys, she just can't do it'?" Half an hour passed before Elayna joined them. "Everything is fine," she said, "but Peggy is upset about money." Peggy was requesting nine hundred dollars for meals in Wilmington and fourteen hundred dollars for medical expenses. Again, Elayna had reminded her that unless she furnished receipts the agency couldn't reimburse her. The tension was relieved, Elayna said, when she promised to raise the matter one more time with Paul Dubroff.



Elayna did not tell the Stones the main reason that Peggy was on edge. "It was because of the reality of facing her family," Elayna said some time later. "She knew that the adoption was right, that she felt right about it. She knew that Rebecca was going to be happy." But, as the social worker saw it, Peggy's "real life" was beginning again, she was frightened, and her feelings surfaced in a fantasy that by returning to Wilmington with an empty bank account she would tip off her parents about the adoption. Elayna had encouraged Peggy to tell them, and consult them, right away; once she surrendered the baby, Elayna pointed out, the decision would be considered final, although it would be some months before a judge officially approved the adoption. Elayna noted that Peggy could place the baby in foster care, fly home, and take things from there. (Elayna knew that if Peggy took her advice the Jewish Family Service probably wouldn't allow her to leave the baby with the Stones: the likelihood of her deciding to keep the baby would be too great.) Peggy had rejected Elayna's counsel and stuck to her script. The Stones took Rebecca home.

Tom arrived on Thursday afternoon, to be with Peggy at the Roses', and Friday morning at nine o'clock he called the Stones to say that he and Peggy were ready to visit with Rebecca any time the Stones could bring her over. It was a modest but confusing change of plans: Peggy had said that she wanted Tom to spend time with the baby at the Stones' place. Lee and Dan decided that they had no choice but to comply, and at nine-thirty they took Rebecca over, with a bottle of formula and one extra diaper—enough for about a two-hour visit. They left at once and waited at home for Peggy and Tom's call.

After four hours, during which they didn't hear from Peggy and Tom, they turned on their answering machine and went out to do some errands, and when they got back home, around three, almost six hours after leaving Rebecca at the Roses', there was still no message. Lee couldn't take the waiting, and called the Roses' house.

Tom said, "How come you guys didn't call?"

Lee said, "Because we were waiting for you to call."

Tom told her they had gone out and bought some more diapers and formula, and were playing rock and roll. "We'll call you later," he said, and hung up. Lee and Dan decided that there must have been a misunderstanding. (After a while, Tom and Peggy did feel as if they were babysitting, they said later.) Dan called after a few minutes to say that they would like to pick up Rebecca.

When the Stones arrived, Tom was prickly, and Peggy didn't come downstairs to see them. Tom handed Rebecca to Lee, and said that he and Peggy were thinking of leaving on Sunday, before they were scheduled to sign the adoption papers. They weren't getting the money they had expected from the Jewish Family Service, Tom said. Peggy was feeling pressure from her family to come home, he went on, and was angry at Paul Dubroff for sending her home broke after (again, according to her) not returning any of her calls. Also, Tom had just started a new job and didn't want to miss another day of work. He said that he and Peggy didn't want to do anything to jeopardize having Rebecca placed with Lee and Dan, but the message he conveyed was that he and Peggy felt mistreated after all they had done.

On the Stones' answering machine at home Elayna had left a message to call her right away. She didn't want to alarm them, she began, but Peggy and Tom had cancelled a counselling ses-

&TCo
THORNTON & COMPANY
BEVERLY HILLS
FINE BED LINENS FROM AROUND THE WORLD
PHONE TOLL FREE FOR A COMPLIMENTARY CATALOGUE
800/366-7811

BERMUDA'S GEM
"Let's promise to come back"
Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter... for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.
STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda
See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
ART DEALER—BUY DIRECT
Russell Chatham
Landscape Art
This is a personalized art brokerage service for the discriminating collector and connoisseur. Search services are available for hard-to-find Objets D'Art.
FOR INFORMATION CALL:
800-333-9ART or FAX: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472

Breakell Silversmiths
ICE CREAM CONE PIN, In Sterling silver $30, in 14K gold, $218. In RI add 6% tax. Add $3.50 handling. VISA/MC/AMEX. Call 1-800-767-6411. Send $2 for our new color catalog.
Actual size 1⅝" high
69 MILL STREET, DEPT. N21, NEWPORT, RI 02840

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

THE NAUTILUS

Elegant, versatile, yet rugged. Completely hand-crafted in Switzerland, Water-resistant,

18K Gold. His,$22,500. Hers, $14,300.

18K Gold & Stainless Steel, His, $11,500. Hers, $8,750.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

THE TOURNEAU
TRADE-IN POLICY

Now you can still trade beads, your old watch or old jewelry for something you want in Manhattan! At Tourneau, we've improved on history's original idea, and turned it into the perfect trading-in and trading-up policy!

Bring us your old watches or jewelry that you no longer want or wear, and we'll give you a free trade-in appraisal towards any new watch or jewelry.

If your trade-in was originally purchased from Tourneau, you'll get an extra trade-in bonus. And that's a policy that has stood the test of time.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BONWIT TELLER/TRUMP TOWER
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288.

sion scheduled for that afternoon. She warned that it would be an unfortunate turn of events if Peggy and Tom left before signing the surrender. Delaware's adoption law was different from Massachusetts', and an early departure would put the adoption at risk.

Dan worked the phones. By late morning on Saturday, he had persuaded the Jewish Family Service to let Peggy and Tom sign the papers on Sunday, in time to catch a plane home. Elayna found a notary public who could make the signing official. Dan called Tom to report the news.

"How's Lee?" Tom asked.

Dan replied, "It's like she's having a miscarriage."

Saturday night, for the first time since Thursday afternoon, Peggy and Lee spoke, by phone. Peggy excused herself for staying upstairs the day before (her breasts were painfully engorged from not being used to feed the baby, she said), and declared that she had never meant to cause any distress. "You've been so great, I love you so much, you've been so supportive, and I'll never forget you in the delivery room," she said. She then offered to have another baby for the Stones.

Sunday morning, some friends of the Stones drove Tom and Peggy to Elayna's house, out in the suburbs, and there they signed the papers, with Paul Dubroff in attendance to make sure everything was done properly, formally bestowing Rebecca on the Stones. Dan and Lee had been told by Dubroff that if they drove Peggy themselves and she later changed her mind about giving up the baby she might be able to claim that she had been brainwashed on the way. Peggy and Tom seemed almost giddy and were clearly eager to go home. After Elayna interrupted the signing to ask "Now, you know this is final?" it occurred to Peggy that Elayna might think they were being very casual about giving away their child.

—LINCOLN CAPLAN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Photo caption in the Virginia United Methodist Advocate*]

On Easter Sunday, 1989, at the early morning service at Woolwine Church, Danville District, Major Douglas Dunlap, dressed in full Scottish regalia, stood on the hillside and played the bagpipes. Since that time he has been stationed in Korea.

THE THEATRE

Sweet Prince

"I ALWAYS saw Romeo and Macbeth as characters, but I found it terribly difficult to get away from the idea that Hamlet was me," John Gielgud said in an interview with John Mortimer. "It was an enormous effort to act the part technically and not just be it." Gielgud happened to be my first Hamlet, and a part of me still hears Hamlet as him. Now Hamlet is Kevin Kline, and if he finds it an enormous effort to act the part he has the grace not to let it show. The performance is his second in four years, and this time he has doubled as director.

The first words that came to my mind about Mr. Kline were "passionate" and "private." That is one change. Reviewing him in a dreadful, chaotic, cluttered production four years ago, I wrote, "No opportunity for humor escapes him, and he is, of course, funny, but . . . there is little passion in him." This time, there is nothing sentimental or "heroic" about him (no swash, no buckle), and he is scrupulous about not wooing the audience. But passion, yes. At the end of the first court scene, he stands alone and speaks the "too, too solid flesh" soliloquy in tears, but when he meets the ghost of his father and is told of the murder, his tears dry and grief turns to rage—passionate rage. The wit and humor are still there, along with irony and intelligence. How intelligent he is, I kept thinking, how intelligent everybody is —and that is perhaps a reflection of the intelligence of the director. Mr. Kline has insisted on absolute clarity; nothing gets between the audience and the play —no affectation, no pesky "concept." Even the most familiar passages—the set pieces—sound fresh, and there is no skimping on eloquence, especially by Mr. Kline.

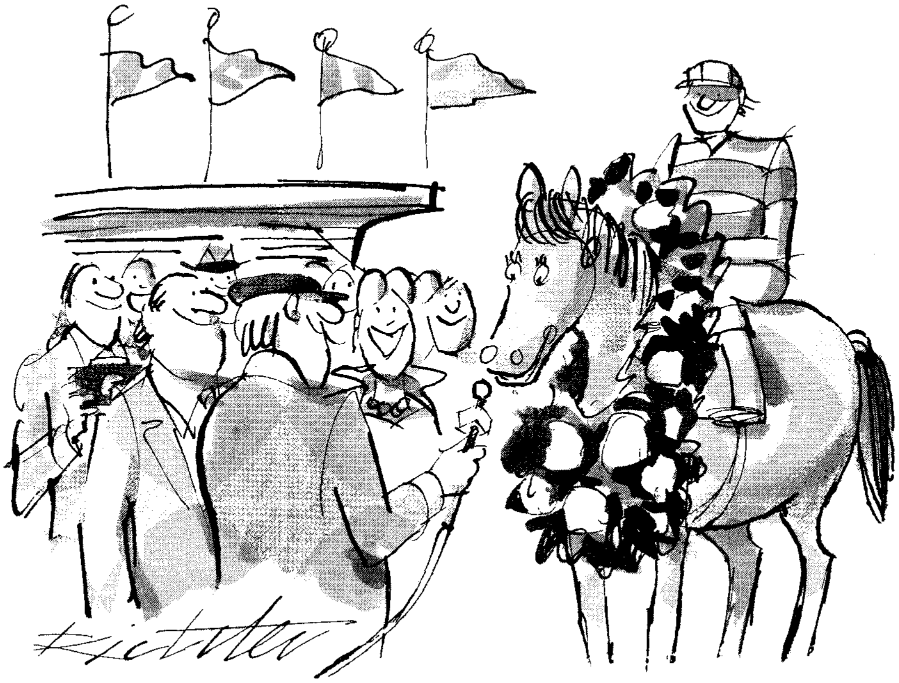
But then he is one of our most adept classical actors; we expect him to be riveting. The happy surprise is the Polonius of Josef Sommer—Christmas morning for someone like me, who happens to be pro-Polonius in any case. This Polonius is dapper, considerate, and able to keep his bearings in circumstances that would unsettle a man half his age; a bit rattled at times (as which of us is not); but poised and always dignified in the face of Hamlet's inexplicable rudeness. When he was stabbed behind that arras, I, having temporarily switched allegiance, was as miserable as the Queen. Brian Murray is fine, too, as Claudius—supreme hypocrite, the "bloody, bawdy villain," arms outstretched in fake camaraderie, and unable to conceal his lust for his queen. (Mr. Murray, one of the best directors around, was New York's original Rosencrantz in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead.") Dana Ivey, usually irreplaceable, lacks the requisite sexy softness for the Queen. The last time I saw Diane Venora in "Hamlet," she was Hamlet; she is more appropriate here as Ophelia, but not much more, since she lacks the essential innocence for the role. I admired Leo Burmester's Osric, Clement Fowler's Player King, Susan Gabriel's Player Queen, Peter Francis James's Horatio, and Don Reilly's Fortinbras. Among others, that is.

"Hamlet" is performed on a bare stage (scenic design by Robin Wagner) in modern dress (costume design by Martin Pakledinaz). It must be said that the deportment at the Danish Court of almost all concerned is scandalous. The actors are unable to keep their hands off one another, what with hugs and other embraces. So physical a production is inappropriate for "Hamlet." The effective lighting, more important than ever under the circumstances, is by Jules Fisher. —EDITH OLIVER

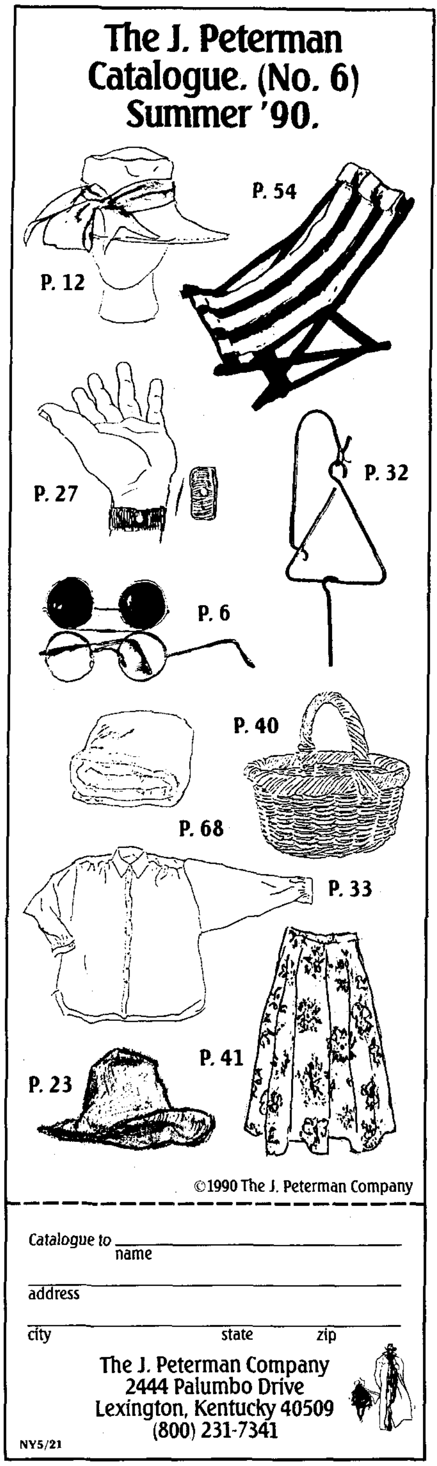
Rocky Road

AS the program for Caryl Churchill's "Ice Cream with Hot Fudge" clearly states, the first ten scenes of "Ice Cream" are "set in the UK during a summer in the late eighties," and the second ten "in the US the following year." Whether or not you would be wise to read the program depends on whether you're the kind of person who carries around a pen and likes ticking things off or the kind of person who's driven mad by the knowledge that there are seventeen or eighteen more scenes to get through like the one you're sitting through now.

"Ice Cream with Hot Fudge," which opened May 3rd, is made up of two Caryl Churchill plays currently being produced at the Public. The curtain-raiser, "Hot Fudge"—so called because some of the characters in the play talk about stealing and some of the characters lie and talk about "fudging the truth"—is a bit of a cheat. It's one of those plays which can be made to sound clever or ingenious in a review—either because reading about them requires less effort than watching them or because description grants them a semblance of economy which they do



"I would like to thank my owners, my trainer, my jockey, and everyone in my stable, without whom my victory would not have been possible."


The J. Peterman Catalogue. (No. 6) Summer '90.

©1990 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ______ name
address ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341

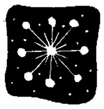
NY5/21

Little Ad.
GIANT RESORT!

Majestic Low Country resort on S.C. coastline offering 54 holes of golf, dozens of tennis courts, and miles of secluded beaches. All spreading from the river to the sea!
Free info package: 1-800-845-1897
In SC: 1-800-922-6348

Litchfield
BY·THE·SEA

not in fact possess. (It comes to the same thing.) Churchill's ostensible point is that, while all the people in the play are thieves, the ones we meet in the first scene—who are planning a sort of white-collar bank heist but speak an authentic Cockney idiom—represent a nobler and better class of thief than the global managers and real-estate types we meet in the third scene, who talk about "growth areas" and "interpersonal skills," and say "Let's do lunch." Actually, though, the whole play is an elaborate excuse for an exchange between a young woman (Margaret Whitton) who claims to run a travel agency (it's her family in the first scene who are planning to rip off the banks) and a young man (John Pankow) who is in information management (it's his friends in the third scene who are ripping off the world): he says, "You're lucky in your chosen field, because everything in the world is a potential commodity," and she allows that the same could be said of him, and he observes, "So the point of the existence of everything in the world is us." The rhetoric—like the rhetoric of municipal signs ("Littering Is Filthy and Selfish So Don't Do It!")—is pungent, but the message is fairly lightweight: one feels harangued for something that wasn't one's fault to begin with.



The second play, "Ice Cream"—so called because Churchill wants "thirty-one flavors" to serve as a microcosm for the trade-off between pluralism and commercialism which is essentially what's wrong with America (one character actually makes this speech)—is about a couple of American tourists who have come to England to look up distant relatives. It hails from the aren't-Americans-funny-the-things-they-say-and-do school of theatre and does indeed weigh in at twenty scenes. Most of them are quite long, and those that aren't make up in portentousness what they lack in duration. The play is half an attempt (inept) to imitate the style of Pinter and half a sophomoric exercise in Yank-bashing. The American tourists, Lance and Vera (James Rebhorn and Jane Kaczmarek), who descend on Lance's young English cousins Phil and Jaq (Robert Knepper and Julianne Moore), are intended to appear oafish, grasping, and ridiculous, particularly in their eagerness to get in touch with Lance's British roots. The first six scenes or so seem meant to establish this; nothing much else happens in them. Then, in the seventh or eighth scene (I lost count), Phil shoots and kills an intruder, and the play takes a decidedly Pinteresque and melodramatic turn for the worse, as Lance and Vera—for reasons that remain obscure—allow themselves to be drawn into the situation as accomplices.

The stateside second half boasts two more deaths. Phil and Jaq descend on Lance and Vera, but Phil gets knocked down by a car and killed, whereupon Jaq steals Lance and Vera's car. She picks up a hitchhiker—an episode that gives Churchill a chance to share with us her picture of redneck America (it's a little incoherent)—and has an encounter with a rapist professor and kills him in self-defense. None of the scenes seem to have anything much to do with one another, and none of them are very interesting—though one, surprisingly, ends with a man saying, "Take off your shirt, bitch, let's see what you got!" Toward the end of the evening, Jaq bullies Lance and Vera into buying her a plane ticket home. When we leave her, she seems to be embarking on an affair with a South American woman she has met at the airport.

Les Waters, the Royal Court Theatre director who staged "Ice Cream with Hot Fudge," seems either to have been baffled by his American cast or else to have allowed himself insufficient rehearsal time: characters' accents change from scene to scene, sometimes from speech to speech. Annie Smart's set makes a mockery of the concept of front-cloth staging: its sliding panels actually draw attention to the fact that they serve no purpose. Why Joe Papp decided to mount this play in a season that has given us "Some Americans Abroad," Richard Nelson's witty and perceptive rumination on the same subject at Lincoln Center, is beyond me. I would have thought that the sort of people who frequent the Public Theatre got tired of lampooning people who say "growth areas," "interpersonal skills," and "Let's do lunch" ten or fifteen years ago. But perhaps it's the other way around: maybe people who ten or fifteen years ago gave up laughing at global-management types and the phenomenon of encounter groups also gave up going to the Public.

—Mimi Kramer

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Plague

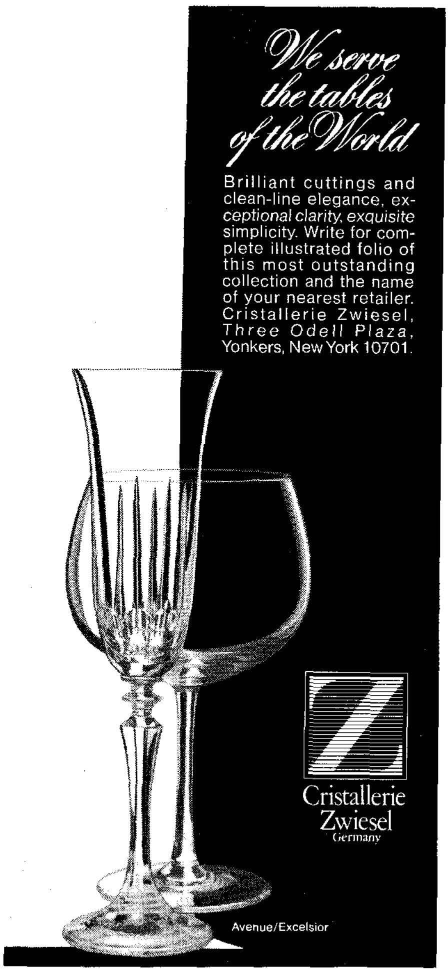
"Longtime Companion" begins on July 3, 1981, the day the New York *Times* reported a puzzling outbreak among gay men of a rare cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma, and the day the disease that would later be named AIDS made its first small mark on the public consciousness. For the movie's characters, the news casts only a mild pall over their routine activities. (At that point, just forty or so cases of the "gay cancer" had been documented; the numbers weren't yet large enough to inspire widespread fear.) A few people discuss the article briefly on the phone; some bring it up, a little nervously, as they take the sun in the holiday atmosphere of Fire Island's gay beaches; others are too busy, or are having too good a time, to worry about it at all. For us in the audience, however, these early scenes are heavy with foreboding. We know that everything is going to change—that many of the men we're watching will soon be dead of this syndrome that at the moment of its first appearance seemed so freakish and remote. The writer, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, play skillfully on our awareness of the coming epidemic, and this opening sequence is very effective. They may even be *too* skillful: their smooth exposition tends to rely on ironies of the "little did they know" variety, and thus gives off faint whiffs of disaster-movie technique—the exaggerated calm before the horrors begin, the general reluctance to heed warnings, and so on. (The beach scenes have the effect of amplifying the "Jaws" resonances.) We don't need this sort of manipulation; the disaster that is the subject of "Longtime Companion" is too real.

The history of the AIDS epidemic, as recorded by Randy Shilts in his superb, excruciatingly detailed nonfiction account, "And the Band Played On," is one of confused and inadequate responses to particularly brutal facts. In the early days—certainly in the summer of '81—the confusion was mostly the result of insufficient medical knowledge: doctors simply hadn't seen enough cases to be able to identify the cause of the disease or to judge with any accuracy the extent to which it might spread. As more was learned, however, the inability of federal and local government, the media, most of the major health organizations, and many leaders of the hard-hit gay community to put aside their established agendas and take drastic action became inexcusable. Research funds were denied or delayed even after it became clear that the number of people being infected was increasing exponentially; blood banks resisted altering their procedures even after doctors warned that a contaminated blood supply could transmit the disease; and gay activists were often slow to advise changes in sexual behavior even after it became evident that the promiscuity encouraged by the gay bathhouses, and certain specific practices, contributed to the rampant proliferation of the AIDS virus. As Shilts tells it, the reason the threat of the epidemic wasn't recognized more quickly and dealt with more effectively is that virtually every response from those who were in a position to *do* anything was compromised by considerations other than public health: the Reagan bureaucrats were most concerned with keeping government spending to a minimum; the media were skittish about how their readers and viewers would react to what was perceived initially as a homosexual story; gay leaders worried both about the community's image in mainstream America (the prospect that the "gay plague" would have as a side effect a nationwide outbreak of homophobic repression) and about the impact of the disease on the political theory of their liberation movement, which was based largely on unrestricted sexual freedom. The only people who were responding to AIDS in a direct, unmediated way, it seemed, were a handful of beleaguered doctors and scientists—and, of course, those who were dying of it, and their friends and lovers.

This last group is the focus of "Longtime Companion." There are eight main characters: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. Lucas and René track the effects of AIDS on these people's lives by focussing on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989. The mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. It's a canny way to present the material; we can't help being

THREE-STAR TOURIST TRAP
I ♥ NY
Crawford

"Ça suffit, good buddy!"


We serve the tables of the World

Brilliant cuttings and clean-line elegance, exceptional clarity, exquisite simplicity. Write for complete illustrated folio of this most outstanding collection and the name of your nearest retailer. Cristallerie Zwiesel, Three Odell Plaza, Yonkers, New York 10701.

Cristallerie Zwiesel
Germany

Avenue/Excelsior

Year-'round in the famous medieval city,
Rothenburg ob der Tauber...

Experience
the Beauty
of Christmas
in Germany

Käthe Wohlfahrt

Christkindlmarkt & Christmas Village
Herrngasse 2 ☎ (country 049)
D-8803 Rothenburg 9861/409-0
Fed. Rep. of Germany Fax: 9861/409-41

**Renting A Car In Europe?
EURODRIVE Has The Answers
To Your Questions.**

"EURODRIVE Makes Driving In Europe Easy & Affordable."

	EuroDrive*	Car Rental
Value Added Tax(0-25%)*	0%	?
Unlimited Mileage	Yes	?
Full Insurance, No Deductible	Yes	?
Brand New Car Of Choice	Yes	?
Minimum Age Of 18 Years	Yes	?
Maximum Age	No	?
Rates Guaranteed In U.S. Dollars	Yes	?

*VAT rates vary from country to country
*This plan applies only to those traveling three weeks or more.

Call or Write for Information:
1(800)221-1052
RENAULT EURODRIVE®
650 First Avenue, New York, NY 10016

Please send details of Renault's Exciting Tax-free Plan to:
Name __________
Address __________
City __________ State __________
Zip __________ Phone __________
NEW YORKER #3

moved. Yet it's hard to avoid the feeling that the filmmakers have, in their own manner, diluted their response to the crisis; that the work is weakened by traces of an external agent—an agenda. Specifically, the movie, which is a production of the feature-film division of the public-television series "American Playhouse," seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America. Of the seven principal male characters, six are, in effect, married, none are users of intravenous drugs, and there's little to suggest that any have been especially promiscuous. (The one who isn't part of a stable couple is dead after the second episode.) They're all pleasant and good-looking—all white, too—and collectively they form, along with the sympathetic heterosexual woman, a kind of extended family, loving and supportive. I don't mean to say that this is a wholly false image—the literature of AIDS is full of stories of devoted couples and heroically selfless friends—but it is an incomplete one, and it makes the film, at times, blander and more simplistic than it should be.

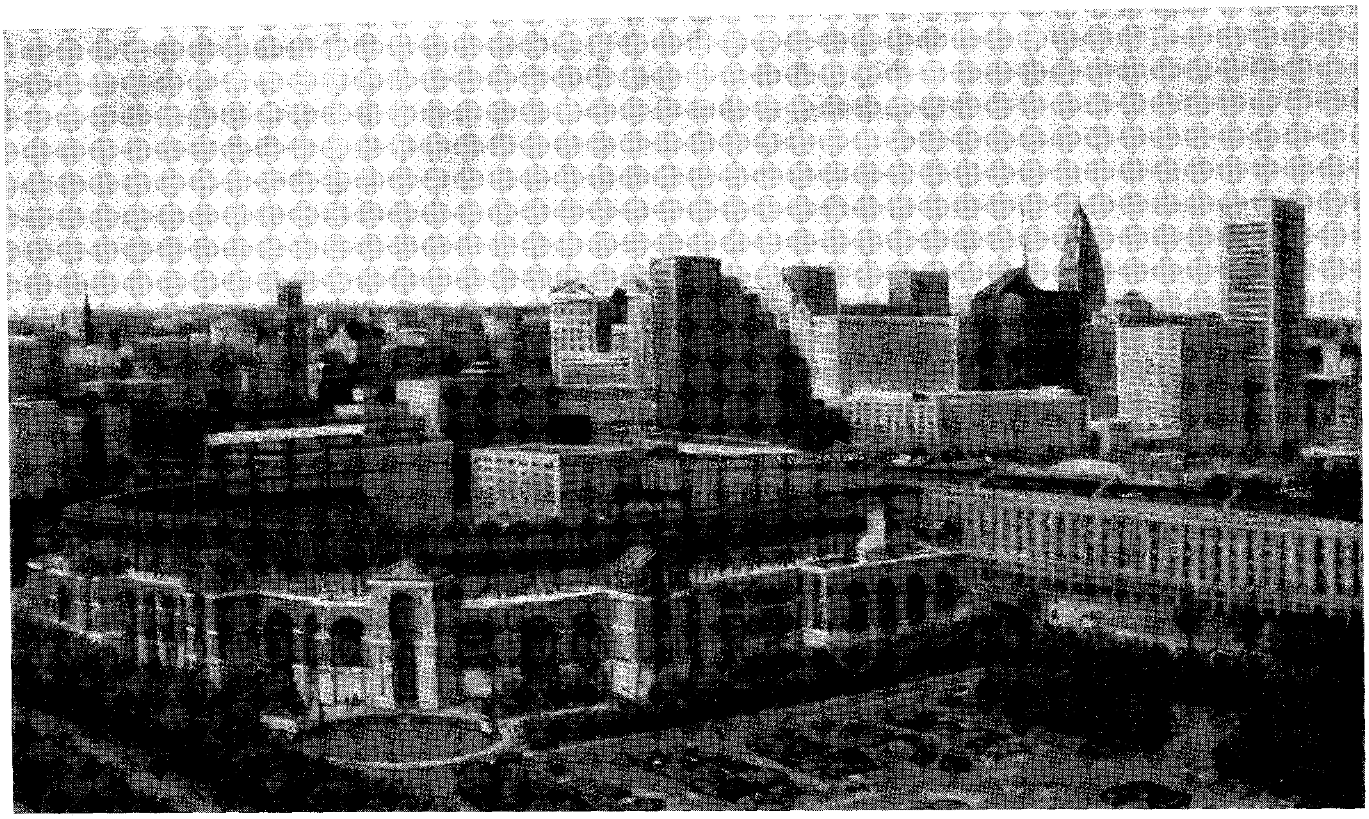
Unfortunately, with the exception of the oldest couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos), the men in this movie are uninteresting characters—insignificant others. All of them are nice young men, but their individual personalities aren't strongly conceived. There's something generic about them, as if they were merely variants of a type. Lucas and René probably felt that the young characters were necessary, because so many men in their twenties and thirties have been stricken; as far as I can tell, though, the only reason there are five of them in this picture instead of one or two is that the filmmakers want to persuade us that the type these amiable guys represent is the rule, not the exception. The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. David is the most mysterious character here, and the most surprising. When we first see him, laughing and acting silly among his friends on Fire Island, we're drawn to him without quite knowing why. The camera picks up something of his unforced authority; even though he's just clowning around, we sense that he's the center of the group. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting.

After David, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. The agenda takes over, and the filmmakers allow some really unfortunate implications to creep in. First, they give us an extended scene of David's memorial service, which is a mistake dramatically, because it sentimentalizes a character we already feel plenty warm toward; the prodding cheapens his heroism a little. The ultimate accolade bestowed on David by his eulogists is that he was "classy," and the word bothers us, because he was also, as it happens, the one independently wealthy character in the story: surely his "breeding" doesn't explain his shining behavior? Shortly thereafter, we're introduced to the movie's only non-Wasp AIDS sufferer: one of the young men we've been following, who is now working as a volunteer for the Gay Men's Health Crisis, pays a call on a sullen man named Alberto. Alberto's illness is in remission, but he refuses to do anything for himself; although he's well enough to go to work, he rudely asks the volunteer to clean up the kitchen for him, and is treated to a stern lecture on self-reliance. If the movie's universe were not otherwise so ethnically homogeneous, this brief, pointed scene might not seem so ugly.

Lucas and René must feel that their audience requires a sanitized view of gay life in order to appreciate the full horror of AIDS—that straight white people need to see that the casualties of the epidemic are "just like us." Maybe their strategy is right: if "Longtime Companion" has the effect of humanizing AIDS sufferers in the eyes of those who have, for whatever reason, remained emotionally unaffected by the grim toll of the past nine years, that's all to the good. But I think the filmmakers would have produced a truer, and even a more moving, chronicle if they had trusted us more. They don't have to treat us as if we had nothing in common with them at all. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE PITS AND THE PENDULUM



COME, children, bring your chairs and cushions, find places around the table, and we'll take out the Game of Baseball once again. Can anyone remember other rainy days when we played Baseball together, and how you all whined and cried and said you'd never understand it? Yes, and do you remember how the game got easier as it went along, and how much fun we all had in the end? You *do*? Good for you. Now look at the board. Here at the beginning is the Dark Wood, the maze where the gnomes and the angry kings stare at each other for ever so long. But look—next on the board is the Shining Castle, where we can go exploring together. After that, we'll come out at Green Meadows, here at the top of the board, where the knights in armor do battle in the summer, and the Game of Baseball keeps us busy and happy right until suppertime. Is that clear, everyone? All right, then . . . Adam, sit up and stop fussing. Chip, you can have first spin. Away we go!

BUT baseball is not a board game. Sometimes it isn't a game at all, as we discovered once again during the dismal, depressingly familiar beginning of this baseball year. The season did start at last, a week late, and its participants—players and owners, fans and writers—now seem intent on forgetting the blank of March, when the game was shut down indefinitely (it seemed) while the owners and the players' union and their legal staffs negotiated the latest renewal of their basic labor agreement. Those meetings, though less hostile in tone than some in the past, made no sense at all to the excluded constituency of the fans, who knew that major-league baseball had lately risen to unprecedentedly high levels of revenue and attendance, and thus could find no serious reason to discommode or discontinue its normal procedures. What they perceived, then, was another daunting public exhibition of greed and bluster by the contesting parties, accompanied this time by the perverse shutdown of spring training, which not only expunged what has come to be the sweetest time of the baseball year for the throngs of fan families who now plan spring vacations at the sprightly training parks in Florida and Arizona but also deprived the rest of us of the cheer and freshly whetted hopes that arrive, easily and always, with the early baseball news from the south. The fans felt like children, in short (three or four friends of mine used this same image in talking about their unhappiness over the lockout), which is to say that they were once again helpless in the face of an inexplicable but all too familiar form of authoritarian arrogance. Trying to forget the whole thing, as most of us seem to be doing now, is understandable, but a longer sojourn in the dark maze of baseball economics may be more useful in the long run, if only because it could make us feel like participants in this aspect of the pastime, even when we know better.

The owners' thirty-two-day lockout of the spring camps, which was terminated by an agreement between the parties at the last moment before it would have diminished the season itself (and the owners' profits and players' salaries), was the seventh work stoppage since 1972. The damage this time was felt largely by the companies and employees servicing spring-training localities—motels and restaurants, ballpark workers, travel agencies, and so forth. It came to a hundred million dollars, according to one estimate I saw, but it was far less severe in financial and emotional terms than the bitter fifty-day strike in 1981. That year, public opinion ran very strongly against the players, whose wildly escalating salaries were separating them from the sympathy and the economic levels of their audience, but polls this spring made it plain that fans had ceased to care about the contestants or the issues: they just wanted baseball back. Both sides, to be blunt about it, have been drowning in money: the owners as the result of a new network-television contract with CBS that will pay them more than a billion dollars over the next four years, and of further cable and local-television revenues in the hundreds of millions of dollars; and the players as the result of salary arbitrations and free-agency bidding, which this winter pushed the top-salary plateau above, and then well beyond, three million dollars. Twenty-seven of the six hundred and fifty players in the major leagues now earn two million dollars or more a year; the average 1990 salary for all major leaguers is just short of six hundred thousand dollars. Such sums infuriate great sectors of the fan populace, of course—particularly among older diehards, who find it enormously difficult (a feeling we have all had at one time or another) to regard the young players simply as fortunate participants in America's booming entertainment industry rather than as figures in the traditional mold of muscular blue-collar workers, or as kids next door who could somehow put their bats on the breaking ball from time to time, or throw hard and straight from the third-base hole. The old game has escaped us, but the new one—the big-money game—is not conducted in a fashion that seems even minimally acceptable. The owners, whom labor arbitrators found guilty of collusion (during Peter Ueberroth's tenure as commissioner) in restricting the movements and the salaries of free-agency players—damages totalling more than ten and a half million dollars have already been assessed, and further, and perhaps heavier, levies are pending—threw up their hands during the past off-season and set about showing us what they could do when they *un*colluded. Their ensuing profligacy almost looked like panic at the notion that uncontrolled bidding might very well be curtailed in the coming new labor contract—which, indeed, is what they wished. Irony, like money, is never in short supply in baseball these days.

Limited space (and patience, I confess) will prevent full depiction of the jostling and shouting in the marketplace this winter, when ninety-one players opted for free agency and many others had their contracts renegotiated in order to head off their escape when their contracts expired. What was significant this time around was the breaching of the three-million-dollar salary level, which brought to mind the initial ascent to the two-million-dollar plateau, back in 1982. George Foster was the pathfinder then, but in no time, it seemed, there was a surge of other two-million-dollar players—eleven of them in 1988 and twenty-one in 1989 (the Mets alone had four players in the bracket), with premier stars like Orel Hershiser and Dwight Gooden and Roger Clemens heading the pack—whose agents and owners together wanted to prove that this was the level where the real players (in every sense) would be found. The process is not unlike the way the Dow Jones and other market indicators behave in boom times, when the price index edges up to a previously unthinkable level and then, having crossed it, floods and fills the new territory; the baseball-salary market, however, never comes down. Kirby Puckett, of the Twins, and Rickey Henderson, of the Athletics, were the first to be retained by their clubs at three-million-dollar salaries (Puckett was actually the trailblazer). Free agent Robin Yount, the American League's Most Valuable Player, was retained by the Brewers with a three-year, $9.6-million contract. Eric Davis, not yet a free agent, was signed anew by the Reds at $9.3 million over three years, and Dave Stewart, who won twenty games or more on the mound for Oakland in each of the past three seasons, received a new, two-year contract, beginning in 1991, for seven million, plus a two-million-dollar signing bonus. The California Angels, burning for a pennant in the American League West, signed the free-agent lefty starter Mark Langston for sixteen million and five years, and the Kansas City Royals, obeying the same impulse, took on the 1989 National League Cy Young Award winner, Mark Davis, a relief stopper late of the Padres, for thirteen million over four years. (The Royals

Long Bay Beach Resort
TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Discover the Caribbean's best-kept secret, Long Bay . . . Tortola's beach resort.
With under 100 guests, our hidden barefoot paradise spoils you with a choice of tropical accommodations, the Island's finest food, and nearly a mile of secluded beach.
Next time you want to escape—alone or with somebody special—to a haven that lets you do nothing but enjoy yourself . . .
COME SHARE OUR SECRET
For reservations call your travel agent or call 1-800-537-6247. For Brochure mail coupon to: P.O. Box 284, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538-0284
Name
Address
City State Zip
Tel: ( ) NY

IN SAN FRANCISCO
SPRING SPECIAL - April - May
Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe.
$76-$98
THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
– Call for Brochure –
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

HEART PIN 1⅛"×1½"
#C-17, sterling: $38 ppd.
14K: $148 ppd. (Matching earrings also avail.) Gift boxed, satisfaction guar. MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
TORY'S 1-800-67-TORYS, M-F, 9-5, EST, Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

BIKE, WALK FRANCE. HIKE the SWISS ALPS.
May-Oct. tours featuring painstakingly chosen off-the-beaten track routes through the lesser known French provinces. Arduous alpine hikes in the Berner Oberland; hut-hopping Luzern-Pontresina.
Superb accommodations/cuisine.
For adventure in the heart of France and the heights of Switzerland:
EUROPEDS 883 Sinex Ave. Pacific Grove, CA 93950
(408) 372-1173

already had the current American League Cy Young winner, Bret Saberhagen, on their staff.) As is the custom in these matters, the signing of a premier star was often timed for the moment when the club would gain the widest media attention by presenting him, in home uniform, as the latest claimant to the title of world's richest ballplayer. This particular art form has its genesis in those old staged shots of Babe Ruth and Colonel Ruppert, the owner of the Yankees, solemn-faced in their business suits, as they stared together at the Babe's latest unsurpassable contract on the table between them. Will Clark, the Giants' young slugger (he has played in only four major-league seasons to date), held the megabucks honor for forty-six days this spring, with a contract that will rise to $4.25 million in its fourth year (an average of $3.75 million over all), but he was then unseated by Don Mattingly and his new five-year contract with the Yankees, worth some nineteen million, or $3.8 million on an annual basis. The mountaineering has stopped there for the present.

Fans can debate lengthily about which of these contracts seem reasonable—within the unreasonable dimensions of modern baseball finance, that is—after taking into account the possibilities of a pennant just down the line for some team, or the cost to another of an incipient fan rebellion over the loss of a popular local star. (This was clearly the factor that kept Robin Yount in Milwaukee.) Then, perhaps, they can try to figure out which of the other clubs can really afford to play the game at all at these levels. We fans have a genuine proprietary interest here, it seems to me, but the clubs don't think so, for they never open their books. One can only guess, then, which teams are profitable and which have working deficits that are willingly or unwillingly swallowed by a wealthy individual owner or corporate owner. There are no pauper clubs at present, thanks to CBS and to the vigorous marketing of secondary baseball properties—souvenirs and the like—but there are permanent disparities in the resources of such major-market-area teams as the Dodgers and the Yankees and the Cubs and the Angels, on the one hand, and such limited-market clubs as the Pirates and the Mariners and the Brewers and the Royals, on the other. The critical difference is measured in the value of local cable contracts. Such funds are *not* pooled among all the owners, like network money and cable-TV money from ESPN, and their very wide range determines, in effect, the power hierarchy of baseball; the topmost level is perhaps represented by the forty-odd million per year that the Yankees are reported to receive from their local cable and television outlets. I recall a riveting moment during the lockout when NBC began a television interview with George Steinbrenner by presenting its best guess at the Yankees' 1990 budget—a balance sheet that showed roughly forty-five million dollars in expenses against revenues in excess of a hundred million. Mr. Steinbrenner, invited to comment, claimed the figures were out of whack. "You're *way* out of line," he said. "In cash flow, the Yankees will be lucky if they break even this year." Bob Costas, the NBC interviewer, politely asked where the NBC figures might be in error, but Steinbrenner declined to specify. "Oh, no," he said. "You're not going to catch me doing *that*. No way." He laughed.

What is permanently disruptive and inflationary about the economics of baseball is not just the ability of a George Steinbrenner to shell out three or four million dollars a year to keep the services of a great all-around player like Don Mattingly or to indulge in the speculative outlay of $1.9 million to land the free-agent pitcher Pascual Perez, who was a 9–13 performer with the Expos last year, and has suffered frequent absences or suspensions for emotional difficulties and drug violations. Nor is it the willingness of the pharmaceutical millionaire Ewing Kauffman to pursue his pennant dreams by signing up Mark Davis and another expensive free-agent pitcher, Storm Davis (he was 19–7 with the Athletics last year), for his Kansas City Royals, even though the club cannot conceivably present a budget capable of profitably carrying the addition to the payroll of their combined $3,291,667. The problem, rather, is the effect of such acts upon the salary-arbitration process. Every player who has completed three years' service in the majors (or a bit less, under the new agreement) can avail himself of this machinery. If, on the expiration of his contract, he cannot come to terms with his employer

REGALE YOURSELF IN A HOTEL OVERLOOKING THE WHITE HOUSE.

When you stay at the Hay-Adams you're close to everything you've come for.
Here are the comforts and grace you'd expect in a fine private home.
On very civilized terms.
$198* per night, single or double.
Includes wine and fruit, overnight parking, full American breakfast and afternoon tea. Taxes included.
For reservations: 800-424-5054 or 202-638-6600 or your travel agent.

Across from the White House.
One Lafayette Square,
Washington, D.C. 20006
William N. Trimble, General Manager

The Hay-Adams Hotel

*Subject to availability.
Gratuity not included.
Additional cost for
White House view.

Preferred Hotels

The Ultimate Chair
for back relief in the workplace!

Enjoy stressless seating with our swivel-base desk chair/recliner. Adjusts to many positions with a single knob.

BackSaver's Leather Office Chair/Recliner

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. NYP, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
137 Conduit Street, Annapolis, MD 21401
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition.
50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

SOUTHEAST ALASKA
and
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Aboard the 138-passenger *Yorktown Clipper*

Our 14-day voyage explores Alaska's fabled **Inside Passage, Glacier Bay National Park** and **British Columbia's sheltered coastline,** including the **Queen Charlotte Islands** and the whale-crossed waters of the **Johnstone Strait.** Our comfortable, shallow-draft ship has access to wilderness areas where big ships can't go. Experienced naturalists will be on board to enhance your understanding and enjoyment. Departing September 1.

For information, call toll-free
1-800-325-0010
or see your travel agent.

CLIPPER
7711 Bonhomme Ave. • St. Louis, MO 63105-1965 • (314) 727-2929

FREE CATALOG
Products You Never Knew Existed!

Gadgets Galore * *Live Steam* * *Phone* Devices * Distant Sound Detectors * Night Vision * Home, Office & Personal Security * Watches * Carbide Cannons * Hundreds Of Canes & Walking Sticks * Standard Handles Plus Unique Heads In Silver, Gold, Brass, Wood * Blackthorns, Exotics, Hardwoods * Secrecy Sticks * Flask Canes * World-wide Sources * Send For Your FREE Catalog Today!

DutchGuard
Fax Dept. N50
816-842-9344
Dept. N50, P.O. Box 411687
Kansas City, MO 64141

PERSONAL SPAIN

Deluxe tours of Spain for one or two couples (or family group), fully personalized to your requirements, and escorted throughout. See what you want to see: we are totally flexible. Stay as long as you wish (minimum 7 days). Set your own pace. 1992 will be Spain's year in the limelight. See it before it gets crowded!

Call for Free Brochure: 1-800-365-WISH

"Beautiful Hand Cut Wooden Jigsaw Puzzles"

Intricately cut to order from 5-ply mahogany and personalized with interesting shapes and silhouettes. Call or send for free information.

Elms Puzzles, Inc. (301) 583-7535
8 Beech Leaf Court / Towson, MD 21204

about salary, he may submit a bid to an arbitrator, while the club, in turn, files its own, lower figure. The arbitrator selects one sum or the other, but nothing in between. Fair enough, one might concede, except that, by established practice, the arbitrator, in effect, weighs the contested salary against the salaries and length of service of *all* present players at the applicant's position—all center fielders, or all catchers, or whatever—including those in the topmost brackets. A pitcher going into arbitration next winter with the Mariners, say, or the Twins or the Orioles—with any club—will base his claim on a pitchers' pay scale that has already been tilted by Dave Stewart's and Mark Langston's and Mark Davis's new numbers, which means, in effect, that the rest of the league ends up paying for those very large salaries all over again. Most arbitration cases are settled before the actual procedure is fully invoked, but the built-in inflation factor is startling. A hundred and thirty-five players applied for arbitration in January of 1989; only twelve of the cases were settled by that process, but the collective salaries of *all* the applicants rose by seventy per cent over their 1988 figures. This year, there were a hundred and sixty-one applicants, of whom twenty-four went to the end, but the scale went up by eighty-four per cent.

The owners' resolve to put a stop to this ceaseless escalation was to have been the central issue of the labor meetings this spring, and it motivated their lockout stratagem as well. They wished to present to the Players Association a truly radical new pay-for-performance proposal, built around complex formulas for determining player competence at the various positions. These, along with length of service, would be the only factors determining major-league salaries each year. Salary arbitration and multiyear contracts would be abolished for players with less than six years' service, and, just as significantly, payroll limits would prohibit wealthy clubs from loading up on free agents. The plan, gawky in its details (the formula for establishing the value of a third baseman, for instance, overlooked defensive skills), made its appearance early in the meetings, but when the union asked for data showing which players would be better off and which would lose money, and how salaries would be affected over all, the owners had no answer. Days later, the whole plan was withdrawn—so swiftly, in fact, that the Players Association tended to believe it had only been a ploy. To this day, the abrupt backdown feels almost surreal; it's as if the owners, having persuaded themselves over a period of many months of the wisdom and feasibility of their plan, had suddenly perceived its true dimensions when it was put up for public scrutiny. Having girded themselves to no purpose for a major struggle, they now fought grudgingly and unhappily down to the final hour before terminating a lockout that was beginning to look as if it might imperil a major part of the season; the new sticking point for them was a symbolic trifle—the amount of service a third-year player would have to put in before qualifying for salary-arbitration rights, which will alter things, it turns out, for fourteen or fifteen players. Some matters of import—minimum salaries, the owners' increased contribution to the players' pension fund, and penalties for collusion—had indeed been settled at the bargaining table, but these matters, it seemed certain, were never a cause for war. What was it all *about?*, the fans wanted to know, but no one could quickly answer.

All this time, we have been looking at baseball money from the top down, so to speak, but this is not quite the way the players see it—or the front offices, either. No one has had more success in recent years than the World Champion Oakland Athletics, who are the first team in a decade to play back-to-back World Series (they lost to the Dodgers in 1988, in an upset). Their lineup of large bashers and tough, dominant pitchers has become nationally celebrated; and their management, on the field and off, has been vigorous and imaginative, and single-minded in the pursuit of excellence. The club is at the pinnacle, and a third pennant now would establish it as the first baseball dynasty since Cincinnati's Big Red Machine, in the late seventies. Competition in the muscular American League West, particularly from the Angels and the Royals, will make this a difficult task, and there are formidable financial obstacles as well. Oakland's attendance in 1989 was a franchise-record 2,667,225, second best in the league, and there were rich additional revenues from the playoffs and the World Series, but General Manager Sandy Alderson understands that winning can also be expensive. This winter, after securing the services of Rickey Henderson and Dave Stewart at the new three-million-plus level, and re-signing ten other regulars, he did not keep three significant members of the championship roster who attained free agency after the Series ended—the pitcher Storm Davis; the veteran inspiriter and big bopper Dave Parker, who had been used mostly as a left-handed designated hitter; and Tony Phillips, a utility infielder who appeared at six different positions in a hundred and forty-three games in 1989, and whose electrifying play afield lit up the October playoffs and the World Series.

Alderson, talking to me in Arizona late in March, did not have to offer complicated explanations for this decision. Keeping the three players at the terms they requested would have jumped the Oakland salary total by well over three million dollars and, he said, would have presented the club with serious economic problems for years to come. The champions' payroll is in the environs of twenty million dollars (up from eleven million two years ago), and even without the departees' paychecks the team can expect a payroll bump to twenty-nine million dollars next winter if it keeps (and renews, at prevailing levels) its present roster. After that—well, Jose Canseco will become a free agent at the end of the 1991 season. "We aren't a have-not club, but our resources aren't unlimited," Alderson said. "Our cable revenue"—local sources estimate this at three million dollars a year—"is actually down this year. Once we pass twenty-nine million dollars in salaries, we'll have some distance to go to break even. Above that . . ." He shrugged. "The money just ain't there."

All spring, I heard people in Arizona and Florida talking about the three departed Oakland players and the effect their absence could have on the team this season. Some of the coaches and players and writers said that Dave Parker was irreplaceable, because of his leadership in the clubhouse, but in the end more of them felt that Tony Phillips was the real loss. Indeed, once the season began, word came that the A's were trying to deal for an experienced left-handed bat (Phillips is a switch-

Direct
From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1 ♦ 800 ♦ 622 ♦ 5456

St. Louis The Meeting Place ☎ 30013

BARBADOS
This vacation discover something different...discover Barbados. ☎ 30029

Chrysler
Test Drive Program ☎ 30016

Spiegel ☎ 30011

HM Hotel Macklowe
Macklowe Conference Center ☎ 30017

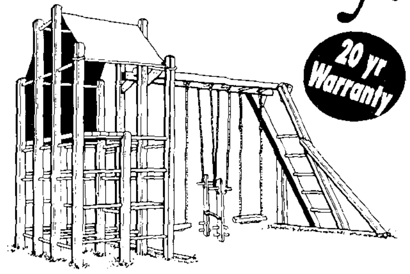
Kennedy Galleries Inc.
AMERICAN ART SPECIALISTS ☎ 30022

DAVIDE CENCI ☎ 30001

Young Island
ST. VINCENT ☎ 30015

CONRAD HOTELS ☎ 30024

Advertisement

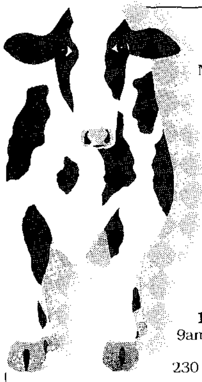


The cedar one...
naturally.

We build our playsets with splinter-free cedar 4x4's to protect both your child and our planet. Cedar does not need to be pressure-treated with chemicals because it resists rotting naturally.

FREE COLOR CATALOGUE
1-800-233-7757

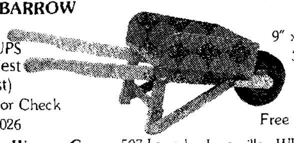
Cedar® works
Rt. 1, Box 640-N
Rockport, Maine 04856



Unblinking, yet friendly. Immobile, yet movable. Nearly life-sized (47"h), yet eats virtually nothing. Achieve the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, clean-up and pre-dawn chores. No, you cannot milk the Yard Cow, but you'll admire her for many years — she's made of ½" outdoor signboard, hand-stenciled on enamel. Indoor and outdoor supports incl. Begin with 1 at $63, or start your own herd of 3 for just $173, ship. incl.

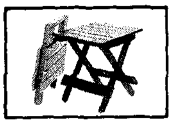
1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
9am-5pm DST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.
© K.L. Mullen Millwork
2301 Ritner Hwy, Carlisle, PA 17013
© 1989

THE YARD COW



JANESVILLE®
No. 1
WHEELBARROW
$39
+$4.00 UPS
($5.00 West Coast)
Visa, MC, or Check
(608) 754-0026
Wisconsin Wagon Co.

Solid Oak and Maple
6" Ball bearing wheel
9" x 11" Box
3½" Sides
For 3-4 year olds
Free Brochure
507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545



Totally Mahogany,
Totally Useful, $79

Indoor-outdoor, all-purpose Folding Table/Stool. (16 x 16 x 17; folds to 16 x 3 x 20.) Forest Green or Natural. $79. Pair $142. Incl. US shipping. (IL add 8%.) Check/MO/Visa/MC. The Schuler Group, Inc., POB 11168 (B), Chicago, IL 60611-0168. Fax (312) 787-8832. Call 1-800-275-5858. Guaranteed.

hitter) and a sound defensive infield specialist—a man who could steal a base for you, fill in anywhere, and sometimes come up with that one big play or little hit that wins ballgames. They wanted a Tony Phillips, in short.

I ran into Phillips at the tail end of my spring trip, when I went to see his present team, the Tigers, in Lakeland, Florida. He was playing third base, his new regular position, in a game against the Cardinals, and I saw him rap out a double just before he came out of the lineup in the sixth inning.

"Last year is over," he said when we chatted on the clubhouse porch, down by right field. "It wasn't hard at all for me to leave. Sandy Alderson is one of the greatest men—I can only give him compliments—but Oakland dealt with the people they had to deal with. I didn't get the respect I deserve. I didn't want to go back to always worrying about maybe getting a hit, maybe getting a job. There's none of that here. Here I've got responsibilities and a chance to play. I expect this will be the best three years of my life."

Phillips is lighthearted, and he often interrupts his conversation with little high-pitched laughs. He told me and another writer, an old friend of his from the Bay Area, that he hoped the Athletics would repeat, but when one of us asked if he felt any conflict of loyalties now, he stopped laughing. "Loyalty!" he cried. "Give me a *bucket!* What's that got to do with taking care of my family?"

Phillips was paid three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars last year. The Athletics wavered over an increase that might have doubled this sum, but the Tigers came along with a three-year contract that will pay him, on average, a million two hundred thousand a year—very close to the salary the Athletics pay their established star third baseman, Carney Lansford. There seems to be no way they could have kept Tony Phillips.

He was smiling again when I said goodbye. We talked about the fine play he made against the Giants' Brett Butler to end the World Series last fall, and the ecstatic little backward dance step he went into on the field before he ran in to join the celebrations around the mound.

"Yes—*right!*" Tony said. "But don't forget I'd also made the last out at the plate in the Series the year before. I had to spend that whole winter watching Hershiser striking my ass out!"

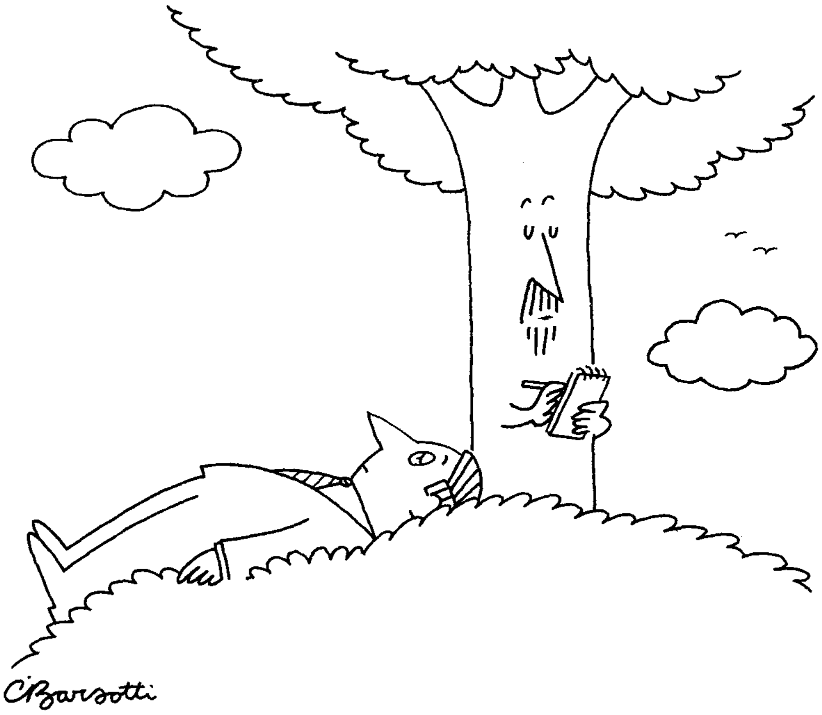
THERE were faint gleams of hope around the table when the exhausted parties reached their labor agreement late on Sunday, March 18th, and word came that the camps were free to open at last. Opening Day would be postponed by one week, and the games lost would be made up by tinkerings with the schedules, thus preserving the full hundred-and-sixty-two-game expanse: no asterisks this time. The talks ended in an almost civilized manner, for much of the lacerating hostility that had marked previous meetings down the years was missing this time. Donald Fehr, the executive director of the Players Association, and Chuck O'Connor, the new chief negotiator for the owners, worked out the final, difficult solution together and emerged with evident respect for each other, and Commissioner Fay Vincent, who had taken a personal hand in the talks in the earlier stages (he was plainly on the side of the owners, a position that most of his predecessors had traditionally tried to obfuscate), was viewed with favor by all hands. Bud Selig, the Milwaukee chief executive who heads up the owners' Player Relations Committee, had been fervent but fair-minded in presenting his unprepossessing case. Some of the inevitable hard-liners had made headlines during the darker days, to be sure—the irascible John McMullen, owner of the Astros, impugned the intelligence of the players participating in the talks, and Gene Orza, a union firebrand, was heard to refer to the owners as gangsters—but somehow the talks never slipped from there into further obloquy or enraged silence, as has happened in the past. Commissioner Vincent confessed he'd been startled by the residue of anger left by the collusion cases, and said he would attempt to seal off that process forever. Whether these gestures mean that the two cavernous issues that still divide the players and the owners—the control of salary inflation through some form of revenue participation, and the process of labor negotiation itself—can be moderated in some fashion is not known, but I think almost everyone now *wants* solutions.

"The system has to be made self-adjusting," Sandy Alderson said to me. "There has to be some ongoing form of coöperation between the owners and the players. We're not at a point in the history of this business where confrontation is still acceptable."

"The system doesn't work very well as it is," Donald Fehr said. "Maybe we can arbitrate it one day."

Like other fans, I suppose, I feel a bit more optimistic now that the games and the season are under way, but I don't quite trust that feeling, either. In Florida one afternoon, I ran into Bob Boone, the veteran Royals catcher, who has represented the players in many labor negotiations down the years, and we talked about the bruised, empty feelings that so many fans had about their pastime now.

"I don't know if the players and the owners have the right to play with that fragile element, the way we keep doing," he said. "The sad part is that everyone recognizes the damage we're doing, but no one knows what to do about it."



"And the cloud that's just overhead and to your right—what does that remind you of?"

• •

ON Opening Day, the sun is shining, of course. We want to get there early, so we grab a quick bite at the Lexington Market—some Chincoteagues for me, washed down with draft National Boh—and then head down Eutaw Street toward the park, past the old Bromo-Seltzer tower, with its wonderful clock that spells out the product around the face (it's "Z" past "R," or eleven-twenty-five, up there), and now we begin to pick up the sounds of band music ahead. Here's the park at last—a low red brick façade, broken by archways. It faces on Camden Street for a distance, then bends away, paralleling the third-base line, toward home. Steel vertical beams, set back above the street wall, rise to a narrow green sunroof along the upper deck. Above that are light towers and flags (the flags stirring a bit), yet my eye, I notice, does not climb upward as this stadium draws closer but follows it horizontally, arch to arch. No dome here, no beetling concrete cyclotron over our heads. This is a pavilion—a *park*, right here in the city. We walk over to where the wall of the left-field grandstand is replaced by a wrought-iron fence, with trees and picnic tables just inside it, and here we get that tingling first view of the diamond (it's set a good bit below street level) and of the players ranged about at batting practice; along with the view comes a whiff of grass. Dominating the landscape behind center and right fields is the amazing old Camden Yards freight warehouse, an endless pale brick eight-story promontory that is separated from the stadium and the tall scoreboard behind center field by a narrow, cheerful avenue. We give up our tickets at a gate, and stroll this surprising boulevard. More crowds here, and the band music is nice and loud. Our plan was to go right around the park and enter behind home plate, but now, we notice, there's a great view from right field if we walk across a little promenade forested with flagpoles. At its end, we are standing directly above right field, in fair ground, with the fresh lawns some twenty feet below. We stop and lean on the railings there, and survey, in lordly fashion, a couple of visiting-team outfielders beneath. In time, one of them lopes over a few strides and pulls in an easy-arching fly ball: *whap*. I could do that, I think. (Later on, from our grandstand seats behind first, I see that there's an old-fashioned, Fenwayish scoreboard set in that right-field wall, just below where we stood.) Off to the right of our perch, there's a modest bleacher section and, beyond that, a grassy terrace and, I think, the bullpens. The warning track makes four angled bends within the foul poles—a tough proposition for the outfielders. I gauge the different distances and then glance back at the right-field pole, just to my left. This is a hitters' park, especially if you bat left. "Let's grab another beer," one of my companions says, but I linger a moment, savoring the sunshine and the look of the triple-decked, old-green stands all around, just now beginning to fill up, and the bunting hanging from the front of the mezzanine. This is a *fans'* park, I think. They've done it at last.

No score or highlights of this game will be offered here, for our opening day (it's in Baltimore) is still two years away. Nothing else has been invented, however, for this new old-style ballpark is well under way—the grounds cleared and the footings in place—and its elegant and thoughtful configurations are all in clear sight in my mind. Languishing for some good news back in the darkest March days of the lockout, I suddenly remembered and dug out a news item I had clipped months before, and swiftly got on the phone to Baltimore. Next morning, I boarded an early Metroliner, and thus passed a happy day in the Orioles' offices in doomed Memorial Stadium, learning all about its successor, Camden Yards Ballpark, or maybe Babe Ruth Stadium (the name is not yet fixed), where the O's and their fans will be meeting, I'm sure, long into the next century. In another way, I had been waiting for this visit for twenty years, which is at least the length of time I have spent wondering why some team couldn't come up with a new major-league ballpark that would put an end to the weepy beatifications we writers and aficionados must still scatter down upon the rusting ancient temples of the pastime, where city grass grows deep, and where a company of fans, sometimes sitting close enough to third to tell whether Ron or Wade or Aurelio had shaved that morning, could put up a noise when needed and hear it rise and roll and reëcho within those airy and wonderful chambers: Wrigley, Fenway, Comiskey, Tiger Stadium.

Ballparks tell us more about ourselves than we think. A present-day free-association tour of the leagues quickly turns up the lost grandeur and scary side streets of Yankee Stadium; the broiling parking-lot paddies that encircle Dodger Stadium; the airless, officelike chill of the Astrodome; the semi-squalor of Shea; and the blasted hopes evident in planning disasters like the Kingdome, the Stade Olympique, and the Hubert Humphrey Metrodome. Most American of all, I suspect, are the shopping-mall stadia that went up, one after another, in the sixties and early seventies: Atlanta, Busch, Three Rivers, Riverfront, Veterans. These are circular, multipurpose concrete sports machines, grassless (except for Atlanta) and graceless, and so alike in their lineaments that visiting ballplayers have caught themselves looking around for some reminder of which city and which part of the schedule they are playing tonight: *Oh, yeah, the restaurant—this must be Pittsburgh.* I would add Shea Stadium to this list but for its old-shoe familiarity to me—which probably only proves that a fan can get used to *anything* in time. (I should mention that the Orioles' current home, Memorial Stadium, which was built in 1953, has its loyalists, who admire its tree-lined outer knoll and the peculiar in-slanting angles of right and left fields, just beyond the foul poles; however, the place is cramped and dingy within, and notoriously difficult of access.) The often admired, boomerang-shaped Royals Stadium is notable to me as the only example of the shopping-mall genre to attain the safe suburban look to which the others so plainly aspire, while its center-field fountains seem to be trying to atone for the Yup-scale antisepsis of the premises. The circular stands of the other proto-stadia facilitate their conversion to football in the off-season but push the summer fans inexorably back from the right angles of the diamond, while symmetrical outfields take away the pleasing eccentricity and the promise of sudden adventure encouraged by short porches or bottomless center fields: a blandness that the management secretly hoped for, I think, in the composition of its crowds. But these are old complaints, and some more recent ballparks, finished or in process, show a greater respect for the game and perhaps better hopes for our cities as well. Baseball and urban planning have always gone hand in hand, as can be deduced from the cunning placement of old downtown parks like Forbes and Ebbets Fields, Shibe Park and Fenway Park, Comiskey and Wrigley, and the rest, within their street lots and right-angled block corners. It was always a good fit: the diamond is in fact a square, and a tenement window—which is what you sometimes felt you were occupying, down front in the upper deck—invites street kibitzing and yelled advice. Baseball, at its heart, has always been a city sport.

Extensive studies in ballpark design, undertaken in recent years by individual teams and by the Society for American Baseball Research and by energetic and passionate local fan groups, show an awareness of the subtlety and the utilitarian beauty of the old downtown parks, but it seems inevitable, somehow, that the White Sox should have passed over a well-thought-out "Armour Field" proposal (by SABRmetrician Philip Bess) for a new park when the club announced in 1986 that another Comiskey Park would be built. That new stadium, a few yards away from the tottering but still operative South Side 1910 classic, is nearing completion, and will be ready for play a year from now. The Pale Hose management claims that the new place adheres to the lines and intimate spirit of the old, which is good news (I have not yet visited the grounds), but photos show a thick, fortressy exterior that gives me qualms. In Detroit, meanwhile, the Tigers have similarly stiffed another fan group's proposal for upgrading and expanding the facilities of Tiger Stadium. (This study, the "Cochrane Plan," was prepared by the Tiger Stadium Fan Club, whose newsletter is called *Unobstructed Views*.) The Detroit ownership insists that the grand old box—née 1912, and called first Navin Field and then Briggs Stadium—is too cramped and creaky to justify an overhaul, but it has committed itself to a grassed enclosure (not a dome), built for baseball alone. Things are looking up a little.

Toronto's expansive and expensive SkyDome has been in full operation for almost a year, to be sure, and the Blue Jays' habitual forty-nine-thousand-plus audiences there will almost certainly set an all-time attendance record for organized baseball this year, surpassing the Dodger Stadium mark of 3,608,881 in 1982. The SkyDome is awesome and eerily beautiful inside, whether the massive four-part roof is closed or open, but its De Mille proportions (there's a full, operating hotel above the center-field stands) make ballgames there—at least as distantly viewed by the fifth-deck patron—almost a flea-circus attraction. Because of its endless tourist flow, the humongous pile will enter the dreams of ballpark owners and builders from now on, but it remains to be seen if any of them are also willing to take on building and development costs like the ones (four hundred and sixty million dollars) that this particular space station has amassed to date.

Camden Yards Ballpark brings us happily down to earth. Its forty-six thousand seats will all be within foul-pop range of the action (there are three decks, the middle one being given over to seventy-two luxury boxes and other special seating), and the exterior, as I have suggested, is low and bricky and unassuming—neither palazzo nor parking garage. Fans in left field will get a nice view of downtown Baltimore and the neighboring harbor-front development. Fans in every corner of the place will be aware of that trainlike windowed warehouse just next door. This landmark structure, fifty feet wide and more than a thousand feet long, used to service the B. & O. freights, and in time, I'm sure, it will come to feel like part of the park. Club offices will occupy part of the warehouse, with gift shops and restaurants and an Orioles museum below. At its nearest point, the warehouse wall is four hundred and sixty feet away from home plate—within reach of an epic home-run shot some windy summer

Sunday. ("We're hoping for a broken window," an O's-person whispered to me.) The cost of the new park, currently holding firm at a hundred and five million, has been met by a bond issue floated by the Maryland Stadium Authority, which also handled the property acquisition. Baltimore, it should be recalled, lost an N.F.L. franchise when the Colts absconded to Indianapolis in 1984, and it means to keep the Orioles happy and at home. The architects, H.O.K. Sport, of Kansas City, drew the plans for the new Comiskey, too, and were also responsible for some of the concrete behemoths we have been deploring here, but this time they were guided by different ideas.

Eli S. Jacobs, an investor who, with his partners, purchased the Orioles from the Edward Bennett Williams estate a year and a half ago, came into the sport with some strong notions about ballparks. He is a native Bostonian, and says he grew up in Fenway Park and Braves Field. He wanted his new park to keep something of those homey and sensible proportions, with touches of Ebbets Field thrown in. He has said that his main early contribution to the work was simply saying no to his architects until they began to get the idea. When I pressed him one day to tell me which specific ideas for the place had come from him and which from others, he said, "Look at the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe—who knows who did what there?"

Camden Yards is not yet Chartres or Beauvais, however, and I found some answers in time. Lawrence Lucchino, the club president, was the one who insisted from the beginning that the park should be built for baseball only, and should be downtown, as part of the city's fabric. Orioles Manager Frank Robinson, the Hall of Famer whose playing career began in Crosley Field, in Cincinnati, and stretched well into the moon-crater era, was a rich source, along with his coaches, of ideas about the field's layout and distances. The irregular sward measures three hundred and twenty-three feet down the line in left; three hundred and eighty-two feet and three hundred and eighty-five feet up the power alleys; four hundred and ten at its deepest, in center; and three hundred and nineteen in right, where a twenty-five-foot wall will invite (and subvert) left-handed bashers. The other outfield walls rise to seven feet, as they do in Memorial Stadium; the height was preserved because it makes for frequent leaping grabs—and caroms as well. "It's built for doubles and triples, which are the most exciting things in baseball," an Orioles staffer told me. Manager Robbie, by the way, has expressed impatience for Camden Yards' opening day, and friends (*good* friends) sometimes ask if that isn't because he wishes to see one particular Memorial Stadium record left intact: he's the only man ever to hit a ball out of the joint.

If the new park appears to be of human dimensions, it may be because so many people were consulted and listened to during its development. Groundskeeper Pat Santarone asked if the field axis couldn't be rotated a few degrees to the left, to make for lively action between players and fans over foul balls down the line—something he'd enjoyed as a boy at Dunn Field, in Elmira, New York, where his father, Val Santarone, was groundskeeper forty years ago. It was done. A fan wrote in to say how much he appreciated the raised bullpens at the new Yankee Stadium, and *that* was done, and someone else remembered the look of billboards on the outfield walls in the old days—a sight that will return when space is sold for advertising on the padded modern walls at Camden Yards. Bob Aylward, the Orioles' vice-president for business affairs, who is an ample man, became the seat specialist and test pilot; the stadium's spacious, nineteen-to-twenty-one-inch-wide seats are his doing. Someone else with the Orioles had recalled the intertwined "NY" motif, executed in cast iron, that decorated the arm supports of the end seats in the old Polo Grounds, and also a similarly rococo tiger-and-bat escutcheon in the bygone rows at Tiger Stadium, and the O's hope to do something of the sort for *their* new seats. Janet Marie Smith, the vice-president for planning and development, had the idea of turning the corner of the left-field stands, to keep the boxed coziness of the classic old parks—and to give fans there a prime view of the nightly light show of downtown Baltimore. And so on.

Ms. Smith, a precise and enthusiastic woman of thirty-two, was my Camden Yards tour guide, and she whisked me through blueprints and renderings, projections and problems, sometimes in

Introductory Offer -
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!
Try A Little Tenderness
Candlelight, soft music, and magnificent, aged Filet Mignons. Perfect. Experts select and prepare each filet! Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of utmost enjoyment. Steaks arrive frozen. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Introductory Offer:
#678 4 (6 oz.) **Filet Mignons,** 1 1/4" thick &
1 (4 oz.) **Pkg. of Seasoned Butter Sauce**
Reg. $49.95 .... **$29.95**
(plus $5.50 shipping and handling)
You Save $20.00 (Limit of 2, Please) Valid in 48 States Until June 30, 1990
Phone or mail order. Use major credit card and
Call Free 1-800-228-9055
Order today or write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon.
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. 1480 / 4400 So. 96th Street / Omaha, NE 68127

HM
There are a
score of fine
San Francisco Hotels,
but only one is truly majestic.
Rates from $90 per room.
THE MAJESTIC
1500 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
(800) 869-8966 or (415) 441-1100

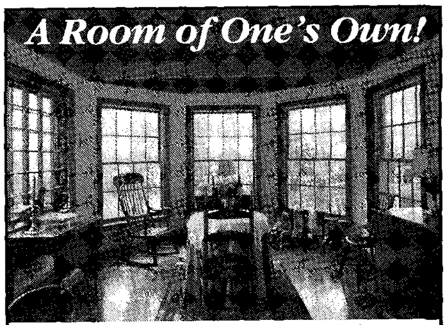
STYLISH LEATHER COLLECTION
Top Grain Cowhide bags, Handcrafted in Argentina
CHUKKER COUNTRY
(A1) POLO BAG
Natural Color 18" x 13" x 8"
Satisfaction guaranteed
FREE CATALOG (212) 888-8733
CHUKKER COUNTRY, P.O. Box 974
FDR Station, NY, NY 10150

Lose Weight At Lovely Florida Oceanfront Resort
Learn the secrets of good nutrition, gentle weight loss stress control, proper exercise and positive mental outlook with our unique medically supervised healthful programs featuring vegetarian cuisine. Call or write for brochure.
REGENCY 2000 S. Ocean Dr., Dept. NY
Hallandale FL 33009
The Luxury Oceanfront Health Resort & Spa (305) 454-2220

IN THE SPIRIT OF SANTA FE

Presenting the Quail Run resort condominium community, minutes from the heart of Santa Fe and in close touch with her soul. Spacious floorplans feature patios and decks for elegant outdoor living and spectacular views of the mountains. Complete recreational facilities and 24-hour security are provided. Prices start in the low $200,000's. Exclusive sales agents: French & French Fine Properties. 3101 Old Pecos Trail, Santa Fe, NM, (505) 986-2222. Outside of New Mexico: 1-800-548-6990.

QUAIL RUN



A Room of One's Own!

ADDING ON? Preserve the elegance and character of your home with Distinctive Additions from Habitat.
Quality woods ● Custom designs ● Built anywhere
Energy efficient ● Post & Beam $2. catalog.

habitat
CALL TODAY! 800-992-0121
IN MASS. 800-423-0020
123 Elm, So. Drfld., MA 01373
DISTINCTIVE ADDITIONS

Thinking Retirement?
Warm Winters Without Florida's Crowds

HAMPTON
—Plantation—

On St. Simons Island, Next to Sea Island
About 300 Homes on 18 Golf Holes
1-800-635-3971

This does not constitute an offering for sale in those states where such an offering cannot be made.

YOHO HEAD
Bucks Harbor, Maine

Exclusive Downeast oceanfront community. Unspoiled scenic beauty.
2 to 6 acre lots from $40,000.
Brochure : Phone (207) 255-3516
Fax (207) 256-8565

It's Splendid Isolation Forever.

DeBordieu is 2,700 acres of breathtaking low country beauty, a beach you'll have all to yourself, Dye-designed golf and so much more. People say there'll never again be a place like DeBordieu. Call 1-800-476-7070.

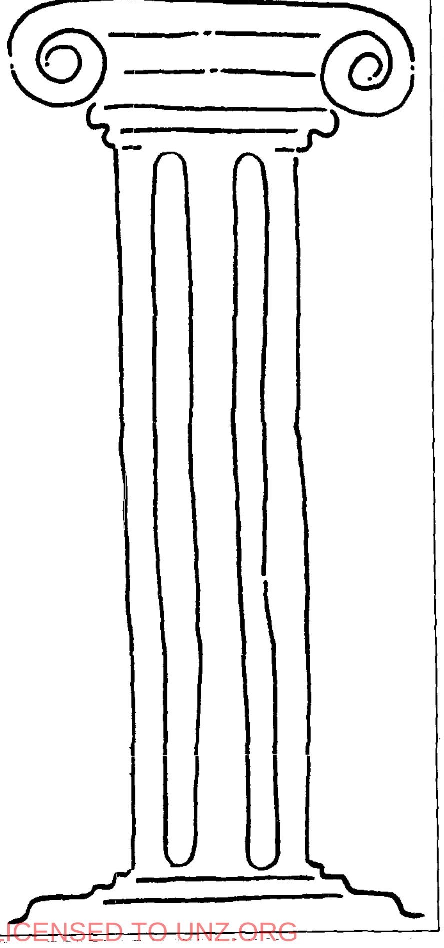
DeBordieu
A very private community on the ocean.
PO Box 1746 • Georgetown, SC 29442

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value if any, of this property. Registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitue an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. A Statement and Offering Statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not consitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or or any officer thereof orthat the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the Offering Statement is available, upon request, from the Subdivider. (NYA No. 90-16).

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington

Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

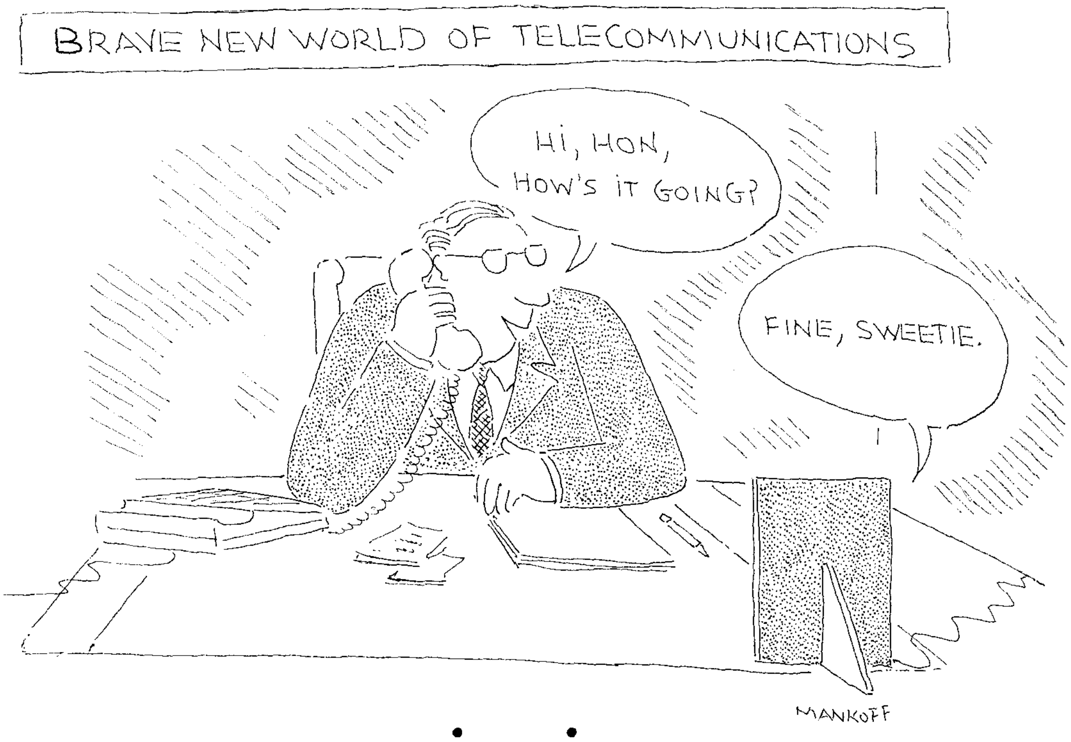
For more information on advertising in "Homes & Estates," please call (212)536-5463



the manner of a ten-year-old showing off her Christmas presents. Ideas and expertise flowed from her, but pleasure ran strongest of all. A Mississippi native, she has degrees in architecture and urban planning, and came to the Orioles after serving as coördinator of architecture and design for the enormous urban projects of Battery Park City and the Pershing Square redevelopment in Los Angeles. She is a lifelong baseball fan, as it happens, and she first heard about the Camden Yards project when she made a pilgrimage to Memorial Stadium in 1988 to see the hapless and hopeless O's of that season in action at home. Ms. Smith took me in and out of urbanology, engineering, principles of design, and baseball archeology in a discourse that could have come from Kenneth Clark—Sir Kenneth in Reeboks. (Ms. Smith will pursue further studies as a graduate fellow at Harvard next fall, while commuting to and from her work with the Orioles.) On street maps she pointed out the park's immediate access to the Martin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard, to the MARC commuter trains from Washington (where much of the Orioles' following resides), to the Baltimore subway, to a forthcoming at-grade light-railway system, and to every bus line in the city. The stadium parking lot will have a modest five-thousand-car capacity, but fans will now have options other than occupying the infamous locked-steel summer landscapes around Memorial's uptown street grid.

Unfolding long charts, Ms. Smith made me see why a deeper-than-usual thirty-two-inch tread—the front-to-back dimension of each row, that is—in the grandstands of the new park not only is more comfortable for the patrons but diminishes the tip-tilted, falling-on-the-catcher feel of the standard upflung, poured-concrete top decks. The gentler grade will pull the back rows away from the field a bit, but it keeps the park pleasingly low and within scale. Ms. Smith was eloquent in extolling the open beam-and-triangle steel gridwork around the upper decks, and in those trusses I saw a reminder of a country-fairgrounds grandstand, or perhaps the penumbrous bones of the Polo Grounds roof. Talking about what grandstands do or should not do, Ms. Smith ran off a little videotape of some early wind-direction tests for the new park, executed with the aid of a minikin model ballpark submerged in a tank of water, into which streams of red dye flowed and then swirled as the currents were altered. Watching this science-class exhibit, I was reminded of a very different script—of the afternoon back in the late nineteen-fifties when Chub Feeney, then the general manager of the San Francisco Giants, paid his first visit to the Bay site of the future Candlestick Park, and was nearly blown out of his socks by the prevailing gale when he alighted from his car. "Wow!" he yelled to his guide, a local engineer. "Does it always blow like this around here?" The hard-hat was reassuring: "Oh, no—only in the middle of the afternoons in June and July."

What else did Janet Marie Smith show me or answer for me or suddenly remember not to forget to tell me? Let's see: A chain of green color chips, ranging from canoe-hull to asparagus, from which the final, old-timey color of the seats will be selected. . . . The way in which the main entrance to the park forms a natural target or terminus for the oncoming Russell Street traffic. . . . Some little circles around a pedestrian path on a blueprint, representing Yoshino cherry and Bradford pear trees, which are varieties that blossom late in March or early in April at this ballpark's latitude—in time for Opening Day, that is. . . . A pinned-up Polaroid snap of the distinctive, humped-in-the-middle Wrigley Field front-entrance sign, which, somehow or someway, will find its echo here, because it is a trademark of good design and good baseball. . . . Oh, yes—the name. Some recent campaigning in the sports media for "Babe Ruth Stadium" has brought a coolish response from the Orioles so far. As we know, the Bambino was a native Baltimore lad, and the downtown Babe Ruth Museum is barely a fungo shot from the new park; on the other hand, his name and deeds would seem to be inextricable Yankee heirlooms. The "Camden Yards" handle has proliferated of its own accord, Ms. Smith told me—a point in its favor. " 'Camden Yards'—it has that ring, doesn't it?" she said. "I'll tell you one thing: we're not going to have a fans' contest about this. We'll just decide it on its own merits when the time comes, like everything else around here."


BRAVE NEW WORLD OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS
HI, HON, HOW'S IT GOING?
FINE, SWEETIE.
MANKOFF

• •

God is in the details, Mies van der Rohe told us, and I think he (the lowercase architect, I mean) would have loved to see the principle being elucidated in a baseball stadium. Baseball, like good design, is made up of a thousand challenges, decisions, and minute strategies, and a great contemporary ballpark, built along ancient lines but for contemporary needs and expectations, can be an amalgam of intelligence and sensual pleasure, just like a good ballgame. A little sentiment is not amiss, either, as long as it doesn't rule the enterprise. Late in my visit, Ms. Smith let me see a family album, on slides, of Camden Yards' progenitors and old aunties: Forbes Field and environs (in the hand-painted tints of a contemporary postcard); Fenway Park, seen (as I have so often seen it) from the air, and tucked so deep into its neighborhood that one must hunt it out, as in a jigsaw puzzle; Shibe Park, in Philadelphia, with its white arches and rounded corner tower; the *other* Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles, where the Coast League Angels once played, with its noble clock tower and deeply set-back upper deck; and Ebbets Field, almost better here in black-and-white plain clothes than in florid legend. "From their looks, some of these places could have been downtown libraries or a city hall," Janet Marie said. "We hope we'll have that spirit when we're done."

We went downtown, too, in the end, and visited Camden Yards in person. From a seventh-floor window in the deserted and frigid warehouse, we looked out on a great prairie of mud, thinly peopled by engineers and caisson crews in different-colored hard hats. Cranes and some fresh wooden forms for concrete were awaiting action, and two massive concrete-carriers rolled slowly toward them, sloshing through puddles. It had been snowing a few minutes earlier, and baseball seemed far away.

"What I like to remember," Janet Marie said, "is that the grass for this field—it's that new Prescription Athletic Turf—is growing right now in a sod farm down on the Eastern Shore. All this has happened in a single year, so we're really getting close."

But I didn't need to have my spirits lifted. On the far side of the site I could see where bulldozers had already turned and smoothed the corner of the grounds directly behind home plate: a thrilling curve of the new vessel that would soon be filled and refilled, days and years on end, with fresh baseball memories.

WITH the camps open at last, I rushed toward spring—or what was left of it. After so long a deprivation, even batting practice and those first, picnic-game innings of intrasquad ball were pleasing, and those of us who had made the scene could at last tell each other our own lockout tales: how bad and how mad we'd felt, and how we'd resolved at some point never to come back. Even so, we were better off than folks who had turned up in Scottsdale or Sarasota or St. Pete at the usual time, expecting that the trivial labor misunderstanding would be settled in plenty of time for the full spring schedule, for which they had bought their tickets in advance. They were wrong. A restaurant owner in Arizona told me that early in March he'd seen fan families get out of their cars and walk through the open gates at Phoenix Stadium and then stand there for ten minutes or more, staring out at the empty, lineless fields. The games, when they did come along—two weeks' worth, with more regulars and fewer rookies and long shots than usual in the lineups, and with the nervous managers counting the pitches thrown by their tender-armed staffs—were only moderately attended. The baseball itself felt continuous: an onflowing of last autumn's established truths. Here in Phoenix, on the opening day of the games, was Don Zimmer, still overmanaging, in mid-October-playoffs form. In the ninth inning, with his Cubs up a run against the Athletics, he hurried to the mound to lengthily berate his reliever, Paul Assenmacher, who had just crossed up his battery mate by throwing an unexpected sort of pitch, with the tying and winning runs aboard. Bemused as well as berated, Assenmacher now delivered a *wild* pitch, causing Zimm to order an intentional base on balls (a true rarity in spring games), which left him without further cogitative powers to avert the ensuing little game-winning single up the middle by an Oakland pinch-hitter named Steve Howard.

The Athletics, also hewing to custom, administered a horrendous whacking to the Giants the next afternoon, bringing home eight runs in the seventh inning in the course of a 16–3 wipeout that seemed to prolong the embarrassing imbalance between the clubs we remembered from the World Series—and, for that matter, from *last* year's spring training. The Giants cheered up—we all did, I guess—a few days later, when they at last shut down the champs, 4–0, back home on their own grounds. The following evening, however, over in Phoenix again, the Oakland mojo was back at work. A game that the Giants had just tied up in the ninth went down the spout moments later when three eager Oakland supernumeraries got aboard and then came skipping home en masse when the next obligatory pinch-hitter, a left-side swinger named Bruce Fields, smashed a grand slam over the center-field wall against Ernie Camacho. Fields, a perennial rookie, now twenty-nine years old, batted well all spring, as he had on three cursory past visits to the majors, but there was no room for him on the Oakland roster. Back down he went, the dream of Fields (every writer in the Greater Phoenix area thought of this at the instant of the homer) again gone glimmering.

Spring baseball is written on the wind, of course, and further sights and sounds of it, here in the rush of the full season, will be brief and rose-colored. Anyone not made wholly cynical by this year's beginning must be forgiven for wanting happier moments just now, in hopes that the great pendulum of baseball, which has been slicing through darkness for the better part of a year, may have begun to swing back at last. Five weeks of action have brought the full range of discoveries and confirmations and doubts and plunging disappointments that old fans demand, and these, along with the first serious injuries and serious in-season trades, are beginning to give some shape to the months ahead. The Reds and the Royals have outstripped all expectations, albeit in opposite directions. The Pirates and the White Sox (the *White Sox?*) have their adherents in ecstasies, and the Mets, for all their pitching, have been playing poorly and unhappily, just like last year. Toronto owns the long ball, and Bucky Dent's Yankees, although cheerful, can't score runs for beans. The Bosox picked up Tom Brunansky (for Lee Smith), but may come to wish he were a starting pitcher. Orel Hershiser is down for the season, and so are the Dodgers, in all likelihood. Another earthquake seems to have knocked over the Giants' pitching corps, while the Athletics—is it possible?—may be even better than we have all been saying. And so it goes: a fresh season now rocketing down the tracks, with enormous distances and landscapes yet to be traversed.

On Schedule

WITH the season impending, I asked some managers how they looked at the long trudge up ahead—not so much how they would adjust to a truncated April, or how they would juggle pitching staffs not quite ready for full combat, as how they visualized the entire campaign. Doug Rader, the ruddy and agreeable Angels manager, said, "Everybody asks me how we're going to play against the A's and how we're going to play against the Royals—and maybe they should ask how we're going to play against the Rangers and this Seattle club, too—but the bottom line is that you gotta win *x* number of games. I think you can look at a season like an eighteen-hole golf course. You're not playing the competition—you're playing against par. Only, this year, in this division, par might be one hundred."

"You'll have to win a hundred games, you mean?" I said.

"Yep. But let's say it the other way. We can only lose sixty-two, so *that's* par." He gave me a sun-burnished grin. "Tough course."

Tony La Russa, the Oakland skipper, responded by describing a treacherous late-July-to-early-August stretch of games on his club's schedule—four at home against the Angels, three away at the Twins', three at home with Seattle, then four away, with the Angels again—which he had already put to memory, like a Mark Twain envisioning the lower Mississippi.

What about the full season, I persisted.

"Well, Latch"—one of his coaches, Rene Lachemann—"likes to break it down into forty-game segments," La Russa said. "And Reggie used to say that if you get ten games over .500, then you've got a chance to ride. He said it's a lot easier to get from ten over to twenty over once you've made that first step. Schu"—Ron Schueler, an advance scout and special assistant to Sandy Alderson—"believes you've got to have a couple of twenty-win months if you're going to have a big year. Don Baylor used to tell guys here that the season's a marathon. You've got to put in a sprint somewhere, but over all it's a long, long piece. Me—well, mostly I just think about April. It's like a ballgame—I put the emphasis on the early innings and then the *late* innings, because the middle innings are going to take care of themselves. There's this special knob you have to adjust that goes from 'Early' to 'Late,' see? That's all there is to it."

Joe Morgan, the Red Sox manager, had a different idea. "One game at a time, baby," he said. "That's as far as I can count."

Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson said he had no system at all. "Not anymore," he said. "I'll let each day come, and see what it brings. I know I have no control over what goes on out there—not a tiny bit. I have control over the players and how they're used, but none at all over what happens. The only thing that matters is those guys who suit up."

He was talking in flat tones that seemed at variance with the garrulous and insistently optimistic Sparky I had known so long. The 1989 Tigers finished last in their division, and lost a hundred and three games in the process—their second-worst finish ever—and I recalled that Anderson had been so traumatized by their performance that he was forced to take a two-week leave of absence from his job, in May. Now he was coming up on his twenty-first season as a major-league manager (he is the only one ever to win World Championships in both leagues), but something seemed to have changed in him for good.

"Like all of us, I used to go through that ego trip," he went on. "Everybody gets that way when you win and win—you can't help it. When you lose—and I mean *lose*—it makes you stop all that and realize you were nothing on the bench. You had nothing to do with it. Casey Stengel was the greatest example in the world. He went from the Yankees to the Mets and proved the theory."

He saw something in my face, and tried to cheer me up, I think.

"Look—I feel glad about this, not bad," he said. "This takes all the pressure off. I'm very relieved, truthfully."

Niner

EARLY in April, I got a letter from Saul Steinberg, enclosing an obituary clipping from the *Times:* Johnny Neun had died. "I'm sure this perfect life didn't escape you," Steinberg wrote, "but just in case . . . " My correspondent was Saul Steinberg the artist, not the money man. My Saul is a fan as well. Back in the nineteen-fifties, when he had just discovered the pastime, he used to dress up in a full uniform of his favorite team, the Milwaukee Braves, before sitting down to watch them play a televised game. Steinberg is a world-class noticer, and he had noticed, among other things, that Johnny Neun had died at the age of eighty-nine, and that the *Times* story was datelined March 29, 1990.

I had known Johnny Neun as an old gent who often sat in the back row of the Orioles press box in the past couple of decades; I saw him there again only last September. He would shake your hand and then wait for you to ask him about his famous unassisted triple play, back in 1927, when he was playing first base for the Tigers. Then he would tell you about it: how he'd caught a line drive, right at him, tagged a base runner between first and second, and then beat the other man to second base for the putout—one, two, three. The *Times* item, recounting the famous moment once again, reminded me that it had happened in the ninth inning.

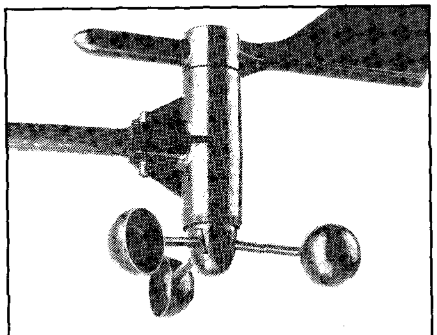
Steinberg had more to say. " 'Neun' means nine in German," he wrote, "and nine in itself is a triple play. Notice the many nines in his life."

Neun was not a cipher in baseball. I recalled that he had managed the Yankees briefly in 1946, and then had switched over and managed the Reds for the next two seasons. Three years of managing, in all, and when I looked him up in the Baseball Encyclopedia I found that his won-lost record as a skipper came out to a lifetime 125–143 total—or nine games below the .500 level. Then I flipped over to the players' section, and found his lifetime batting average, over six years: .289.

The *Times* item was distressingly imprecise in its last line, which said, "Mr. Neun is survived by several nieces and nephews." I think we know the number.

Making the Cut

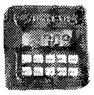
I HAD a good list of young ballplayers I wanted to check out this spring—Craig Biggio, the vibrant Houston catcher; Ken Griffey, of the Mariners (young Ken, that is, whose father still plays for the Reds); the oncoming Atlanta pitching staff, with flingers like John Smoltz and Tommy Greene; Cubs pitcher Mike Harkey, who was such a disappointment last year; the Cardinals' elegant, fully es-



PROFESSIONAL QUALITY WEATHER STATION NOW AFFORDABLE ENOUGH FOR HOME USE!

The new WeatherPro weather station uses state-of-the-art technology to give you full monitoring capability at an incredibly low price. The WeatherPro includes a weather computer, remote precision wind direction vane, wind speed sensor, external temperature probe, mounting hardware and 40' of cable-**all for only $179!**

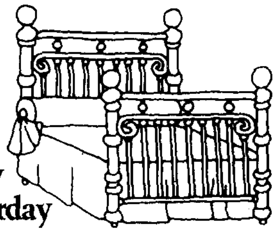
•WIND SPEED
•TEMPERATURE
•WIND DIRECTION
•TEMPERATURE HI/LO
•RAINFALL (OPTIONAL)*
•WIND GUST
•WIND CHILL
•TIME
•AUTO SCAN
•1 YEAR WARRANTY
•14-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



DIGITAR WEATHERPRO
WEATHER STATION: ONLY $179!
ORDER TODAY:1-800-678-3669, ext.NY
M-F 7AM-5:30 PM Pacific Time

*Automatic-emptying electronic rain gauge-$49.95
Add $5.00 for shipping. CA residents add sales tax.
Fax 1-415-732-9188 • M/C and VISA

DIGITAR®
3465 DIABLO AVE, HAYWARD, CA 94545



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773, Box NY51, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

($150.00) - Mass. res. add 5% tax.
Send ring size, check or
MC/VISA/AMEX
with exp. date.

Actual Size

14K
Lover's Knot Heart Ring
with bezel set .03ct. fine diamond
entirely handmade *(not a casting)*

MICHAEL BAKSA
Designer/Goldsmith
Theatre Marketplace
Rte.6A, Dennis
Cape Cod, MA.02638
(508) 385-5733

Call/Write for Free Catalog

Maps & Gear
ACCESS
321 S. Guadalupe, N4
Santa Fe, NM 87501
505 988-2442

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

FREE COFFEE!

Experience the enticing aroma and superb flavor of Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee FREE! Write or call today to receive a fresh-roast, vacuum-packed sample of our 100% Hawaiian Kona Coffee. Special nascent club offer included.
Send $1.00 for S&H (coffee free) to:

Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee

Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee
PO Box 1294-N, Concord, NH 03302
Toll-free 1-800-448-7359 (M-F,days)

Never miss nature's best performances!

Join readers of "Gardens & Countrysides" and receive the only international travel journal written for garden enthusiasts by garden enthusiasts.
Discover who's who and what's where in the world's countrysides, plus tips on how and when to enjoy nature at her best. One year (ten issues) just $57 (regularly $75).

1-800-531-5314
VISA/MC or check

Gardens & Countrysides
Dept. F, 401 Austin Hwy., Ste. 209
San Antonio, TX 78209

15,000 acres...it's larger than Manhattan.

The BALSAMS
Grand Resort Hotel
Dixville Notch, New Hampshire
♦♦♦♦ 1-800-255-0600 ★★★★
AAA Mobil

tablished new catcher, Todd Zeile; and, again and always, Bo Jackson—but the altered schedule and some bad luck put a crimp in my plans. For the same reason, I missed a planned call on the Orioles, whose younger members may feel that playing for Frank Robinson right now is like belonging to a touring Shakespearean repertory company: there's always a great role just ahead. (I didn't even find time to check out the Mets and Yankees in Florida this time, but of course I could do a catchup on them once I got home.)

As it worked out, I only saw Zeile in action—he hit a home run in his first at-bat against the Tigers—but I also relished a little moment at the Royals' Baseball City when Bo, taking batting practice, began rattling some shots off and over the distant fences while being intently observed by a visiting Red Sox squad that was simultaneously going through its stretching exercises in deep left field. The recumbent Bostons were splayed out like carrion on the veldt, with necks painfully twisted under torsos or protruding legs aimed at the sky, but whenever a Bo-liner passed by at low altitude you could see them all turning their heads to follow its passage.

Bo didn't play that day, but I had other rewards. By now, I'd come to see that baseball had another pattern in mind for me: instead of scouting young prodigies this time around, I would end up pulling for some famous veterans on the spring lists, hoping they'd beat the even longer odds against them and hitch one more ride back into the sunshine. Experts kept telling me that neither rookies nor old-timers would get much of a look this spring; because of the shortened training period, all the managers would be sticking to known quantities. But when I got to the Red Sox camp in Winter Haven everyone was talking about Bill Buckner—everyone except the manager and the general manager, that is. Billy Buck has put in twenty-one years in the majors, with five teams. Always, all the rest of his life, he'll be remembered in freeze-frame as that Boston first baseman, stiff with horror, who has just let Mookie Wilson's little bouncer slip between his legs for the Mets' game-winning tenth-inning run in the fatal Game Six of the 1986 World Series. Buckner, who has been hobbled by multiple injuries down the years, had surgery on his legs that winter, but he was released by the Sox in midseason of 1987. He moved along to the Angels, and then to the Royals last year, where he wound up with a .216 season: the end of the line, everyone assumed. This spring, he invited himself to camp in Winter Haven for one more shot. He wasn't given much of a welcome. Assigned to the minor-league camp, he couldn't even dress in the clubhouse where he had once cut such a figure. He asked for and received permission to wear Tony Conigliaro's old No. 25 (Conigliaro had died in February), but nobody quite noticed him or really wanted to look at him. After all, he was forty years old. When I asked Joe Morgan about Buckner, he paused and then talked instead about a big rookie infielder named Tim Naehring.

"Naehring'll play short or third or wherever you put him," Morgan said. "Good, quick hands, for a hitter. He's a Bobby Grich type, to me—he doesn't mind putting his face in front of a bouncing ball. We played him yesterday, and he hit two home runs—one to left, one to right. Will we keep him up here this year? Hard to say, but guys who know they can play, play." And so forth.

Naehring got in a game that afternoon, in fact, and popped a couple of singles against the Twins and made a fine throw from deep behind third to nail Greg Gagne at first. I could see what Joe Morgan meant. He was sent down to the Pawtucket squad later that afternoon, it turned out, but everyone told me he'd be back, sooner or later. But what about Buckner? Spring was running out, and all he'd done so far was hit. He was batting around .450 with the minor leaguers, and .277 in the games with the big boys. He was getting to be an embarrassment. When the late-afternoon notice went up in the Sox's clubhouse, his name was up there with the split squad that would play the Royals the next day, over in Baseball City, where he'd be swinging against Bret Saberhagen, the Cy Young incumbent.

I went along, of course, and here came Buckner once again, creaking up to the plate on those moth-eaten ankles, and hitting as if in midseason: quick, deadly rips at the ball, from his loose left-handed stance. I knew all the mannerisms: the odd opening gesture, with the bat held downward in his right hand, when he appears to be poking away a cat at his feet; then the one-handed airplane-propeller whirl; *then* the base hit. He went four for five against Saberhagen and a successor—with one of the blows a rocketed first-pitch double into the right-field corner. "When this is over," a Sox P.R. man in the press box murmured, "he's going to push the team bus back to Winter Haven."

Meeting with Buckner in a corridor outside the visiting-team clubhouse after the game, I was surprised (as I always am) at how thin he was. He looked like a paper-cutout ballplayer. But with his thick black eyebrows, his black button eyes, his thick mustache, and the greasepaint daubs under his eyes, he reminded me once again of a Mack Sennett villain about to foreclose on the mortgage.

"I've felt good all spring," he said. "I know more about hitting than most first basemen in this league. I ran all winter and I hit all winter, which I've never tried before. I've been doing those three-part Bob Boone workouts—look what they've done for *him*. All I know is if I get sent down now I might have to kill somebody. So I'll either be in Boston this weekend or in Folsom Prison."

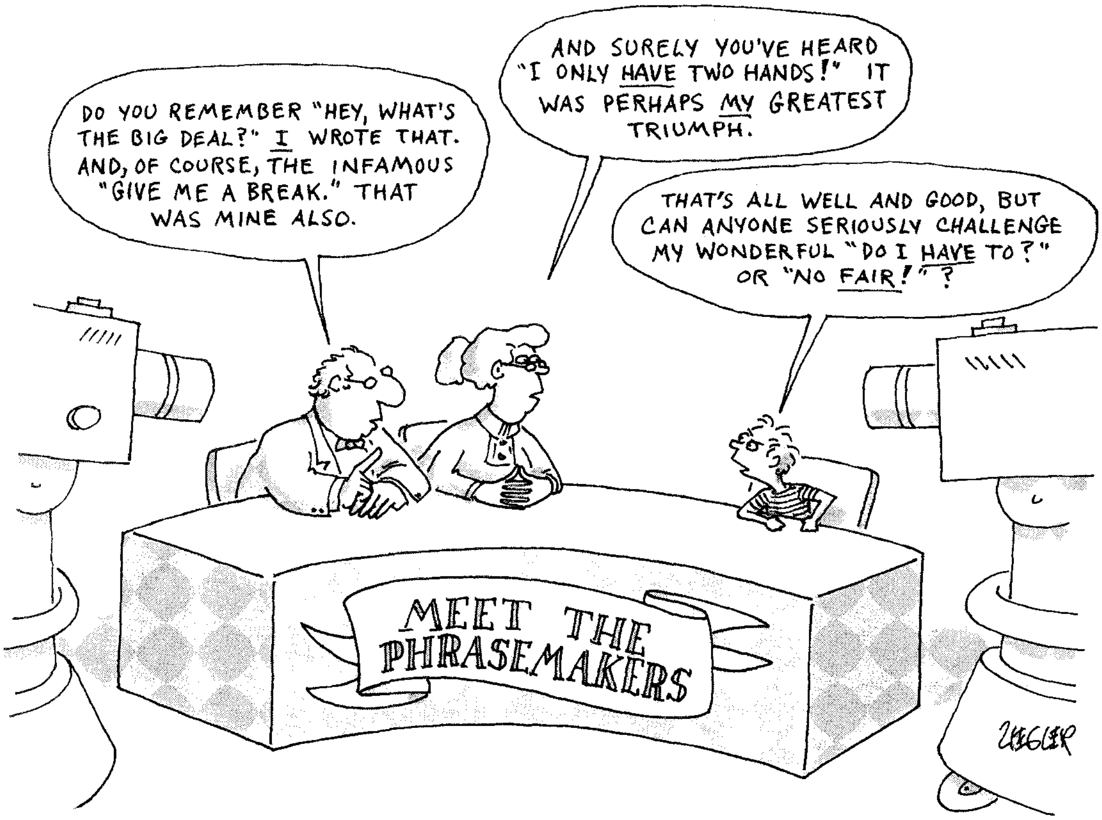
Nobody got killed. Billy Buck went north with the Bosox, and when he grounded out as a pinch-hitter in the fifth inning on April 11th, in a game against the Tigers, he qualified as a member of the baseball élite who have played major-league ball in four calendar decades. (He had one at-bat for the Dodgers in 1969.) His clubmates this year are Nolan Ryan, Carlton Fisk, and Rick Dempsey. Darrell Evans and Jerry Reuss had the door slammed in their faces when they were dropped by their teams during spring training. There have been twenty-one four-decade players in all. Welcome, Bill—pull up a chair.

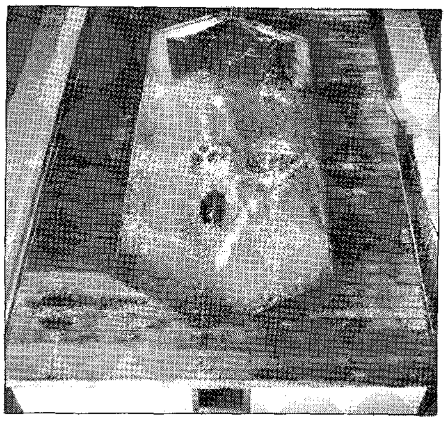
Classic

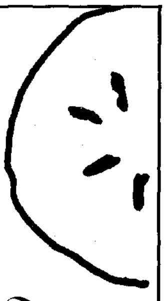
Another sovereign remedy for the lockout blues was George F. Will's new baseball book, "Men at Work," which I took along to Arizona and Florida. Early on, I began dog-earing pages of particular interest, and by the time I came home my copy had thickened like a paperback left out in a thundershower. It became my plan to write at length in praise of "Men at Work," which goes up on my short shelf of essential texts that begins with "The Glory of Their Times," but America has saved me the trouble by buying up copies and printings of the thing in thumping numbers. It's a hit—a triple off the center-field wall, perhaps—and there's not much for me to do here except join the standing O. Mr. Will, the conservative political columnist and television pundit, is intense and hard-burning by temperament, but the hundreds or thousands of hours he has somehow been able to devote to baseball now reveal him to be more capacious and generous in spirit than I had previously imagined. The book's meticulous exploration of the craft of baseball (this is the subtitle, in fact) produces the author's conclusion that "baseball is difficult in peculiarly demanding ways [because it] involves so many situations that must be mastered mentally, and so many skills involving that mental mastery, and so much anticipation, and so much execution within extraordinarily fine tolerances."

Will's elucidation of difficulties derives in the main from lengthy conversations with four cerebral contemporary specialists: manager Tony La Russa, pitcher Orel Hershiser, hitter Tony Gwynn, and infielder Cal Ripken. This is shoptalk raised to the M.I.T. level—La Russa expounding on the eight different plays available to a manager in moving his base runners in a first-and-third situation; Hershiser's altered placing of his front leg before his delivery, which will cost him a deduction of three miles per hour from his fastball but also impose a possibly more valuable smidgen of doubt in the mind of an enemy base runner like Vince Coleman; Gwynn counting ten individual frames on a videotape of one of his at-bats against Rick Sutcliffe, to assure himself that he kept his lead shoulder properly back before opening up for the pitch; Ripken playing "the game within the game" that entails considerations of the game situation—the pitcher, the batter, the kind of pitch, the pitch location, the count on the batter, and more—which determine precisely where he will position himself afield at the instant the ball is delivered.

Will is a talented listener, but the best voice in the book is his own. He appears to have read every text and history and record of the word-burdened pastime, and can call up the appropriate reference or idea or anecdote without effort while also wheeling


DO YOU REMEMBER "HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?" I WROTE THAT. AND, OF COURSE, THE INFAMOUS "GIVE ME A BREAK." THAT WAS MINE ALSO.
AND SURELY YOU'VE HEARD "I ONLY HAVE TWO HANDS!" IT WAS PERHAPS MY GREATEST TRIUMPH.
THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT CAN ANYONE SERIOUSLY CHALLENGE MY WONDERFUL "DO I HAVE TO?" OR "NO FAIR!"?
MEET THE PHRASEMAKERS
ZIEGLER


SWIM AT HOME
A unique personal lap pool for swimming in place against a smooth, adjustable current
ENDLESS POOLS
SWIMMING MACHINES
ENDLESS POOLS INC.
SALES OFFICE
181 CHRISTOPHER ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10014
(212) 691-6377

Shore enough.

The Cliff House
ON BALD HEAD CLIFF
Call (207) 361-1000 or write for brochure.
Shore Road, P.O. Box 2274Y, Ogunquit, ME 03907

THE OHIO LIGHT OPERA

James Stuart, Artistic Director
Evan Whallon, Music Director
"Operetta Gold . . . and comedy gold."
—OPERA, London
1990 Season, June 6-Aug. 5
The Merry Widow
HMS Pinafore/My Fair Galatea
The Opera Ball
The Yeoman of the Guard
The Land of Smiles
Ciboulette
Street Scene
Founded and Produced by
The College of Wooster
Wooster, Ohio 44691
Call (216) 263-2345 for tickets

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS!
- 1and 2 Week Hiking Tours
- Inn-to-Inn Trekking
- Paragliding and Light Mountaineering Courses
- Scottish Highlands Tours
- Relais, Romantik, Four Star Hotels

RYDER-WALKER
ALPINE ADVENTURES
87 Morse Hill Road, Dept Y
Millerton, NY 12546
(914) 373-7005

in lengthy counter-evidence or opinion from players and coaches and baseball thinkers, past or playing. He is entranced with baseball, but he never vapors, and his appreciation of the skills and courage and firmness of mind of the professionals of the sport is intellectual at its center. He enlarges the game for us, and so heartens the serious fan (his reader, that is), who has sensed all along how much is going on out there but until now has not had such rich confirmation of the news. Baseball looks like the easiest of all our team sports to play, and also appears to be the game most readily understood in its nuances and strategy. Such chimerical notions invite us into the ballpark, often at an early age, but, for reasons Mr. Will makes plain, it is difficulty that keeps us there. Baseball rewards the stayer, and I am delighted to have stayed around long enough to receive this fresh gift from the game.

Mike

As it happened, I was witness to *two* startling revivals this spring. A few days before the Buckner true tale, I had made it a point to be on hand for a trifling split-squad game, played in light spatters of desert rain, that matched up the Angels and the Athletics. The Oakland starter, a slim, poised right-hander, threw brusquely and finished his delivery with a unique little uptailing kick of his trailing leg: a signature. I had not seen this gesture or its author in action for several years, but there was a time, back in the early nineteen-eighties, when I thought the man—it's Mike Norris—was the most entertainingly brilliant pitcher in the game. He was one of the few players I'd encountered who could hotdog while standing still. I can still envision him in action against the Orioles back in September, 1980, when I wrote about "his stiff-backed, duck-footed saunterings about the mound while he rubbed up the ball and coolly eyed the crowd, and then the pitch delivered, right-handed, with an unorthodox upright, three-part, over-the-top (mostly) motion that finishes with his right leg kicking up behind him, and the ball, much of the time, flicking the wrong way as it crosses the plate: screwball."

Norris went 22–9 that summer, and barely missed out on a Cy Young Award. He was only twenty-five, and some of the balloters may have figured that he'd surely be back in line for the award soon. But he slipped to 12–9 the next year, and then to 7–11. He had blown out his arm by then, perhaps as the result of pitching two hundred and eighty-four innings, with twenty-four complete games, for Billy Martin's ambitious 1980 A's, a team virtually without a bullpen. The rest was much worse: two full seasons on the disabled list following shoulder surgery, and a few painful minor-league outings after that. Other troubles had overtaken him by then, including several detentions for drug possession and alcohol abuse. He slipped out of sight—another great talent gone south. His loss was poignant, because Norris was exceptionally intelligent and lighthearted, and exuded joy. He was a charmer.

Now, at the age of thirty-five, he was out on the mound versus the Angels, throwing against the first major-league batters he had faced in nearly seven years, and the taste of drama that some of us had in our mouths was tangy indeed. He had got this chance by dint of a year's work in the minors last summer, starting at the Class AA level, for which he'd "won a lot of points," in Tony La Russa's words. Managers can play no favorites, of course, but La Russa had observed to me that a player who can find success after a long stretch of difficulties such as the ones Norris had run into probably ends up helping more people than himself. There was a lot riding on this spring game, it seemed.

Mike worked his assigned three innings with something like his old élan, surrendering a double (he got a waste fastball in a bit more than he'd wanted) and a base on balls in the first, but fanning a hitter for the third out. There were two more K's in the second. His prime pitch, the screwball, still showed itself in two varieties—faster and up, slower and *down*, with the latter seeming to scoot under the flailing bat at the last instant. (He learned the pitch during a long-ago spring strike, of all things, when the Giants' ace, Juan Marichal, had worked out one morning at San Francisco's Balboa High School field, and Norris, then a brash seventeen-year-old Balboa pitcher, asked him to teach him the scroogie.) He threw a curveball now and then as well, and I think a slider, but the fastball wasn't there anymore, so he wasn't exactly dominating the proceedings the way he did back when he always seemed to be boring holes through the strike zone.

Norris started off his third and last inning with another strikeout—his fourth, to date—then surrendered a hard-hit double to Mark McLemore. He retired the next man on a fly, and then—pausing out there between pitches to catch his breath and think about things—gave up a walk to Devon White. He was losing it. I'd moved down to the front rows by now, directly behind home, where I squeezed in with some Oakland scouts and executives, who were groaning and wincing with every pitch, pulling for their man. Norris threw high to the dangerous Lance Parrish, then delivered a low slider that was taken for a strike. He came in again with an upper-level screwball, which Parrish unfurled on—for an instant, I thought he'd got it all—and cracked to deep center field, where Stan Javier pulled in the ball at last. The men around me sat back in their chairs and exchanged little looks and nods of pleasure. A great outing.

Norris, in the clubhouse, sat stripped to the waist in front of his locker. He was almost as trim and slim as ever; only his face was older. "I had a pitch limit of fifty, and I threw fifty," he told us. "That's a lot for me right now. I slept well last night—I was surprised. I feel . . . I feel great elation. I'm getting the aura again."

He answered every question. He'd been straight for more than four years now—thanks to his mother and his girlfriend, thanks to the Lord. He'd been a member of A.A. for a time, but no longer went to the meetings. "I don't need to hear those stories anymore," he said softly. "I got more horror stories than anyone else in the room. There've been times when I looked down inside my shirt and wondered who was in there. Now if I can be Mike Norris two-thirds of the time, that'll be all right with me."

I asked him if he remembered the way he used to stalk and stare about, out on the mound, and he nodded. "I'm not so into that anymore," he said. "That struttin' and pimpin' around. Maybe it's maturity. But I know what you mean. Maybe you'll see it again someday." He smiled and then shook the thought away. "Right now—well, I want to hear one more major-league anthem."

He made the team—no longer a starter, to be sure, but a late-innings right-hander out of the bullpen in special situations: a setup man. On April 17th, he set down the Angels in order in the eleventh inning, and when the Athletics scored two runs in the top of the twelfth and went on to take the game, he had his first "W" since 1983. He was back.

WALTZ OF THE GEEZERS

IT'S funny about spring training: everyone looks forward to it, but before it ends, even in a short season, everyone is dying to have it over with and get on to the regular games and the real action. Then you look back at the spring and remember how special it was. There must be more to it than sunshine and a sense of fresh beginnings. Spring training is also baseball's social season—the only extended stretch of the year when old-timers in the game can meet old friends and have a drink, have a meal, play a round of golf: catch up. Old baseball guys are sociable in the same way that actors are, and perhaps career military types as well; like them, they have come to know large numbers of fellow-professionals under vivid and demanding conditions, which are almost always followed by long stretches of separation or exile. All their lives, ballplayers keep running into old friends or old enemies; they hug and bury paws and emit low, growly noises. They are forever reuning.

No one has more friends than my friend Bill Rigney, a former manager and onetime Giants infielder, who is now senior adviser to the Oakland high command. If you and Rig are leaving a restaurant together, you might as well go on ahead and get the car out of the lot, because he will have been stopped at three or four or five tables on his way out. Same thing at the ballpark. Sitting with Rig at a morning B-game, say, you know you'll soon be introduced to some ballplayer you haven't thought about for thirty years: George Zuverink, Mickey McDermott, Walker Cooper. This spring, it came to me that these were rarely the *same* old guys; the supply seemed bottomless, and so did Rig's pleasure over each meeting.

"George Zuverink?" he said when I asked. "Well, George pitched against me a lot, but always in spring training, because he was over in the other league, with the Indians. I don't think I ever got a hit against him—that's what *he* says, anyway. No wonder I'm his

1st IN A SERIES
THE VISTA CLARA *Experience*

At first, you'll notice the surprising contrast of pure luxury against Santa Fe's rugged arroyos and powerful vistas. Next, as one of only fourteen guests, you sense the important yet subtle role our attentive staff plays as your mental and physical stresses naturally melt away.

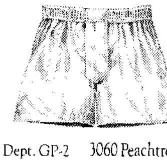
As the week unfolds, you begin to feel a clarity, a renewed sense of self, and a genuine exhilaration as you return to purposeful action. This is the Vista Clara experience. It may be the most important choice you make for yourself all year.

VISTA CLARA
HEALTH RETREAT & SPA
Box 111-G Galisteo, New Mexico 87540
(505) 988-8865
1-800-247-0301

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

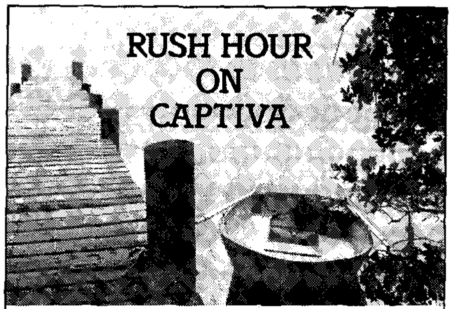
Sensational Summer
Unwind!
Relax!
Enjoy!
THE TIDES INN
"One of America's Finest Small Resorts"
Irvington, VA 22480 1-800-TIDES INN

THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.



Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:
THE GREEN POND COMPANY®
Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND

RUSH HOUR ON CAPTIVA



Roam 2½ miles of private beaches on our unhurried, unspoiled island. Handsome villas and luxury accommodations look out on the warm waters of the Gulf. Golf, tennis, sailing, and fishing are all here. Fine dining and shopping give you just the right touch of civilization. Value vacation packages from 3 days/2 nights to 8 days/7 nights are available.
See your travel agent or call toll free
1-800-237-3102, National.
Florida only, 1-800-282-3402.
South Seas Plantation
Captiva Island off Florida's Southwest Coast.

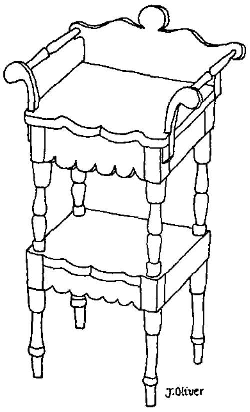
OLD NAVAJO
PUEBLO · HISPANIC
Consultants · Appraisers · Brokers
SOUTHWEST TEXTILES
NAGEN ◆ DEWEY
1-800-2NAVAJO
ON THE PLAZA SANTA FE

La Fonda
On the Plaza
is Santa Fe
100 East San Francisco
Santa Fe, New Mexico
Summer is spectacular in Santa Fe, especially at La Fonda...the hotel on the Plaza. Colorful rooms and suites, some with balconies and fireplaces. Ask about our meeting space and tour services.
(800) 523-5002
(505) 982-5511

actual size
OWL PENDANT
Sterling—$45; 14K—$250
18″ neckchain is included
velvet box, satisf. guaranteed
Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901
VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-284-8376

friend!" (Zuverink, it should be added, is the very last name in the Baseball Encyclopedia—the other bookend to Hank Aaron.) Mickey McDermott, by contrast, was a batting-practice coach for Rigney when he was managing the Angels. "A super guy," Rigney said. "He's had some problems over the years, but everything's O.K. for him now, I imagine. His wife won five million dollars in the state lottery here last month."

I asked about his closest baseball friends, and Rigney said that most of his intimates seemed farther away these days. "They're scattered all over," he said. "I still see a fellow who played for the Giants a little ahead of me—Johnny Vergez. He lives up in Oroville, California, and he and I go fishing every year. He was the manager of the Oakland club when I came up in the Coast League. I played for him a couple of years. I have friends I played *against*, too, like Bucky Walters. You remember, he was with that good Cincinnati club, with Ernie Lombardi and the rest. Somebody reminded me the other day that in 1939 Bucky and Paul Derringer pitched fifty-nine complete games between them. Can you imagine that!"



I can listen to stuff like this all day, but when there was a pause (there are a million pauses at spring games) I asked Rigney if he thought that contemporary players had the same sort of friendships today, and if they would remember their own playing days with the clarity and pleasure that he did.

"I've wondered about that myself," he said. "Everything is different for them, in a way, with all this money, and you can't help wondering if it means as much to them. Maybe it does. I think baseball friendships were close in my time because you started with the knowledge that you'd all made it in the game—you'd done something you'd dreamed about when you were a kid. Is that the same now?"

Before long, he was talking about the spring of 1951, when the Giants and the Yankees exchanged spring-training sites, and he and some teammates found tiny cottages to rent on Lido Beach, in St. Petersburg. "Forty-three bucks a week, right on the beach," he said. "Soon there was a whole bunch of us: Herman Franks, Chub Feeney—he was our young G.M.—and Ernie Harwell and his wife. Paula [Rigney] was there, with our three kids, and Chub and Margaret Ann had two or three little ones along. Lefty Gomez and June were there—he was finished with the Yankees by then, and was working for the Wilson sporting-goods company. Alvin Dark was new to our team, but after a while he heard about us and *he* moved in. It was funny about the Yankees' being away and us Giants' being there, because that fall we played each other in the World Series. Oh, we were so young that spring! Maybe that's why you remember. I'll tell you one thing about those cottages: if you went to call on somebody, you had to bring two things. A glass and a chair."

He didn't quite want to leave the subject, and a few moments later he said, "Sometimes I see somebody I haven't laid eyes on in years, and it just gets me. I can see the way they looked on the field or up at the plate, I mean. Bert Blyleven—I watch him pitch and I can still see the way he looked when he was in his rookie year and did so well for me on the Twins. He had that great breaking stuff even then. He still calls me 'Mr. Rigney.' Orlando Cepeda—I saw *him* just the other day in Scottsdale, and it . . ." He seized himself around the throat. "It's the same with guys like Enos Slaughter or Andy Seminick—I remember them because I had such big fights with them, some real rhubarbs. Seminick slid into me that once, and his spikes caught part of my jersey and tore it in half—took the uniform right off me." He considered recounting this epic battle scene once again but then thought better of it. "I guess we remember because those things felt important to us," he went on. "Like the time I was in an argument with some umpire when I was managing. I was out there yelling and jumping up and down and waving my arms, and he said, 'Hey—take it easy. It's only a game, you know.' And I said, 'Only a *game*? It's my life!' "

—ROGER ANGELL

MUSICAL EVENTS

A "Ring" and Two Rarities

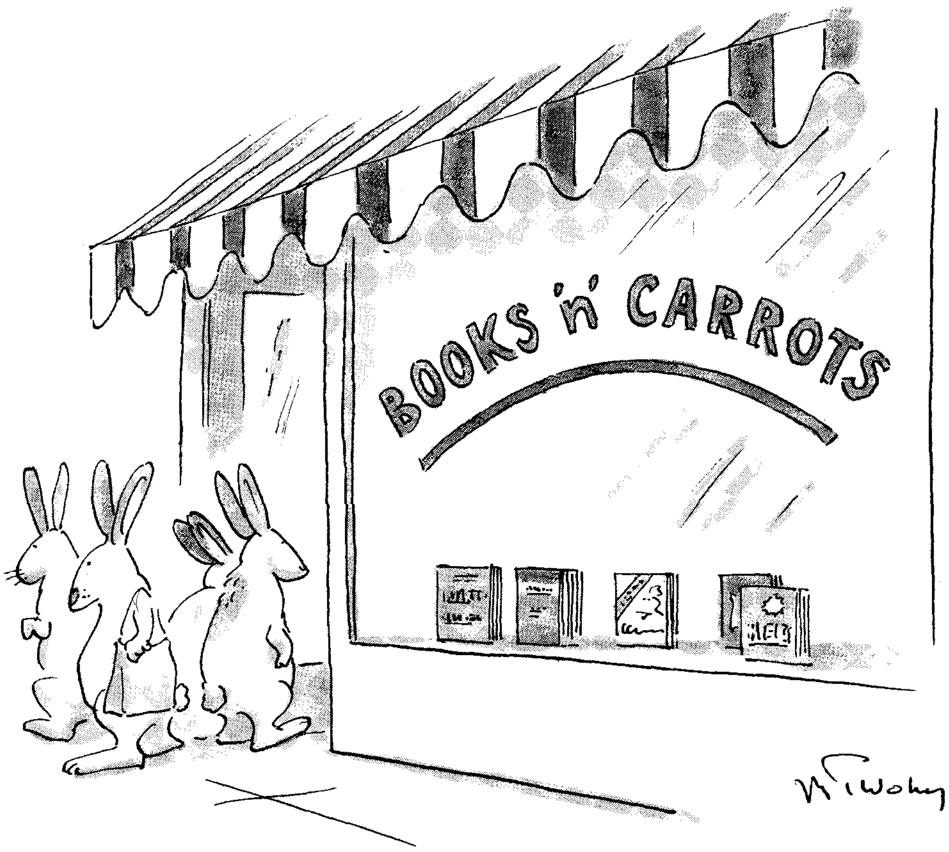
THE Metropolitan Opera's "Ring" cycles this year were performed not just for the audiences in the house but also, before cameras, for a television transmission of the cycle in June, with video recordings to follow. ("Die Walküre" was taped last season.) I listened to "Die Walküre" in a Texaco broadcast and saw the first "Götterdämmerung" and the second "Siegfried." The disadvantages for the live audience were the prominence of the cameras and their operators, the flicker of their viewfinding screens, occasional beeps and whistles, and the very bright light on the conductor and the orchestra during the preludes to the night scenes. Stronger stage light was an advantage in that it revealed the singers more clearly and rendered the follow spots less evident, but the scenery looked shabby and ill constructed. The big advantage was the removal—may it be permanent—of the scrim, the obfuscating veil that used to divide the performers and the audience.

James Levine, conducting, had a lightweight Brünnhilde and Siegfried, Hildegard Behrens and Siegfried Jerusalem, but instead of balancing his forces he gave his customary slow, loud, heavyweight reading. (The soprano had a cold at three of her six appearances, the tenor had a throat infection at the first "Götterdämmerung," and our "understanding" was asked for.) Mr. Jerusalem was singing his first Siegfrieds here. One hoped that he would be a lyrical hero: his witty Loge, his romantic Walther von Stolzing, and a cultivated lieder recital at the Frick earlier this season held promise of that. He was lyrical in only the evident places: the forest monologues where Siegfried tries to imagine what his mother might have looked like, and tells the Woodbird how lonely he is. These were sung with feeling and with beauty of tone. Elsewhere Mr. Jerusalem tended to shout, as if he feared that without constant, forceful attack he might not get through the role—or the orchestra. His acting was in a similar vein: marked by reinforcing (and repetitive) gestures on each phrase and an unremitting display of "boyish enthusiasm" unbecoming in a large quinquagenarian. Over the stage log in the second scene of "Siegfried" he must have leaped enthusiastically more than a dozen times; when the Woodbird told him about the sleeping Brünnhilde, he carried on like a stag in rut. The possibility of something more distinguished could be discerned. His words were clear. He has stamina. In other roles he has shown himself a good artist. With lighter competition and more coöperation from the orchestra, and in a sensitive, intelligent production, he could surely be a most acceptable Siegfried. Here he played down to and shouted up to Met-audience expectations.

Miss Behrens's soprano, a patchwork, includes some radiant high notes, some notes that wobble uncontrollably, a middle register that when soft, when not under pressure, can be expressive and beautiful, and some belted-out chest-register passages that sound grotesque. Her first, Bayreuth Brünnhilde, in 1983, was overpraised —even in those cradling acoustics it was apparent that she did not have the full vocal resource for the role—but it was arresting. In the Met, her voice sounded as if it were coming apart at the seams, and she was somewhat less arresting. There were still those radiant high notes and expressive middle passages. There were still episodes of uncommon vividness and intensity. But increasingly one had the sense that a flamboyant enactment of emotion was being used to compensate for erratic, unpredictable vocalism.

The instrumental playing was of superlative quality; a great orchestra will be Mr. Levine's legacy to the Met. But the score, as I said, moved slowly and heavily, and the conductor did not seem to be hearing his particular singers. Christa Ludwig, even at this late stage of her career, could surely be a remarkable Waltraute if she were responsively accompanied. Ernestine Schumann-Heink was seventy when she sang her last Met Erda—"with an eloquence that took the breath away," Olin Downes wrote in the *Times*—and Miss Ludwig is only sixty-six. But Mr. Levine dragged Waltraute's narration so grievously that Miss Ludwig could not sustain it: not merely paragraphs but individual phrases fell apart.

The casting was on the whole not careless. The qualification is made necessary by the pallid imported Gutrune



THE GO EVERYWHERE SKIRT
The incredible chic of dry, pebbly, unbleached cotton muslin in a swirling, pullon, one-size country skirt and ¾ sleeve T-shirt. The foreverness of the simple design and impeccable construction award it best-friend status. Pre-washed, dryer-dried, and not to be ironed. Skirt, $150; Top, $100. Brochure available. Call Margo.
1-800-343-3062. Visa/MC.

RUTH KISHLINE'S
COUNTRY CLOTHES SHOP
9215 Old Petersburg Road
Evansville, Indiana 47711

Among the riches
of Beverly Hills,
a little gem of a hotel.

B

THE BEVERLY PAVILION HOTEL
Beverly Hills (800) 421-0545

For Golfers

Our golfball atop a polished tee is available as a pin or lapel/tie-tack. Sterling $45 ea., $85/his and hers set. 14K gold $195 ea., $375/set. Satisfaction guaranteed. Add $3 shipping. In NY add tax. AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send your check to:

actual size

EAST END SILVER
Dept. N3, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

JAPANESE INVESTORS
Looking to **BUY** for immediate **CASH** French & American Impressionist and Important European Art. Send photos, information and prices to:
JAMAIS, INC.
127 East 59th Street, New York, NY 10022
Telefax: (212) 360-1747

and Gunther, Hanna Lisowska and Anthony Raffell, and by unpleasing Rhinemaidens (not their fault, however, that their river music was sluggish, unlilting). Some of the parts were good, among them Heinz Zednik's keen Mime, Ekkehard Wlaschiha's fierce Alberich, Matti Salminen's sonorous Fafner and Hagen. Gary Lakes's Siegmund—which I heard but did not see—had come into excellent musical focus. Andrea Gruber made a handsome Met début as the Third Norn; she should become an important singer if she can be persuaded that *plus fait douceur que violence.* (She won considerable success earlier this season as the Leonora of Scottish Opera's new "Forza del Destino.") But the sum of the parts remained on an accountancy level—here good, there poor—and did not provide the transcendental adventure that holds a listener rapt in the work and makes passing weaknesses unimportant. This Met "Ring" lacks coherence, character, meaning.

James Morris took the central role. He is endowed vocally and physically to be the next great Wotan. In San Francisco five years ago, fresh from his study with Hans Hotter, he held the promise of becoming it. His Met Wotan has acquired a stronger command of German but on dramatic and intellectual levels has remained curiously blank. In imposing and splendid tones, he sang louder than anyone else and threw dialogues out of balance.

In general, Otto Schenk, the director of the Met "Ring," seems to have been somewhat cynically content with a rough "blocking" of the immense drama—very rough in the dawn duet of "Götterdämmerung," where Brünnhilde's and Siegfried's unmotivated crisscrossings were near-comical. In Wagner's day, the composer himself worked during rehearsals to insure that every gesture, posture, and move of the singers had dramatic significance. By Schumann-Heink's day, there was an agreed Wagnerian understanding that made the contribution of a stage director almost unnecessary—and also in my early Wagnerian days, when Kirsten Flagstad, Hotter, Ludwig Weber could stride confidently into almost any old "Ring" production, give thrilling sense to it, and react dramatically with their colleagues. Today's singers lean on directors for particular guidance, and without it, and in the absence of any agreed manner, they tend to do their own thing, regardless, or to do little. It was difficult to believe that Miss Behrens, Mr. Jerusalem, Mr. Levine, and Mr. Schenk had got together for long hours to discuss and determine exactly what Brünnhilde and Siegfried felt about one another through the elaborate turns of their drama, and how that could best be reflected in the stage moves, the vocal timing, the orchestral dynamics, the lighting. What I saw and heard seemed more like Met business-as-usual. For the "Ring"—for Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi, Janáček, for any opera composer who matters—that is not enough. When the "Siegfried" anvil split on cue for once, not before Nothung had struck it, one hoped that the mechanics of the show were under control at last. But at the next "Götterdämmerung" the Gibichung palace collapsed prematurely, and one of its beams felled Brünnhilde. Miss Behrens withdrew from the third cycle.

AMY BEACH's opera, "Cabildo"—one of her later works, Opus 149—was presented by the After Dinner Opera Company in the Bruno Walter Auditorium, at Lincoln Center, in March. In 1915, Beach said:

> The old New York legends of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane and similar old American stories might make good material for opera, as they contain a great deal that is really American. The situations and characters we can fully understand, as they hail from the foundation of the American nation.

But it was a long while before the prolific composer turned to opera herself. The libretto of "Cabildo" is by the Atlanta playwright Nan Bagby Stephens, and was derived from her play of the same title. An article in the Atlanta *Constitution* at the time of the opera's première said:

> As if written in the stars, the inspiration for an opera came to Mrs. Beach one night in New York City, where she and Miss Stephens were enjoying a holiday together. As they gazed upon the magic spectacle of Manhattan by night from the tower of the Empire State Building, Mrs. Beach revealed her long pent-up urge to enter that hitherto unexplored field. . . . "Nan," she exclaimed, "if you will give me a libretto, I will write one."

In 1932, both women were at the MacDowell Colony, and in eighteen days of June "Cabildo," a short one-act opera, was composed there. Although

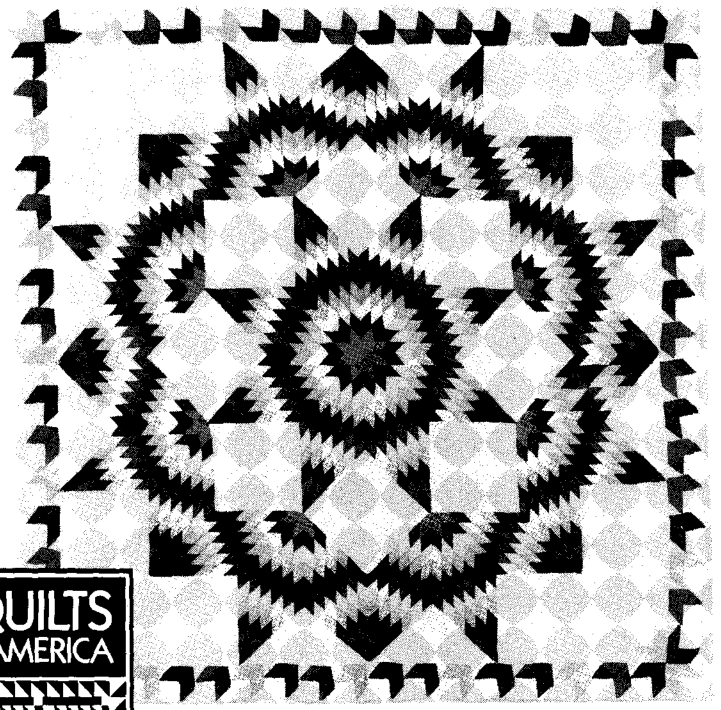
each “was energetic in the promotion
f her compositions, arranging for per-
ormances as soon as works were com-
leted”—so Adrienne Fried Block tells
s, in American Grove—“Cabildo”
emained unproduced until February,
945, when it was done at the Univer-
ity of Georgia at Athens, on a double
ill with Pergolesi’s “La Serva
adrona.” Beach had died two months
efore. Stephens was present, the guest
f honor.

The Cabildo is the Spanish Gover-
or’s Palace in New Orleans. Mary, a
resent-day tourist, falls asleep in a cell
rom which the early-nineteenth-cen-
ury pirate Pierre Lafitte once escaped,
nd dreams of his romance with the
ady Valerie: he met her at a ball; his
irates sank the vessel in which she was
eturning to France; as a ghost, she
omes to him in his cell and urges him,
lla marcia, to join General Jackson
“Pay thy debt to America! . . . Fight
r Louisiana! Clear thy name!”). And
ary wakes up. It is slender stuff, and
he libretto is not well written. Before
he dream flashback, Mary and her
usband sing a duettino:

ogether, together, whatever the weather,
o matter how stormy the sky,
Ve’ll trust to each other,
or seek any further
o question our fate—you and I.

duet for Lady Valerie and Pierre, a
low waltz, begins “Ah, Love is a
smine vine, with tendrils delicate and
trong.” But the music is fluent and
neful. Beach was a melodist. (Emma
ames and Johanna Gadski recorded
er song “The Year’s at the Spring”;
’Anna Fortunato sings thirteen
each songs on a Northeastern CD.)
he makes effective use of her 1905
ong “When Soul Is Joined to Soul”
nd also of several Creole melodies
which Mrs. Block has identified). She
andles the numbers well; the recitative
cenes, including some leitmotifs, are
ss convincing.

The original scoring was for a trio:
iolin, cello, and piano. For the Athens
roduction this was amplified, not by
he composer. The little After Dinner
pera presentation was piano-accom-
anied, by Conrad Strasser, and was
nacted without décor. One cannot
ake any claims for “Cabildo,”
ut it does contain some deft and at-
ractive music, and since the instru-
ental requirements are so modest it is
urprising that the opera has not been

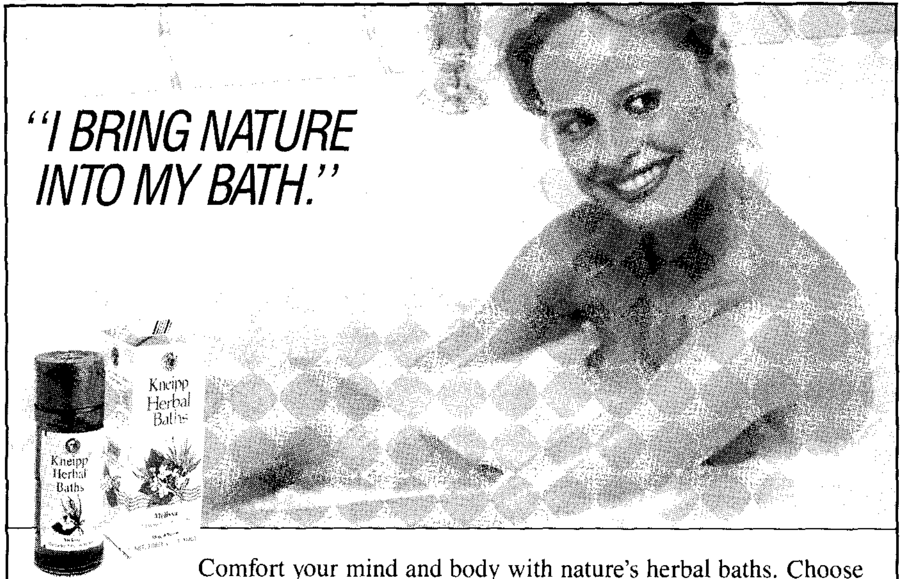


Broken Star w/Tumbling Block Border c.1850 Ohio

QUILTS OF AMERICA

The country’s foremost collection of antique American quilts and Folk Art from the 19th and 20th centuries. Hundreds of quilts available, including Amish, Patriotic, Album, Chintz, and Applique. Quilts bought and sold. Color portfolio of quilts available - $5.00. Open Monday through Saturday 10:30 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

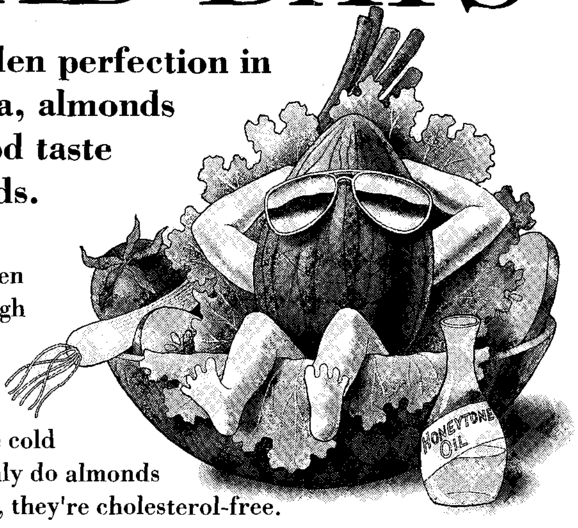
Quilts of America, Inc., 431 E. 73rd St., New York, N.Y. 10021 (212) 535-1600



Comfort your mind and body with nature’s herbal baths. Choose from ten herbal blends:
ROSEMARY for waking up the system, HOPS a calming bath at bedtime, MEADOW BLOSSOM a pick-up bath after work, MELISSA gently soothing the senses, JUNIPER for unwinding after sport, SPRUCE and PINE to help lift the spirits, LAVENDER to combat fatigue, LINDEN and ORANGE BLOSSOM becalming and relaxing, CAMOMILE a gentle bath for the skin, EUCALYPTUS when the cold season comes.

Available at fine drug and health stores, beauty supply houses and cosmetic counters. For more information or to order directly, write: KNEIPP Corp. of America, Valmont Industrial Park, 675 Jaycee Drive, West Hazelton, PA 18201.

Kneipp Herbal Baths



SALAD DAYS

Ripened to golden perfection in sunny California, almonds add natural good taste to summer salads.

Experiment. Toss almonds in a leafy, green salad. Mix them through a fresh fruit salad. Sprinkle them over vegetable salads, or use them to enhance cold chicken salads. Not only do almonds add texture and flavor, they're cholesterol-free.

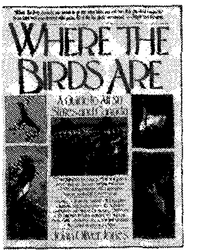
And, each crunchy nut is a storehouse of good-for-you nutrients, *including* Vitamin E, riboflavin, *and* magnesium.

Give summer salads a touch of California sunshine. For just $19.75, we'll send you a 5 lb. box of almonds. Money-back guarantee.

You can even send them as gifts – we'll gladly do the shipping. Send your check or money order – with the street addresses to which you want packages sent – to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 073
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694



"WHERE THE BIRDS ARE is the ideal companion to be used with your favorite field guide."
—Roger Tory Peterson

This is the only guide with 210 revolutionary *bird charts* showing at a glance when and where to find the birds. 2,228 birding locations and invaluable information sources for every birder.
At your bookstore
- 400 pages
- Paper/$15.95

William Morrow

Polar Bears

Join our 1990 Polar Bear Tours in Churchill, Manitoba, Canada and experience the bears at close range from specially designed Tundra Buggies.
Departures in mid-Oct to mid-Nov, $1855-$2695

JOSEPH VAN OS NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655P, VASHON ISLAND
WASHINGTON 98070
(206)463-5383

With a distinctive character all its own, handsome Taos Furniture enhances the finest home or office. Each piece entirely handmade of select Ponderosa Pine. Catalog:ten dollars. 232 Galisteo St., Dept. AC, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

TAOS FURNITURE®

Elegant Country Charm – Luxury London Hotel

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

WWII FIGHTER COLLECTION

Authentic Hand Carved 12½" Aircraft Models.
A magnificent array of famous combat planes, hand carved out of solid mahogany and hand painted by expert craftsmen.

Call or write for free catalog.

The Kittyhawk Gallery
Dept. 30
915 Broadway
New York, NY 10010
212-529-1144

done more often. Though a full staging could hardly be justified, for a piano trio joined by a handful of singers "Cabildo" would provide a pleasant half program.

THE Opera Orchestra of New York's latest presentation, in Carnegie Hall last month, was of Catalani's "La Wally"—an opera unstaged in New York since Toscanini conducted it at the Met in 1909, Emmy Destinn his heroine. The Sarasota Opera mounted a production last year. Catalani has his champions: Toscanini named two of his children after characters in "La Wally"; Lucca, Catalani's birthplace, has revived "Dejanice" and "Edmea" in recent years; Julian Budden has written of "an orchestral imagination which not even Puccini surpassed." But "La Wally" did not seem to me much of a work. The Alpine drama is one of contrivance: Wally induces the baritone (who desires her) to push the tenor (whom she loves but who apparently scorns her) into a ravine, rescues him, learns that he does love her after all, and, when he is swept away by an avalanche, flings herself after him. Catalani's music, short-breathed and unmemorable, brings little life to the characters. The one famous number, Wally's "Ebben, ne andrò lontana," is adapted from his early "Chanson Groënlandaise."

Eve Queler conducted. The title role was sung with assurance and skill by Aprile Millo, but her prima-donna platform manner was affected: she might have been auditioning for a Gran Scena engagement. Kristjan Johannsson, an Icelandic tenor, was loud, bright, and not expressive except for a while in the last-act duet. Matteo Manuguerra, the baritone, was in fine voice. The smaller parts were acceptably done. And curiosity about "La Wally" was satisfied.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

EXTENDED FORECASTS
Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut: Chance of Wednesday through Friday
—*Boston Globe*

Keep your fingers crossed.

•

(18) MONSTERS
An alien's (Richard Moll) spell conjures up an insurance agent. (R)—*TV listing in the Milwaukee Journal.*

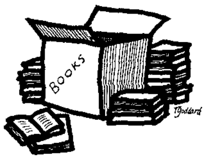
Eek!

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SEXING THE CHERRY, by Jeanette Winterson (Atlantic Monthly; $19.95). During the reign of Charles I, a huge hound breeder known only as the Dog-Woman discovers an abandoned baby in the slime of the Thames, "so caked in mud I could have baked him like a hedgehog." She takes him home and names him after the River Jordan. These two are the principal narrators in this magnificent wreck of a novel about journeys both real and imagined: "the path not taken and the forgotten angle." Jordan's fascination with boats attracts the notice of John Tradescant, world traveller and Gardener to the King, and soon they are sailing off in search of exotic plants to bring home to England. The Dog-Woman remains behind, cheerfully murdering Puritans and missing her son. This is an exhilaratingly brazen book, filled with metaphysical questions, bad jokes, myths (revised), time travel, dancing princesses, and disquisitions on painting, love, and the nature of space. The title refers to Jordan's preoccupation with grafting, and certainly strains of other writers are in evidence—Sexton, Calvino, Caryl Churchill—yet, as Winterson demonstrated in her previous novel, "The Passion," she is an accomplished fabulist in her own right. All is related in the leisurely and hypnotic rhythms of a fairy tale, and miraculously folded up, like a map or a fan, in less than two hundred pages of text.



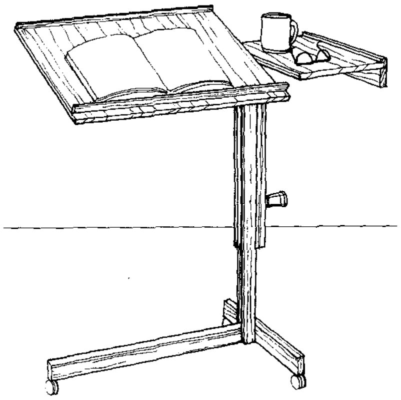
ROOTIE KAZOOTIE, by Lawrence Naumoff (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $18.95). It is hard to say what this book—which has at least one wonderful character, very funny scenes, and the familiar strong plot of will the Wife get her man back from the Other Woman—is about. The character the reader is consistently brought closest to is Caroline, the wife. In part, that is because she just can't stop saying everything that passes through her mind and heart, both overflowing with love for her silent, opaque husband. Unfortunately, Cynthia, the other woman, who is supposed to be her spiritual opposite—a whore, in the book's terms, but with a million-dollar price tag—has a manner of speech too much like Caroline's. As for the husband, what he feels is anybody's guess. Does he go for Cynthia because of her bucks (from her ex) or for the great sex, and, if he doesn't like sex or conversation with his wife, why are we supposed to believe that his tenderness for her is anything but insubstantial sentimentality? The author's view would seem to depend upon these unresolved but pivotal questions. The novel might be about craziness or money, about inertia or the power of desperation as much as it is about love. But the point may be that nobody knows what that is.

NOTE: "Friend of My Youth," a collection of stories by Alice Munro, has been published by Knopf ($18.95). Most of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

DIVORCING THE DICTATOR: AMERICA'S BUNGLED AFFAIR WITH NORIEGA, by Frederick Kempe (Putnam; $24.95). This meticulous account, by a *Wall Street Journal* correspondent, shows the Panamanian dictator to have been both intelligent and unscrupulous. Manuel Antonio Noriega was a poor boy who was denied the educational opportunities he sought by the oligarchy that ran Panama. He was corrupted, as early as 1960, by American intelligence agents, who hired him to spy on his instructors and fellow-students at military school. The story of Noriega's rise and fall is complicated, filled with conspiracies, double-dealing, and cruelty; it covers a lot of recent history and illustrates the ways that fear of Communism distorted American policymakers' judgment. Mr. Kempe's book is poised, not shrill, and doesn't blame any one person, but the reader cannot help noticing that George Bush, as director of the

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT11, Delray, FL 33445

HOSPITABLE
A warm and cordial reception.

In Singapore where else but the Shangri-La.

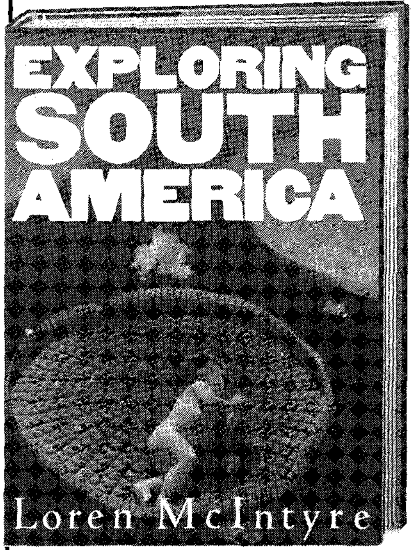
SHANGRI-LA INTERNATIONAL: USA & CANADA (1-800) 359 5050
• SINGAPORE 737 3644

TNY 1891/H

SKY LIGHT CONVERSATIONS
WITH ARTISTS IN SANTA FE
and nearby Pueblos and villages
Indian dances and archaeological sites
April 26-May 3 October 17-24
summer sessions through Newark Museum
limited to 12 people
Rt. 4, Box 217, Santa Fe, NM, 87501
505-982-2393

He captures a continent

Loren McIntyre, one of the all-time great *National Geographic* photographers, has climbed the Andes, trekked across deserts, sailed the Orinoco, and even discovered the source of the Amazon. Now, in over 400 spectacular full-color photographs and dozens of lively anecdotes, he reveals the exotic beauty of his adopted continent and thrills you with a lifetime of adventure.



$40.00, ***now at your bookstore.***

Clarkson Potter/Publishers
A member of The Crown Publishing Group

BOOKS ON TAPE®

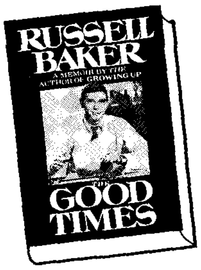
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.



Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Family operated, *since 1901.*

Whitehall Inn

Box NY, Camden, ME 04843 (207) 236-3391

C.I.A., as Vice-President, as Presidential candidate, and as President, makes a number of unimpressive appearances in it.

The Great Dismal: A Carolinian's Swamp Memoir, by Bland Simpson (North Carolina; $16.95). The Dismal Swamp occupies several hundred square miles of jungly woods and peaty waters in northeastern North Carolina and southeastern Virginia, and is still, after more than two hundred years of exploitation, a place where one can find giant cypress and juniper and maple, bears, deer, otters, beavers, ducks and herons, and songbirds by the million. Mr. Simpson grew up near the southern edge of the Dismal and has often roamed and sojourned there, and this book is the fruit of that experience. He notes the swamp's history (from the days of Pocahontas and the Jamestown colony), the adventures of its more famous visitors (Washington, Sir Charles Lyell, Frederick Law Olmsted), and the stories of old-timers about the runaway slaves and fugitive criminals who found it a sanctuary, about legendary hunts and lost explorers, and about the fortunes made by lumber barons. He has given us a jewel of natural and human history. Illustrated with drawings, photographs, and maps.

Tuxedo Junction: Essays on American Culture, by Gerald Early (Ecco; $19.95). The author, a professor of English and Afro-American studies at Washington University, discusses subjects familiar to Americans of all colors—prizefighting, jazz, beauty contests, books, and movies—from a point of view unfamiliar to many whites: that of a man who grew up in Philadelphia's black ghetto and now inhabits academe. Mr. Early's blackness is not exotic, hostile, or mystical but realistic, reflective, and humane. His writing challenges, jokes, explains, and sympathizes, and he has a lucid, informal style. The reader is frequently stimulated to argument and just as frequently excited by Mr. Early's originality, as in his reading of Melville's "Benito Cereno."

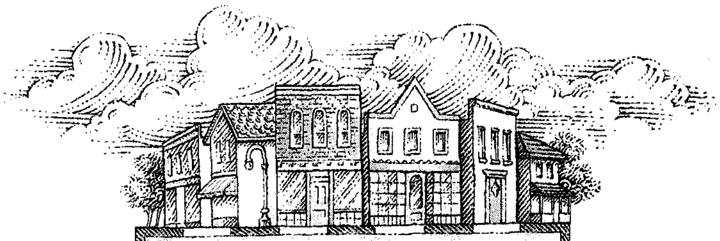
The Westies: Inside the Hell's Kitchen Irish Mob, by T. J. English (Putnam; $21.95). Some sterling social history and the drama of the central character's violent career and possible redemption raise this book above the usual dubious standards of its genre—the novelized nonfiction crime saga. Irish gangs such as the Dead Rabbits and the Gophers had flourished in New York earlier in this century, but the decline of the West Side waterfront in the fifties left slim pickings for the tough guys of Hell's Kitchen, the territory between midtown Manhattan and the Hudson River. One of the new breed of vicious gangsters who conducted business in the Leprechaun Bar, the Sunbrite Saloon, and other Hell's Kitchen dives was Mickey Featherstone, a Vietnam veteran, a murderer, and the No. 2 man under the Westies' boss, Jimmy Coonan. (Coonan, a memorably evil and ambitious villain, used butchers' tools to implement his slogan, "No corpus delicti, no investigation.") After the Westies allowed Featherstone to be convicted of one of the mob killings he did not commit, a mixture of remorse and desire for revenge pushed him into becoming a federal informant—and, later, the prime source for this book. The author's skillful reporting makes the most of his subject.

Josef Sudek, Poet of Prague: A Photographer's Life, by Anna Fárová (Aperture; $39.50). Josef Sudek, a one-armed photographer, who died at eighty in 1976, is not well known here, but this album of more than a hundred of his pictures makes it plain that he deserves recognition as a master. Because he dressed shabbily and lugged around a huge, ancient camera, he has been likened to Atget; Sudek, however, was a more subtle and sophisticated artist. This book shows the multiple aspects of his art. There are landscapes, some taken in the wild Mionší Forest Preserve, that are both lyrical and brooding; a stunning series of St. Vitus Cathedral during some restoration work in 1927; arresting views of Prague and its environs, in which ingenious use is made of the panoramic camera; and numbers of wonderfully idiosyncratic still-lifes taken in his disorderly studio.

•

ANOTHER CLEVER SHOP NAME WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

The Apparels of Pauline, a dress shop in Quarts Hill, Calif.



If you're looking for lean, you're in Luck.

I'd like to tell you a juicy story. A story everyone in Luck, Wisconsin knows. It's about herb marinated beef steak. It's about braised steak provençal and broiled steaks with company potatoes. But most of all, it's about good fortune. Because many cuts of beef are surprisingly low in calories. Lower than most people think. A lean, trimmed three-ounce serving averages less than 200 calories. Round tip, for example, hardly tops 149 calories. That's an inspiration to anyone holding a menu. Or following a diet. You know, according to legend, the town of Luck was named by Dan Smith, an early logger. Having faced much adversity in life, he solved the problem by always being "in Luck." Today, our luck is still pretty good —delicious, in fact. Where would we be without beef? Out of luck, I'd say. See you in the next town.

THE SKINNIEST SIX

ROUND TIP 149 calories
5.0 gms total fat (1.8 gms sat. fat)*

TOP ROUND [illegible] calories
4.3 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TOP LOIN 168 calories
7.1 gms total fat (2.7 gms sat. fat)*

EYE OF ROUND 141 calories
4.0 gms total fat (1.5 gms sat. fat)*

TENDERLOIN 175 calories
8.1 gms total fat (3.0 gms sat. fat)*

TOP SIRLOIN 162 calories
5.8 gms total fat (2.3 gms sat. fat)*

Beef.
Real food for real people.

*Source: USDA Handbook 8-13 1990 Rev. Figures are for a 3 oz. cooked serving. Beef trimmed before cooking. 4 oz. uncooked yield 3 oz. cooked.
For a beef recipe booklet, write the B.I.C., Dept. T, 444 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Please enclose 50¢. ©1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof).
100% grain neutral spirits. © 1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
SAPPHIRE
BOMBAY
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOMBAY SAPPHIRE.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas